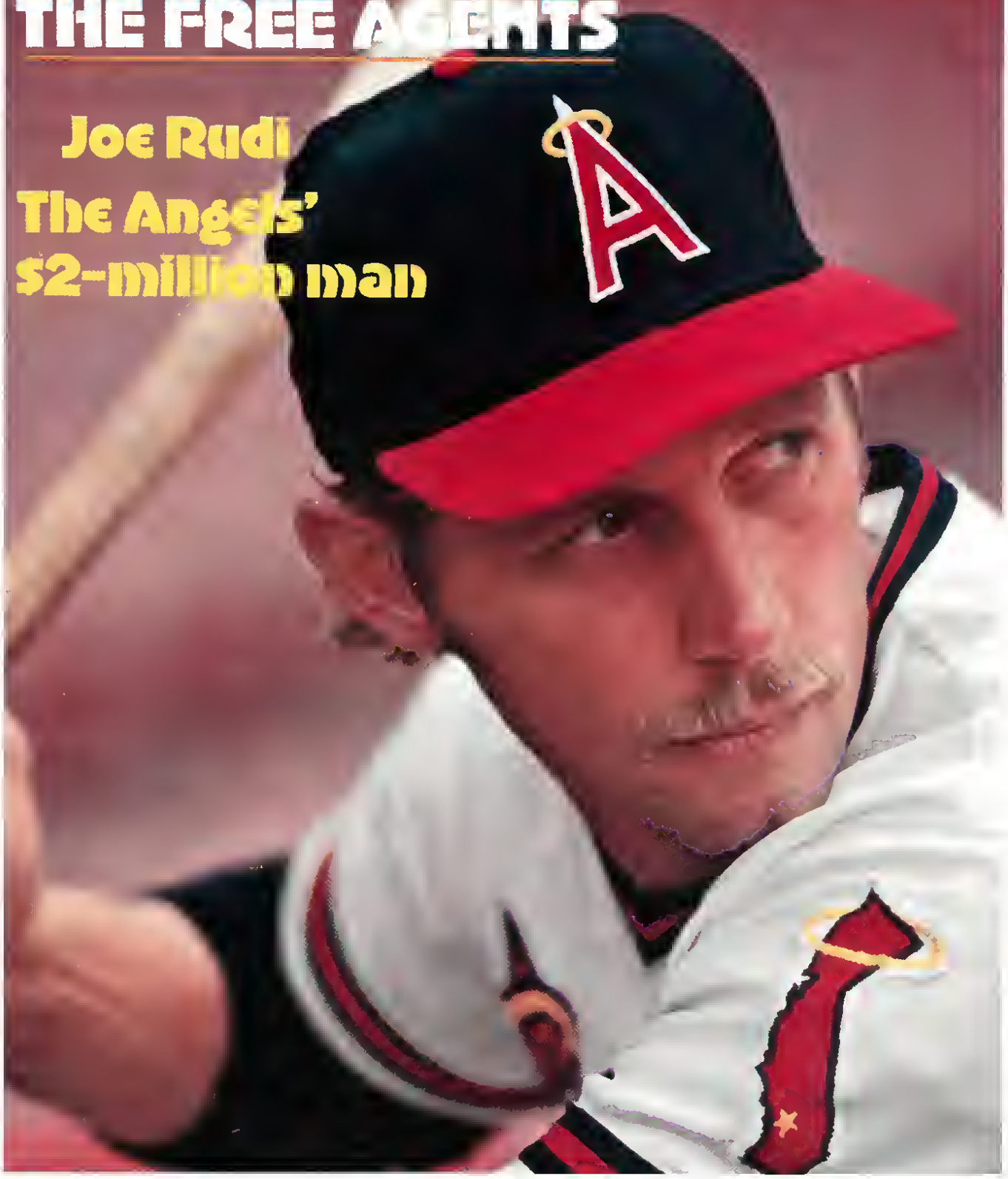
SPECIAL BASEBALL ISSUE

Sports Illustrated

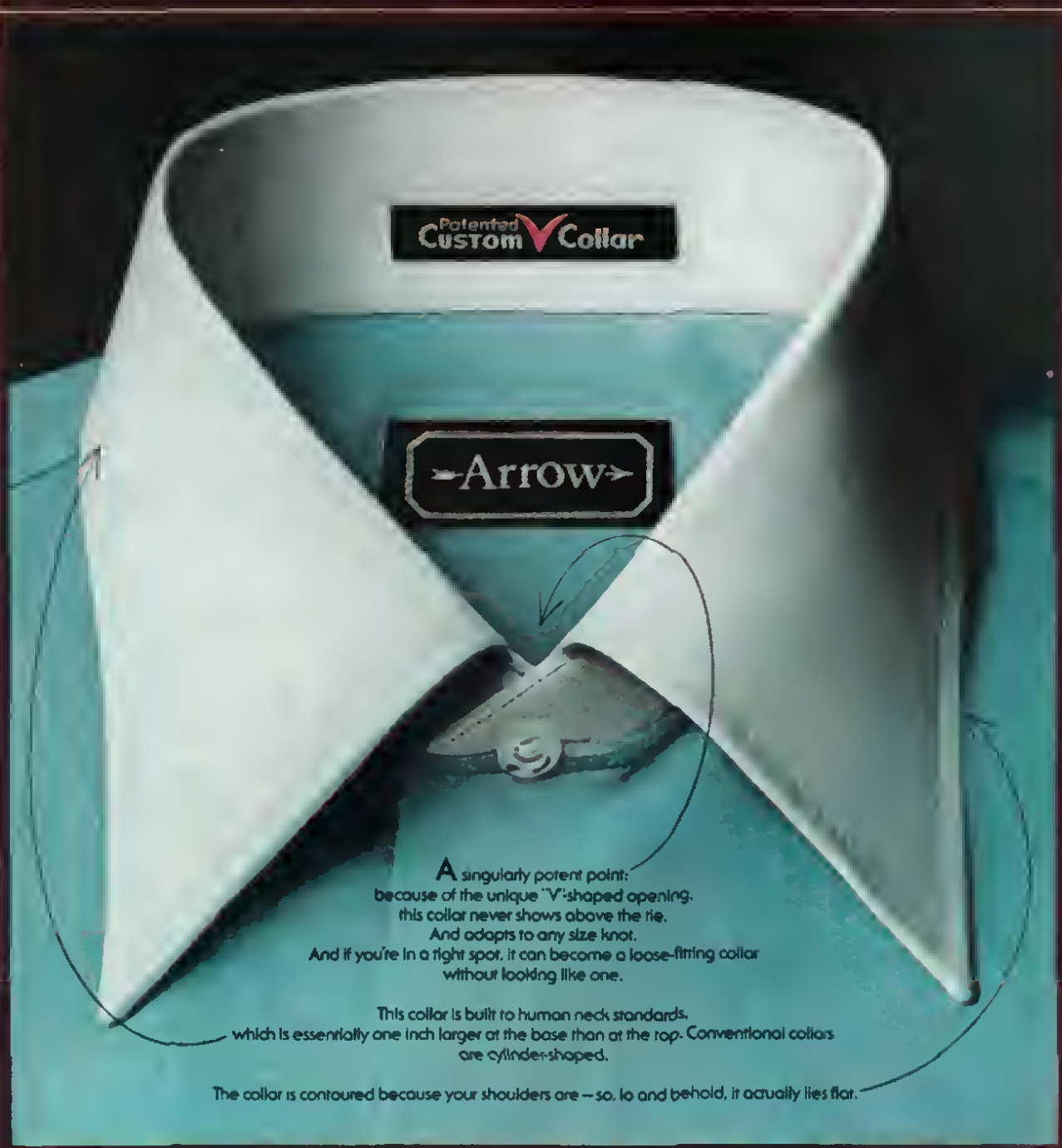
APRIL 11, 1977 ONE DOLLAR

THE FREE AGENTS

Joe Rudi
The Angels' $2-million man



Introducing the perfect collar, from the people who could have left well enough alone.



A singularly potent point:
because of the unique "V"-shaped opening,
this collar never shows above the tie.
And adapts to any size knot.
And if you're in a tight spot, it can become a loose-fitting collar
without looking like one.

This collar is built to human neck standards,
which is essentially one inch larger at the base than at the top. Conventional collars
are cylinder-shaped.

The collar is contoured because your shoulders are — so, lo and behold, it actually lies flat.

Before you think, "oh boy, here comes that new and revolutionary talk again," glance up and read why the Patented Custom Collar™ really is.

And those captions don't begin to tell how great it feels. Or how splendid it makes you look.

But then this collar was 20 years in the making.

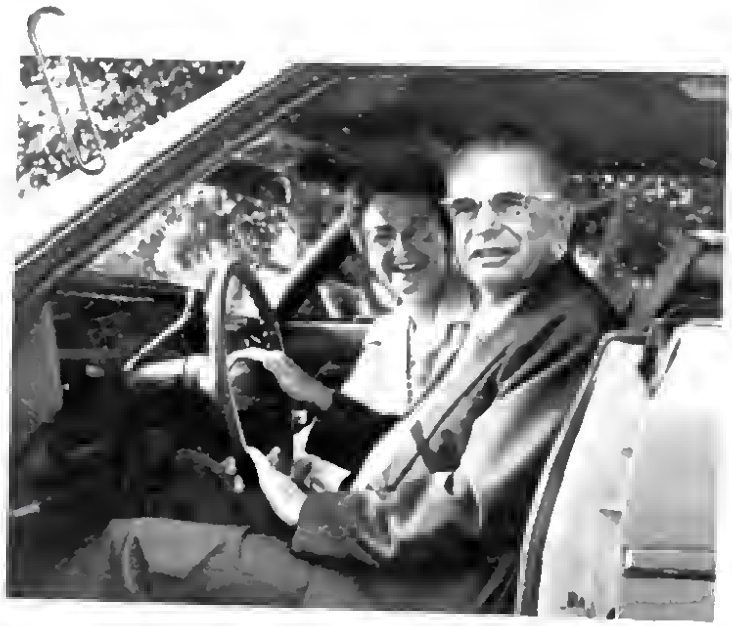
So why did America's Shirtmaker choose to rock the boat with a collar that does everything but swallow?

If not us, who?

Arrow

America's Shirtmaker

ANOTHER GOOD STEER FROM A TILT-WHEEL USER



My wife and I wouldn't consider buying a car without Tilt-Wheel. It makes it so easy to get in and out, and being able to change the position of the wheel while driving makes the trip more restful.

Leslie W. Stehn
Des Moines Iowa

Mr. and Mrs. Stehn own a '76 Chevrolet Caprice. They're always on the move, doing things and going places. What they say about Tilt-Wheel Steering is music to our ears.

Tilt-Wheel does move up out of the way to help make getting in and out easier. And you can adjust the wheel to a more comfortable position, even while you drive. (Nice on long trips.)

Tilt-Wheel adjusts to every driver, regardless of size or shape or weight. It's the Equalizer. (Nice for families.)



THE EQUALIZER

We'd also like to put in a plug for Tilt & Telescope Steering. With Tilt & Telescope, you can adjust the wheel in and out, as well as up and down, for even greater comfort and convenience.

If you've never enjoyed the pleasure of a GM car equipped with one of our Tilt-Wheels, ask someone who has. Then see your General Motors dealer.

Saginaw Steering Gear Division
General Motors Corporation

Saginaw GM



MG MIDGET.
FLY NOW...PAY LESS!

The price of the lowest-priced true sports car in America is now lower than ever.

Only $3495*

The MG Midget is already the lowest-priced true sports car in America. And now we've lowered the price on brand-new 1976 MG Midgets to an amazing $3495.00*

Here is one of the great sports car buys of all time. On one of the best-loved sports cars of all time. The MG Midget has short-throw stick, rack and pinion steering, race-honed suspension decisive front disc brakes and a top-down, wide-open feel for the road that's as close as you're likely to come, without wings, to the exhilaration of flying. So, fly now. There may never be a better time... or a better bargain!

For the name of the MG Dealer nearest you, call these numbers toll-free: (800) 447-4700, or, in Illinois, (800) 322-4400

British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia, New Jersey 07605

*Base P.O.E. sticker price, 1976 models. Transportation, optional equipment and preparation extra. California price higher.

BRITISH LEYLAND

Sports Illustrated®

Founder: Henry R. Luce 1898–1967
Editor-in-Chief: Hedley Donovan
Chairman of the Board: Andrew Heiskell
President: James R. Shepley
Group Vice President, Magazines: Arthur W. Keylo
Corporate Editor: Ralph Graves
Vice Chairman: Roy E. Larsen

Managing Editor: Roy Terrell
Assistant Managing Editors: John Tebby, Jeremiah Tax, Gilbert Rogin, Kenneth Rudeen

Art Director: Richard Gangel

Senior Editors: Walter Bingham, Arthur L. Brawley, Bob Brown, Peter Carry, Robert W. Creamer, Barbara La Fontaine, Scot Leavitt, Mark Mulvoy, Bob Ottum, Patricia Ryan

Senior Writers: Robert H. Boyle, Frank Deford, Ron Fimrite, Dan Jenkins, William Oscar Johnson, Robert F. Jones, Ray Kennedy, Curry Kirkpatrick, Mark Kram, William Leggett, Coles Phinizy, John Underwood

Associate Editors: Gay Flood, Joe Jares, Jerry Kirshenbaum, Virginia Kraft, Barry McDermott, Pat Putnam, Morton Sharnik, Edwin Shrake, M.R. Weiner

Staff Writers: Jeannette Bruce, Julie Campbell, Clive Gammon, Peter Gammons, Larry F. Keith, Dan Levin, Douglas S. Looney, Joe Marshall, Sam Moses, Sarah Pileggi, J.D. Reed, Ron Reid, Herman Weisskopf

Director of Photography: Jerry Cooke

Production Manager: Lenc W. Ulrich

Chief of Research: Marvin D. Hyman

Photography: Thomas Vanderschmidt (ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR), Dan Deluhant (PICTURE EDITOR), Anthony Donna, Barbara Henkes, Carolyn Keith, Theodora Stephney, Robert W. Taylor, E. Thesenga III

Staff Photographers: Walter Iooss Jr., Neil Leifer, Lane Stewart, Jerry Tiberio

Writer-Reporters: Kent Hannon, Jim Kaplan, Bruce Newman, John Papanek, Anita Verschoth, Nancy Williamson (Special Projects)

Senior Reporters: Christiana Walford (DEPUTY), Julia Lamb, Rose Mary Mechem, Paula Phelps, Denise Rogers, Constance Root

Reporters: Wilmer Ames, Kathleen Andrus, Kathy Blumenthal, Michael DelNagro, Mark V. Donovan, Myra Gelband, Daphne Mulford, Roger Jackson, Susan Kamb, Melissa Ludtke, Angel Reyes, Linda Roehm, D. Alexandra Stathopoulos

Art Department: Harvey Grut (ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR), Brendan F. Murray (Color Quality), William Bainstein, Paul Mendoza, Linda Schwarz, Catherine Smolich

Copy Desk: Betty DeMeester (CHIEF), Iris Herman (DEPUTY), Lawrence Cannistraci, Edward B. Clarke, Madeleine Edmondson, Barbara W. Murray, Catherine Ogilvie, Robert H. Williams

Production: George Infante (ASSISTANT MANAGER), Luis A. Morales, Kenneth Tomlen

Special Contributors: Ex-: Robert Cantwell, Bil Gilbert, Donald Dale Jackson, Richard W. Johnston, Kenny Moore, Jack Nicklaus, George Plimpton, Rick Telander, PHOTOGRAPHY: Rich Clarkson, James Drake, Stephen Green-Armytage, John D. Hanlon, John Iacono, Fred Kaplan, Heinz Kluetmeier, Manny Millan, Herb Scharfman, Eric Schweikardt, George Long, John G. Zimmerman

Special Correspondents: Eleanore Mlosovic (CHIEF), Clementina Afuted, Anna Stewart (DEPUTIES), *Albuquerque* LeRoy Beaman, *Anchorage* Howard Weaver, *Atlanta* Norman Arey, *Austin* Jimmy Banks, *Baltimore* Joe D'Adamo, *Baton Rouge* Dan Hardesty, *Birmingham* Jimmy Bryan, *Boston* Leo Monahan, *Buffalo* Dick Johnston, *Carson City* Guy Shipler Jr., *Charlotte* Ronald Green, *Chicago* Ray Sons, *Cincinnati* Jim Schottelkotte, *Cleveland* Charles Heaton, *Columbus* Kaye Kessler, *Dallas* Steve Perkins, *Denver* Bob Bowie, *Des Moines* Bob Asbille, *Detroit* Jerry Green, *Greensboro* Smith Barrier, *Harrisburg* John Travers, *Honolulu* Jim Richardson, *Houston* Jack Gallagher, *Indianapolis* Dick Denny, *Jacksonville* Bill Kastelz, *Kansas City* Theodore O'Leary, *Knoxville* Ben Byrd, *Lexington* Ed Ashford, *Little Rock* Orville Henry, *London* Lavinia Scott Elliot, *Los Angeles* Jack Tobin, *Louisville* William F. Reed, *Memphis* Charles Gillespie, *Miami* Glenn Kirchhoff, *Milwaukee* Bob Wolf, *Minneapolis* Dick Gordon, *Montreal* George Hanson, *Nashville* Max York, *New Haven* Bill Guthrie, *New Orleans* Peter Finney, *Oklahoma City* Harold Sowes, *Omaha* Holis Limprecht, *Philadelphia* Gordon Forbes, *Phoenix* Frank Gianelli, *Pittsburgh* Pat Livingston, *Portland* Ken Wheeler, *Port Townsend Wash.* Dolly Connelly, *Providence* John Hanlon, *Roanoke* Bill Bliss, *Salt Lake City* George Ferguson, *San Antonio* Ray Evans, *San Diego* Jack Murphy, *San Francisco* Art Rosenbaum, *Seattle* Emmett Watson, *South Bend* Joe Doyle, *Spartanburg* Leslie Timms, *St. Louis* Bob McCoy, *Syracuse* Bud Vander Veer, *Tallahassee* Bill McGlothia, *Tampa* Tom McEwen, *Toronto* Rex MacLeod, *Vancouver* Eric Whitehead, *Wash.* Dave Campbell, *Washington* Martie Zad

Time-Life News Service: Murray J. Gart (CHIEF), Richard L. Duncan, [illegible]

Editorial Services: Norman Airey (DIRECTOR), George Karas, Michael E. Keane, Benjamin Lighiman, Doris O'Neil, Carolyn R. Pappas

Publisher: John A. Meyers
Associate Publisher: Donald J. Ball
Business Manager: Robert D. McCoach
Advertising Sales Director: Philip G. Howlett
Advertising Sales Managers:
John G. Booth, Robert B. Dillingham
Circulation Director: Richard W. Angle Jr.
Promotion Director: Harry C. Rubicam
Special Events Director: Kenh Morris
Enterprises: Richard H. Beehrs

© 1977 TIME INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. REPRODUCTION IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT PERMISSION STRICTLY PROHIBITED

CONTENTS

APRIL 11, 1977 *Volume 46 No. 16*

Cover photograph by Bill Eppridge

It Wasn't All in the Cards 22

In January the leading pair mystifyingly withdrew from the U.S. bridge team championships. Now the facts are emerging **by Walter Bingham**

They Saved the Best for Last 26

It was a nine-team photo finish, but Boston was the biggest winner on the wildest final Sunday in NHL history **by Peter Gammons**

Bull's-eye for a Black Dart 28

Mario Andretti has been labeled a hard-luck driver, but he showed it was a bum rap at the U.S. Grand Prix West **by Sam Moses**

78 Wins and Still Counting 30

At the Dinah Shore, some said 37-year-old Kathy Whitworth was past her prime, but youth must wait for another day **by Sarah Pileggi**

Baseball 1977

In the year of free agents, the game's main concern is the new millionaires. Will they play hard or rest on their long-term contracts? 36

Still, there are lots of free spirits. Robert Grossman paints the flakes and Ron Fimrite chips in with a sighting of a rare bird 38

Scouting reports analyze the races in all four divisions, with emphasis on how the best of the free agents should help their clubs 52

Why Ain't I in the Hall? 88

So asks Hack Wilson, who in 1930 set the major league record for RBIs and the National League home-run mark **by Mark Kram**

The Departments

Scorecard	15	Platform Tennis	74	For the Record	107
Movies	66	College Boxing	80	19th Hole	108
Tennis	69	Soccer	84	*Credits on page 10*	

Next Week

THE OLD MASTERS have the edge at Augusta National where the young studs who have starred on the PGA tour in recent weeks are sure to be shocked by the subtle slopes and slick greens facing them in the Masters. Dan Jenkins reports.

THE NEW CHAMPS of the NBA probably will not be decided before a June moon has risen. Under an April moon, Curry Kirkpatrick takes a look at the upcoming playoffs, which feature more games, teams and bickering than ever.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except semi-weekly during the second to last week in February and except two issues combined one at year-end, by Time Inc., 541 N. Fairbanks Ct., Chicago, Ill. 60611; principal office Rockefeller Ctr., N.Y., N.Y. 10020. J. R. Shepley, President; E.P. Lanahan, Treasurer; C.B. Baal, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription in the U.S., $21.00 a year,

Lots of people make good golf balls. Why should you choose the Royal Master?



There really aren't any 'bad' golf balls in your pro shop. Not because some aren't made, but a golf professional wouldn't give them space.

But, different balls are designed for different kinds of players. Royal, for example, offers five different golf balls — more than any other maker. One of our balls, the Royal Master, has quickly become our best-selling ball because it satisfies the needs of more golfers.

THE ROYAL MASTER*

The Royal Master is a Surlyn® covered two piece ball.

This construction provides maximum durability and most players get more distance because of the dimple configuration. The Master has a special blended Kadite® core material that narrows the compression range.

THE WAY IT PLAYS

The aerodynamic dimple pattern provides more lift. The average player will find it easy to get the ball up in the air, with good distance off the tee but not too much roll for accurate iron shots to the green.

SPECIAL FEATURES

The cover paint for the Master is setting new standards for a long lasting bright whiteness. Particularly important on a ball as durable as the Master.

Other balls with a similar construction include the Top Flite, Omega and Molitor. We believe that you will discover more "feel" in our blended Surlyn® cover without sacrificing any of the advantages of this type of golf ball.

The more you know about golf balls, the better off you'll be. And the more you know about our golf balls the better off we'll be.

UNIROYAL ROYAL

If you would like a free catalog sheet on any Royal golf ball please write to: Royal Golf, Dept. SAI, 6 Rubber Avenue, Naugatuck, CT 06770.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Perhaps more than in any other sport the ghosts of baseball loom as large as the players on the field. There are fans who have never seen, say, Honus Wagner, but insist he is the greatest shortstop who ever played. This week, in ball parks throughout the country, devotees of the summer game will renew their vows and resume interrupted colloquies on the merits of modern players vs those of bygone eras. In this spirit, our special baseball issue addresses itself to the past as well as the present, with profiles of two players each unique in his own time. Senior Writer Mark Kram says a number of choice words on behalf of the late Hack Wilson in *Why Ain't I in the Hall?* (*page 88*) and Senior Writer Ron Fimrite examines a Bird of another feather in *He's Not a Bird, He's a Human*, which begins on page 44.



KRAM: A GHOST ON BEHALF OF A GHOST

When Senior Editor Peter Carry asked Kram to undertake the task of finding out why a hitter of Wilson's stature should have been excluded from the Baseball Hall of Fame, Kram dug through a number of old newspaper clippings and concluded that the story couldn't be done. "Here was a man who had been forgotten as soon as he was out of baseball," says Kram, "and now he is 30 years dead. I couldn't see why anyone would be interested in his career at this point."

It was only after Kram had hit upon the idea of telling Wilson's story in Wilson's own words that the article began to take shape in his mind. "It became a matter of putting together the pieces of a puzzle," Kram says. "If you read the newspaper articles on Wilson you discover that all the stories are the same—one-dimensional characterizations of a man never accepted by the sporting Establishment because of his drinking."

Kram and Writer-Reporter Jim Kaplan set about fleshing out Wilson's story, and their findings were illuminating. Wilson's statistics spoke for themselves, but only a few of his cronies were around to speak for him. After he had pieced together an assortment of anecdotes from the few friends Wilson had, Kram was convinced it was Wilson's drinking—and only his drinking—that had kept him out of the Hall of Fame. "I think the thing that guided his actions for most of his life," says Kram, "was the strange shape of his body. He had always been called names because of the enormous torso that rested on such stubby legs, and I don't think it would be wrong to assume that he drank heavily in an attempt to be one of the boys."

In his declining years, Wilson found work in the public parks of Baltimore, getting the baseball diamonds ready for kids to play on. One hot August day he waddled over to a tree where some boys were sitting, and joined them in the shade. "He helped teach us how to hold the bat correctly," remembers Kram, at the time an aspiring second baseman. "He was sober but he certainly was awkward looking. At the time I wasn't impressed. He didn't have much to say."

Sometimes it's not how much you have to say, but who you have to say it for you that counts.

Jack Meyer

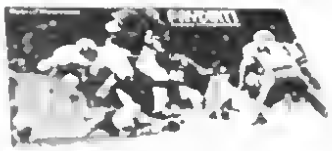
Sports Illustrated
Games for All Seasons

OK! YOU'RE THE COACH! HOW WOULD YOU MAKE THE CALLS?

FREE 64-PAGE SPORTS BOOK WITH EACH ORDER!



Superstar Baseball $10.00
YOU manage 96 greatest players of all time Mays Mathewson Clemente Cobb Aaron Ruth, Palmer Seaver and more YOU make the lineups and all the moves S I s computer-analyzed game-by-game records guarantee Player Permormence authenticity Do YOU have what it takes to be a great manager?



Paydirt (Pro Football) $10.00
YOU coach actual AFL/NFL teams calibrated by S I s staff to perform as in real life If you make the right calls Authentic Play/Action Team Charts give YOU the opportunity to coach the pros Prove to yourself how much you really know about pro football



College Football $10.00
YOU get to coach the dream team of your choice from out of the past—32 great teams in all Here s your chance to prove who were the greatest of all time With Play/Action Charts based on every play run all teams are pretty equal It s up to YOU to lead them to the national championship Can you?



Go for the Green $10.00
YOU get 18 challenging holes from different super courses each laid out in perfect scale from tee to green YOU make the decisions as you drive pitch chip and putt your way eround in this last easy-to-play system that recreates every golfing situation imaginable

Challenge Football $10.00
New concept in football games—here YOU actually diagram every play It s completely up to YOU not only whether to pass or run but to what point on the field And while on defense YOUR skill at out-guessing your opponent determines success or failure—a great game to prove you could quarterback the pros

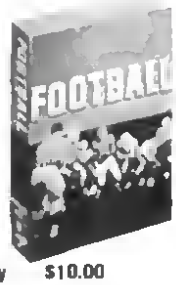




Challenge Golf $10.00
YOU get a chance to play the famous Pebble Beach Golf Classic right in your own home YOU must choose the correct club depending on lie so realistic you must account for all the real-life variables such as wind distance and direction

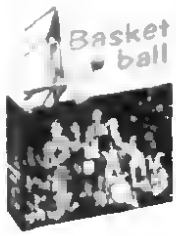


Track Meet $10.00
It s like 10 games in one! YOU take the part of one of the 7 greatest decathlon champs Here YOU undergo the same grueling events and its accompanying physical and emotional strains Strengths and weaknesses of each athlete is faithfully recreated so YOU can better plot overall strategy



Football Strategy $10.00
Not a statistical or replay game YOU make all the offense and defense calls Game has no random luck elements to spoil your strategy Your play-calling skill alone determines the outcome *(Bonus game includes Football Widow s Handbook humorously-written manual that teaches gridiron terminology)*





Baseball Strategy $10.00
Most imitated game on the market YOU are the meneger hitter catcher, owner all rolled up into one Game contains no dice no spinners absolutely no luck factors—YOUR decisions determine outcome of every game in this unique all-skill baseball game of think and double think (Bonus Handbook of Official Rules covering all levels is included)

Basketball Strategy $10.00
YOU control the whole bit —from selecting lineups to determining game plan YOU determine who starts who substitutes from a squad of 12 different players with a strategicel eye toward their rebounding, shooting ball-handling and defensive abilities—it s all there for YOU to control in this realistic fast-action basketball game of skill

Bedazzle your friends with new-found knowledge that rhymes! **FREE** when you order one or more games



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED GAMES

Marketed and Distributed by
The Avalon Hill Game Company 4517 Harford Road Baltimore Md 21214

Below $10 per game plus $1.00
Be sure to include the **FREE** Sports Trivia Quiz
☐ Baseball Strategy ☐ Challenge Football ☐ Go for the Green
☐ Basketball Strategy ☐ Challenge Golf ☐ Track Meet

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

DATE OF THIS ORDER _____ ☐ CHECK ENCLOSED ☐ BILL AMERICAN EXPRESS
☐ BANKAMERICARD ☐ MASTER CHARGE
Inter-Bank Number _____ Account No _____
Signature _____ Expiration Date _____
Checks payable to **The Avalon Hill Game Co.,** 4517 Harford Rd Baltimore Md 21214

NOW YOU CAN
USE YOUR CREDIT CARD
TO ORDER YOUR FAVORITE
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED GAMES

PUT SOMETHING TO NIBBLE INTO YOUR TACKLE BOX THAT ISN'T FOR THE FISH.

There aren't many vending machines in the middle of a lake.

And you've got enough to carry already, without lugging a lot of snacks along.

Well there is a snack that fills you up without filling up your boat. Slim Jim. It's a chewy meat stick that really satisfies the kind of appetite you get from being outdoors.

Because it's light and easy to carry, Slim Jim is also great for hunting, camping, backpacking, boating, or any time you're hungry, anywhere.

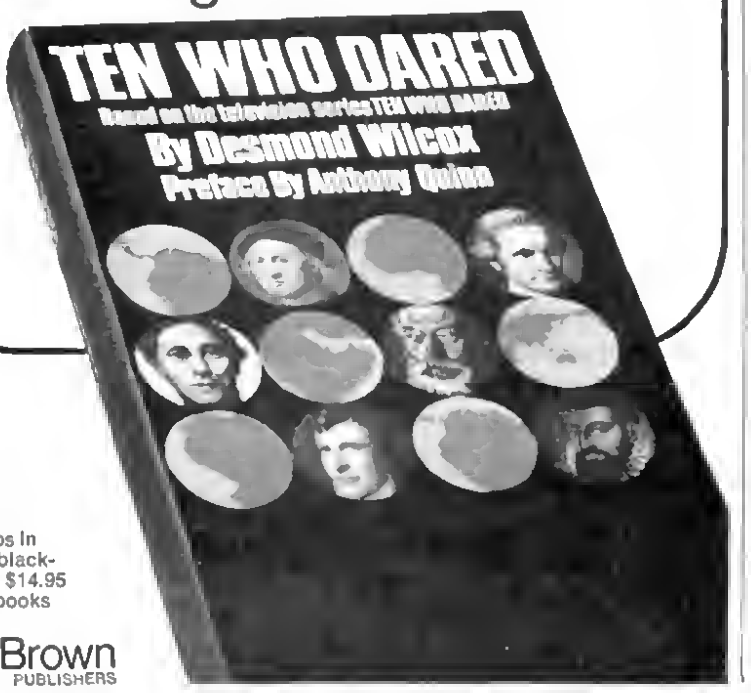
Get it at your grocer's. In mild, spicy, pizza, bacon, or salami.

Then, while you're waiting for a nibble, you can be having one.



A LITTLE LESS THAN A MEAL. A LITTLE MORE THAN A SNACK.

If the TV series sparks your interest, the book will set your imagination on fire.



With photos in color and black-and-white. $14.95 wherever books are sold.

Little, Brown
PUBLISHERS

VIEWPOINT

by J. D. REED

HOW CAN ASHE LOCATE HIS PARTNER IF THEY'RE ALL DRESSED LIKE CONNORS?

Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, goes the old saw, but in sports these days it might be the most dangerous form of adulation. Last summer at a tennis tournament in the rustic hills of New Hampshire almost all of the 9,400 spectators were outfitted in the most expensive court clothes imaginable, from designer pastels to sartorially correct Savile Row whites. One had the wild notion that the whole audience might at any moment rise, step out on center court and have a go at Wojtek Fibak. Nearly all were better dressed than Eddie Dibbs, and the Australian players looked rumpled compared to the fans.

In the same fashion, galleries at golf and skiing events are usually more suitably attired to participate, rather than spectate, in their sports.

Suppose the fad spreads to other spectator sports. What if you walked into Boston Garden one night to find the entire Bruins crowd outfitted in hockey uniforms complete with skates? Aside from the 15,000 cases of multiple lacerations suffered when the fans rose—and fell—for the national anthem, the effect would be frightening. And imagine being a beer vendor at a Pittsburgh Steelers game when 60,000 thirsty fans descend on you during halftime, replete with helmets and shoulder pads.

Swimming meets could be distracting to contestants, judges and fans alike, if everyone showed up in clinging tank suits, and boxing could become the X-Rated topless event of the year.

Automobile race crowds are the end-all in this form of flattery. Everybody goes to the Indy 500 in nylon-shell racing jackets, it seems, all proudly bearing Goodyear or Firestone or Champion logos. Most of them affect wraparound dark glasses as well, perhaps hoping someone will mistake them for A. J. Foyt. Or at least his mechanic.

As for myself, I find I cannot emulate sports heroes by dressing like them at events. As a kid I wanted to be a doctor and wore a plastic stethoscope around the house. But I've given that up, wearing foam-injected ski boots to dinner with Franz Klammer seems clumsy, and besides mine don't go with my blue suit. I personally advocate that fans dress like what *they* are, rather than like the athletes. Doctors should come to sports events in white coats, painters in spattered coveralls. And writers like me should come as giant pencils. Then we'd know who was who and could tell the crowd without a program. END

Go by land. Escape by water.



Leave the road-bound crowd and wall-to-wall campgrounds behind

With your own Evinrude powered rig on a modern easy-towing, easy-launching trailer, you can launch a day of fun most anywhere

You can go where the fun is fresh. And get there ahead of the rest with a high-performance 175 or 200 hp Evinrude V-6 that cruises faster than most motors can run. An exciting motor that takes you to new and exciting places. Lets you go, with friends. In a big, comfortable boat

If you like to ski, an Evinrude V-6 can handle whatever you have in mind — tournament class skiing, barefooting, kite flying — whole ski shows. With its big power and displacement, it does things lesser motors can't do. Does them quietly, easily, almost effortlessly

It lets you ski as good as you know you can be

The Evinrude 175 and 200. Power to escape from whatever you'd like to get away from

EVINRUDE
DIVISION OF OUTBOARD MARINE CORP
first in outboards



WE HAVE A WAY WITH WATER

Easily the most beautiful Kodak movie projector yet.



Kodak Moviedeck projector Model 455



Simulated projection

The beauty of a Kodak Moviedeck projector is more than skin-deep—because it's beautifully easy to use.

Its design features make a Kodak Moviedeck projector better looking, dependable and easy to use.

Just study its features—it shows both super 8 and 8 mm movies, and has automatic threading and instant replay. There's even a special pull-out viewing screen available on three models that gives you the option of looking at your movies without setting up a big screen or turning off the room lights. Features that make a Kodak Moviedeck projector beautifully easy—any way you look at it.

Model 455 shown, less than $220. Other models, from less than $120. See them at your photo dealer's now.

Kodak Moviedeck projectors

Prices are subject to change without notice

Footloose

by DAN LEVIN

A TINY RIVER FULL OF TROUT RUNS CLOSE BY MANHATTAN'S MAINSTREAM

In spring a fisherman's fancy doesn't exactly turn to trout—chances are that trout are what he has been thinking about all winter. For thousands of anglers trapped in New York City, thoughts turn to Long Island's Connetquot River. The name is Algonquian for Great River, and the tiny Connetquot is indeed great in the numbers of its trout and the improbability of its very existence in Suffolk County, not quite a two-hour drive from Manhattan.

The contrasts are striking. Most of the Connetquot's denizens are brook trout—and few fish are less adaptable to civilization. The epitaph of the brook trout will be the dollar sign, and therein lies the special irony of the river. Dollars have kept it alive. You pay the state $5 to fish a maximum four-hour session. In 1976 some 5,000 fishermen paid for 6,742 such sessions. Each angler caught an official average of 2.5 trout for each session, not counting what must have been a lot of unreported catches. Anybody could average 2.5 with bare hands if it were legal. But the rule is fly-fishing only and the limit is three keepers (eight inches and over) per session.

There are three miles of river to fish, divided into 32 beats. The sandy bottom is thickly grown with large clumps of water starwort, wonderful cover for trout. But if you stand on the bank at, say, Beat No. 17, you will be kept busy counting the trout that do not care or are not smart enough to hide. Head a few feet downstream and you may go blind trying to spot them.

The traditional fly-fishing practice of matching the hatch may be a touch too sophisticated for the Connetquot. Last October the local experts were murdering them with Muddler Minnows, size 8, not because of any hatch, but probably because it seemed like a good idea at the time.

Between Beats 17 and 16 is the hatchery, built in 1895 when the Connetquot ran through the exclusive Southside Sportsmen's Club. The river was opened to the public in 1973, but the hatchery kept hatching. The river's brook and brown trout reproduce naturally, and in 1976 an additional 25,480 trout were stocked, most of them brookies averaging 11 inches in length. But some of the trout were browns and rainbows, which grow much larger. Nearly everyone who has fished the Connetquot has seen at least one monster. There are rumors of a 10-pounder caught last year. To fish for his brothers, call 516-581-1005. Fishing is by reservation only. The season runs from April 1 to October 31. END



We help keep your neighbors from dropping in unexpectedly.

No matter where you live, there's usually a floor above your ceiling. And although you can't see it, there's also a floor under the floor above your ceiling. And if that underflooring is wood, it's made of sturdy plywood sheathing that helps support the floor above to keep it from coming down to the room below.

As one of America's leading suppliers of plywood underlayment, our Champion Building Products division (formerly U.S. Plywood) is kept very busy by the construction industry. Because we also supply them with such diverse building products as particleboard, paneling, lumber, plywood and hardboard siding, and dozens of other products you may or may not see as you look around your house.

Supplying you and your neighbors with so many of the wood and paper products you need in your day-to-day living has made us one of the largest forest products companies in the world. We have almost 50,000 employees and millions of tree-growing acres. And even as you're reading this, we're planting more trees to make sure your grandchildren will have a solid roof over their heads, too.

Champion International Corporation
You get a lot more than trees from our forests.

© 1977 Champion International Corporation

The innova of The New

More new thinking, more new technology, more new ideas. Because modern engineering is important. And Chevrolet wants to bring you more.*

The New Chevrolet is much more than just another new car. It is a response to our times. To our new technology.

The New Chevrolet took more than four years to design, engineer and perfect. It also took innumerable innovations.

We went to such lengths because The New Chevrolet represents our full-size car of the future. And we wanted it to owe as little as possible to outdated ideas of the past.

*All comparisons relate to the 1976 full-size Chevrolet



A NEW APPROACH TO A SMOOTH, COMFORTABLE RIDE

The New Chevrolet was actually "tested" some two years before the first prototype was built.



What made this remarkable event possible was a new use of computer technology.

With the help of the computers, it was possible to analyze and interrelate the frame, suspension, and body panel design of The New Chevrolet long before the first prototype was assembled.

Where all this technology comes together, of course, is out on the road.

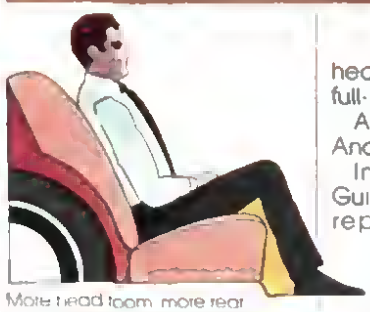
In the way The New Chevrolet rides.

In its comfort.

In its smoothness.

In its quiet.

And if you haven't experienced it yet, may we suggest that you owe yourself a test drive.



More head room, more rear seat leg room. Just two of the ways the efficiency of The New Chevrolet works in your behalf.

A NEW APPROACH TO EFFICIENCY

Because of its advanced design, The New Chevrolet manages to provide more head room than the 1976 full-size Chevrolet.

Also, more trunk room. And more mileage.

In fact, the 1977 EPA Guide for New Car Buyers reports that The New Chevrolet, equipped with its new standard six-cylinder engine and automatic transmission, has mileage estimates of 22 mpg highway, 17 mpg city (in California, estimates are lower).

Your mileage may vary depending on how you drive, the condition of your car and how it is equipped.

Now that's mo

ıtions
Chevrolet



The Caprice Classic Sedan

A NEW APPROACH TO DURABILITY

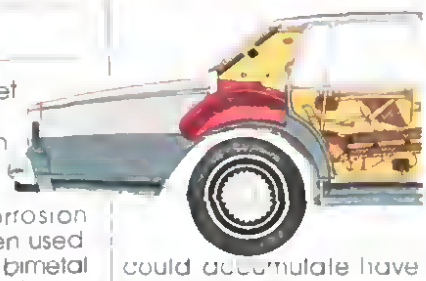
The New Chevrolet has even more corrosion protection than last year's full-size Chevrolet

More anti-corrosion coatings have been used

Aluminum and bimetal moldings continue to be used wherever practical

The rear wheel houses are made from galvanized steel Galvanized steel also protects the floor of the trunk

Many of the nooks and crannies where moisture could accumulate have been eliminated



As a final example of the detail we went to even the roof sail panel nameplates have been applied adhesively to avoid drilling holes where rust could start

A NEW APPROACH TO INTERIOR QUIET

We know that quiet is important to your comfort

So we gave The New Chevrolet a one-piece carpet unbroken from front to rear from door to door We also gave it a one-piece acoustic headliner But our search for quiet didn't stop there We framed the door glass We sealed the instrument panel We added special insulating materials to areas where noise could be a problem



Because quiet is important And Chevrolet wants to bring you more

A NEW APPROACH TO EASY MAINTENANCE

The New Chevrolet has made some helpful advances toward reducing the time needed for servicing

It has a Freedom battery that never needs water or scheduled maintenance



It has an engine diagnostic terminal that helps make 35 electrical checks, quickly and easily

The New Chevrolet also incorporates some other advances of recent years

Wear sensors for the front disc brake linings

Wear indicators for the lower ball joints and for the tires A High Energy Ignition system A coolant recovery system

Extended intervals between scheduled oil filter and spark plug changes

All of these features help reduce the time needed for servicing

A REASSURING THOUGHT ABOUT RESALE VALUE

Resale value is a major concern of people who buy fleets of cars

And fleet buyers are now buying The New Chevrolet in record numbers

(Fleet orders of The New Chevrolet are up 168% over the same period last year)

This isn't a prediction of future resale value But it is a reassuring thought

- MORE INNOVATIONS
- MORE HEAD ROOM
- MORE REAR SEAT LEG ROOM
- MORE TRUNK ROOM
- MORE MILES TO THE GALLON
- MORE CORROSION PROTECTION
- MORE EASE OF ENTRY AND EXIT
- MORE EASE OF MAINTENANCE
- MORE VALUES FOR YOUR MONEY

e like it. Chevrolet

Shopwalk

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

TICKETRON MAY BE THE TICKET IF YOU DON'T WANT TO WIND UP BEHIND A POLE

There has always been something disconcerting about asking for the four best tickets to a sports event and being told by a surly guy smoking a cheap cigar that he has four in the third deck behind a pole for $10 each and make up your mind quick, Mac.

It has taken a generation of the young and a computer outfit that understands them to bring a new kind of pleasantness and fairness to buying tickets. Consider an outfit called Ticketron, a division of Control Data, which had its troubles when it started operating in 1968, but last year sold nearly 27 million tickets—about eight million of them to sports events. The 734 nationwide outlets are located in major stores like Sears and Macy's, and a prospective game-goer simply walks up and states a ticket preference. The request is punched into a computer and the best available seats are offered with a minimum of delay.

It's clear that, interpersonal relationships aside, ticket computers have it all over people. Computers don't sneer nor do they hold back tickets for their computer friends. There is evidence that many Manhattanites prefer to buy tickets for Madison Square Garden events at the Macy's Ticketron outlet a block away from the Garden, even though by so doing they have to pay a 50¢ to 75¢ per ticket service charge.

Sensing that Ticketron is a winner, teams and athletic facilities are getting their own, small, newly developed Ticketron computers. Ticketron says it does everything but kick field goals. It can handle season tickets, including upgrading customers to better seats as they become available, it prints tickets, it bills, it sends out promotional materials. It costs $35,000 a year to lease and is just the ticket, says Ticketron, for anyone who has to mess with selling more than 10,000 tickets a week. The L.A. Dodgers and the Montreal Alouettes have the new gizmo, so does Chicago Stadium; at least two major universities are seriously considering it. Universities are likely candidates because, as Bill Schmitt, Ticketron's president, says, "If you foul up the alums who donate the money, you're in bad shape."

Ticketron foresees many future applications in sports. Because young people have fallen in love with the outdoors, Ticketron has developed a similar affection. Campsites can be reserved through Ticketron at 52 major California state parks ($3.50 to $5 a night), 110 parks in New York and 14 in Virginia. The service charge is $1.75 but worth it to foil the mobs. A test program is under way on the desirability of reserving golf tee-off times through Ticketron rather than going to the course to sign up, and tennis-court times may be so reserved before long. A charter-boat operation in California is interested in Ticketron. As for the East, a new sports complex is negotiating. Ticketron is also looking into European and South American soccer. "We can straighten out almost everything," says Schmitt, "except one—we are not a cure-all for a bad team." Schmitt isn't sure how far all this will go but he promises not to put x's on riverbanks telling us where to stand to fish.

Although electronic progress is making inroads, some old realities remain, e.g., the best way to get a good ticket for the World Series, the NBA championships, Forest Hills, the Super Bowl or an Ohio State football game is still to know somebody. **END**



The purpose of most bourbon ads is to get you to drink more bourbon.

The purpose of this one is to get you to drink less.

Maybe you drink bourbon when you relax. Perhaps it's true enjoyment.

That's fine. We're proud our Walker's De Luxe Bourbon can give you that pleasure.

But how much Walker's De Luxe should you drink? We say *less* than any other brand.

Of course, all liquor should be taken in moderation. But Walker's De Luxe is truly a bourbon to savor. It's meant to be sipped slowly—for a good reason.

Quality takes time.

We take eight long years to age Walker's De Luxe.

That aging gives our bourbon a smoothness and a well-rounded flavor that's hard to find.

A half hour for smoothness.

We feel you'll miss the flavor completely if you gulp it down without thinking.

In fact, we hope a responsible person will take at least one half hour to enjoy a De Luxe. That's the average time necessary to pour, sip, and enjoy.

In the end you'll drink less Walker's De Luxe Bourbon.

But you will get more drop for drop pleasure from our eight year old flavor when you do.



WALKER'S DE LUXE BOURBON

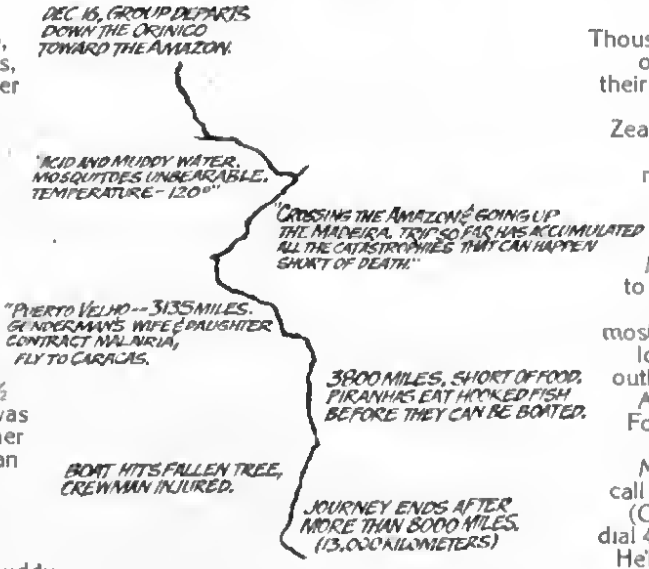
AGED 8 YEARS

©1977 HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC. PEORIA, IL • STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 86/80 PROOF

Mariner. The motor that ran more than 8,000 miles down the Amazon, Parana and Orinoco rivers is ready to take on American waters.

On December 16, 1975, a group of five explorers, headed by an adventurer from Venezuela named Enrique Gundermann, set off on a voyage to demonstrate the feasibility of a river route connecting Venezuela with Argentina, by linking the Orinoco, the Amazon and the Parana river systems.

Their boat was a bongo, a hollowed-out log 50 feet long and 5½ feet wide. The motor was a 48 horsepower Mariner outboard. The motor ran faithfully day after day for over three months. Through torrential rains, 120° degree heat, acid and muddy waters—it ran even after the boat was capsized by a fallen tree.



Thousands of other Mariner outboards have proven their dependability in Asia, Australia and New Zealand. And now, for the first time, this line of remarkable outboards, from 2 to 85 horsepower is available in this country. Your Mariner dealer is ready to show you why Mariner is one of the simplest, most dependable, longest-lasting outboards sold in America today. For the name of your nearest Mariner dealer, call 800-558-9758. (Or in Wisconsin, dial 414-923-3200.) He'll show you why we say Mariner is better in the long run.



MARINER OUTBOARDS
A BRUNSWICK COMPANY
939 Pioneer Rd., Fond du Lac, Wis. 54935



BRUNSWICK

Mariner. Better in the long run.

The nicest lawns of all have a dark even color and grow at a nice even rate. And lawns like this come chiefly from seed that will grow grass like this.

Just asking for bluegrass isn't enough. There are hundreds of bluegrass strains and each has a "Personality." Some get sick easily. Some are fighters. And some come on strong and then fold up on you. It's all in getting the right seed.

We've thrown out thousands of types of bluegrass. It took us 12 years to be sure of Scotts® Victa Kentucky bluegrass. That it would all come up the same dark green. (All Victa grass plants are identical.) And that it would resist diseases from rust to leaf spot to dollar spot so it wouldn't up and die on you. We have a U.S. plant patent on Victa.

And you also ought to know what you don't get. Coarse "crop" grass. Crop is a group of maverick plants that fight good grass. They're bullies and about the only way to get them out of your lawn is with a shovel. They grow in most grass fields, so before we have seed to sell we go out of our way to see that this problem crop is taken out. It takes a lot of digging and some other work too. But we try to put a perfect lawn in every box.



Seed so lively that this Kentucky bluegrass actually grows through plastic research cups.

Let our plump lively grass seed give you a lawn with some fight to it.

Every seed harvest brings in both the little immature seeds and the older plump fellows. The immature seeds are too weak to be worth much except for filling up the box. So what we do at Scotts is separate the big ones from the small. You get plump lively seeds and that starts you off with a lawn with some fight to it.

Now for bluegrass. The word alone doesn't guarantee you very much.

We put our Victa bluegrass in four mixtures and none of them is cheap. But the lawn you get will be the lawn you want: dark and even in color. And if you just do what it says on the box, it will get better and better.

We're the Scotts people. We've been in the seed business here in Marysville, Ohio, for 100 years.

Special seed mixtures are available in the Washington, D.C. area.



Vantage perfects low-tar 100's.



Introducing Vantage 100's.

You may not have known it, but those extra long 100's that so many smokers find popular are usually extra long in tar.

And that means they couldn't be Vantage. Because Vantage was made for smokers who wanted a cigarette that was low in tar and high in flavor.

So we resisted the trend. Until we could perfect a 100 with the famous Vantage combination of full flavor and low tar.

Well, we've done it. In new Vantage 100's. A blend of flavor-rich tobaccos with tar levels held down to the point where good taste still comes through.

That's the Vantage point. And that's the point of Vantage 100's. There's never been a long cigarette quite like it.

Try a pack today. We think you'll go along with us.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

AD GAME

Some advertising intelligence for the sports fan to mull over: even though the cherished belief is that the average fan listening to an event on radio or watching it on TV is an amiable slob (ideally wearing a T shirt and drinking a can of beer) who switches the dial whenever a commercial comes on, advertising people know better. Ken Miller of radio station KMPC in Los Angeles, which broadcasts California Angels baseball games, says the station had a survey done a few years ago by the W. R. Simmons company to determine how much attention listeners to various programs were paying to commercials. Says Miller, "According to the Simmons study, in California the sports listener has a higher rate of attentiveness and ability to recall a commercial than a listener to any other kind of broadcasting." As for the old blue-collar image of the sports fan, Miller says the Angel broadcasts do not reach a blue-collar audience. "Research by the Mervin Field company on the West Coast during the last 12 or 13 years indicates that the baseball listener is in a higher income bracket than the national average and is in a higher educational bracket—well above the average. The Los Angeles Rams' audience is pretty much the same as that for the Angels. Upper income and upper educated. Probably a little bit more than the baseball audience."

There you are, sports fans. You're rich and you're smart—in California, anyway—and you pay attention. And that last attribute is going to get more and more important. According to the J. Walter Thompson Company, the largest advertising agency in the world, in another 15 years three-second spots may be the big thing in television advertising. Three-second spots? One little second, two little seconds, three little seconds? Yes, says J. Walter, because consumers (that's you, sports fans) will be able to comprehend commercials at much faster rates. What it comes down to, of course, is that we'll be able to watch commercials between every pitch, between every down, maybe after every basket. It's the wave of the future.

Yuk.

RECHERCHE DU TEMPS PERDU

The Poughkeepsie Journal ran a headline out of the past a couple of weeks ago: PALMER LEADS CROSBY. No, it wasn't Arnold, and it wasn't Bing. It was Sandra Palmer on her way to winning Kathy Crosby's own little clambake, the Kathryn Crosby/Honda Civic Classic in Rancho Santa Fe, Calif.

YO-HO-HO AND A SET ON RUM

Red Rum, the English horse, won the 136th running of the Grand National at Aintree last Saturday. That's accomplishment enough, but there's more. Red Rum won the race in 1973. He won it again in 1974. He finished second in 1975, second in 1976 and now he has won it again this year. No other horse in the history of the National can equal that astonishing record.

Red Rum is 12 years old, an age when most respectable horses that are not at stud (Red Rum is a gelding) are either running in minor races at minor tracks or are waiting the call from the dog-food factory. As a matter of record, moralists in Great Britain have been intermittently indignant for the past two years about the cruelties being inflicted on Red Rum, such as making him still run. He's finished, they cried, washed up. It's terrible to keep him in training. A good part of their outrage was directed at Trainer Donald (Ginger) McCain, who by profession is a garage owner in Lancashire. McCain trains a number of horses along with Red Rum, keeping them all in a stable behind his garage. There isn't room to gallop them there, so he trots his charges through the streets and down to the beach, where he works them out on the sand. This regimen did not seem to do much for Red Rum after his back-to-back victories in 1973 and 1974, for in the next two racing seasons his record was quite ordinary. Yet when it came time for Aintree and the National in 1975 and 1976, there was Red Rum at the top of his form again.

This year, despite the critics, the public made Red Rum second favorite for the National, and when the 12-year-old came down the stretch a smashing winner by 25 lengths, the huge crowd at Aintree gave him a tumultuous salute. And began looking ahead to next year.

GOOD OLD DAYS

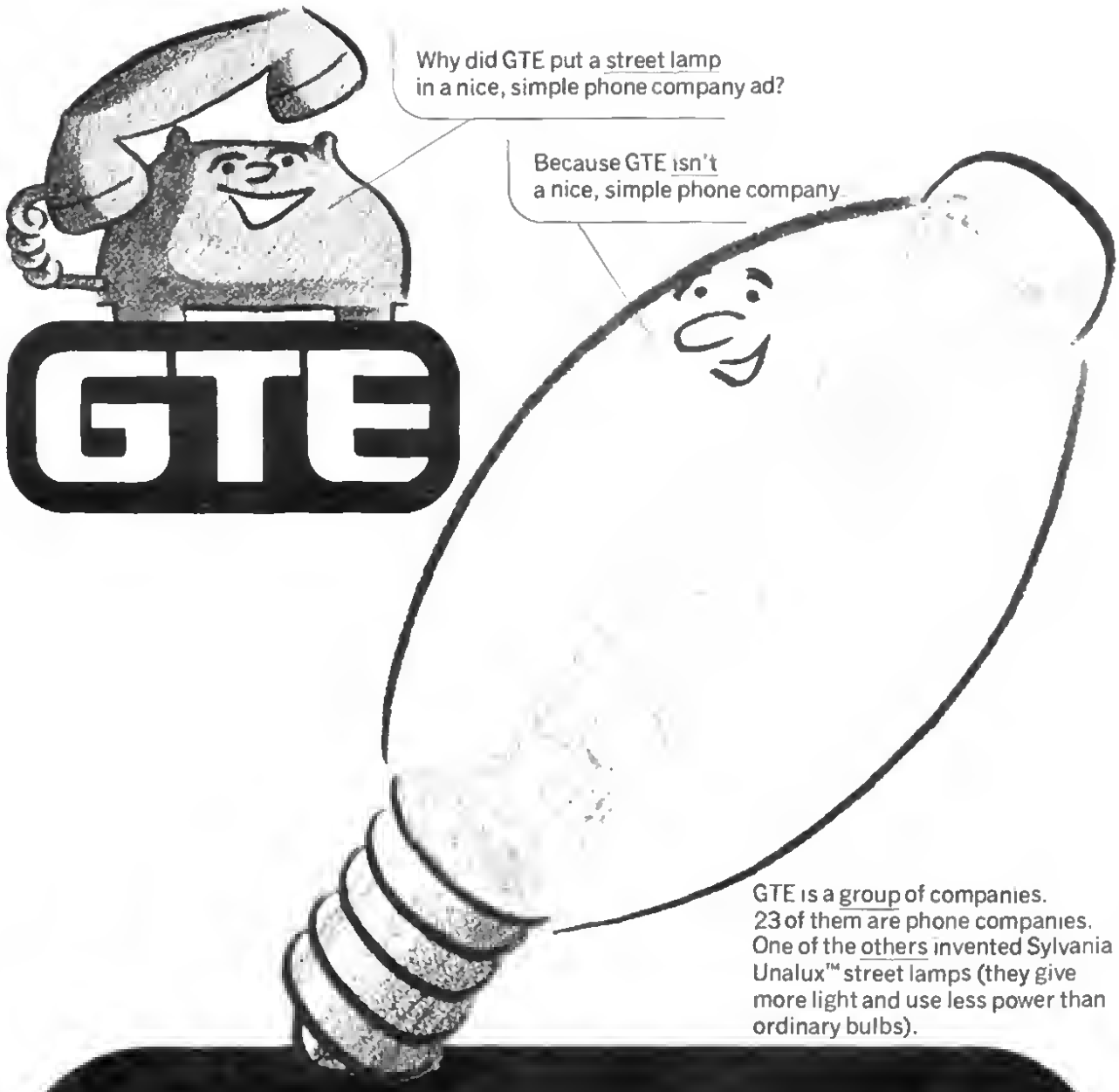
When a professional athlete gets into a contract dispute with management he automatically risks the disfavor of his fans. It doesn't much matter whether his argument is valid or not—he seldom wins public approval. Several weeks ago the



New York *Daily News*, reacting to home-run hitter Dave Kingman's continuing salary hassle with the New York Mets, asked its readers to vote on who was right, the Mets or Kingman. The Mets won by a landslide.

It was ever thus. Before the turn of the century major league players protested bitterly that salaries were too low, too restricted. Their bitterness became outright rebellion; many of the best players broke loose and formed their own short-lived league. Yet they received little sym-

continued



GTE is a group of companies. 23 of them are phone companies. One of the others invented Sylvania Unalux™ street lamps (they give more light and use less power than ordinary bulbs).

GTE

We're a lot more than a phone company.

GTE Sylvania Electronics Communications



SAVE AN ENDANGERED SPECIES. BUY ONE.

The convertible, alas, is fast becoming extinct.

Since 1970 alone, 54 foreign and domestic makes have disappeared. Even the Corvette and Eldorado fell victim.

In view of this, we'd like to remind you that you can still invest in the stubborn survivor shown above.

Namely, the racebred Triumph Spitfire 1500.

Being a true open roadster, the Spitfire lets you feel a wind-in-the-hair freedom almost forgotten in today's boxed-in world.

Being a true sports car, it also offers a high-torque, high-revving 1500cc four cylinder engine. Full instrumentation. Four-speed fully synchronized transmission. Responsive rack-and-pinion steering. Four-wheel independent suspension. And sure-stopping front disc brakes.

Which all helps explain why the Spitfire is still around while so many convertibles are not.

After all, it's the strongest in any species that survive.

For the name of your nearest Triumph dealer call: 800-447-4700 In Illinois call: 800-322-4400. British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia, New Jersey 07605.

TRIUMPH

BRITISH LEYLAND

SURE YOU WANT TO KEEP YOUR CAR LONGER. BUT DO YOU KNOW HOW TO?

It's a lot easier than you think to help make your car last. For instance, make sure it's kept well tuned. Have maintenance check-ups performed when your owner's manual tells you to.

And be very careful about the motor oil and filters you use. Because they both protect your car's engine.

So make sure you use quality motor oil and filters.

Like Quaker State.

People have been using and trusting Quaker State Motor Oil for over 60 years. And for very good reasons.

It's formulated and blended by lubrication specialists, dedicated to producing quality automotive oils for your car. And before it leaves our refineries, it has to pass Quaker State's strict quality control standards.

So by the time Quaker State reaches your car, you know it's going to do a great job.

Use it regularly and you'll help avoid expensive engine repairs.

And help keep your car from growing old before its time.

The fact is, more people buy Quaker State than any other motor oil in America. So look for Quaker State Motor Oil and Filters wherever they care about cars.

Because we'd like you to keep your car longer, too.

QUAKER STATE HELPS CARS LAST.



pathy. According to a fascinating volume called *The Scrapbook History of Baseball*, a pre-1900 newspaper published the following sarcastic account of a ballplayer's life.

"The professional ballist has a hard time. He rises every morning at 10 o'clock, takes a snug breakfast in the cafe, reads the Metropolitan newspapers, strolls out in the corridors and smokes a Reina Victoria, takes a nap . . . strolls out to the ball field about 3 o'clock, takes a little exercise for a couple of hours, returns for supper, smokes again, goes to the theatre in the evening with his girl and, of course, draws his salary—oh, the ball tosser never forgets that.

"And he is paid handsomely for working himself to death in this way? Yes, altogether too handsomely. His income, compared with that of others in the same stratum of society, is simply princely . . . Yes, the professional ballist has a tough time."

It should be noted that one of the things the players were protesting against, before they formed their own league, was a rule the owners established limiting salaries to a maximum of $2,000 a year. Granted, professional ballist Kingman was looking for a little more than that.

THE ROCK OF EAST STROUDSBURG

In eastern Pennsylvania, Tom Duran, a 19-year-old sophomore at East Stroudsburg State College, was so moved by the Academy Award film *Rocky* that he took up boxing on the spur of the moment. Duran, a 6′ 2″, 215-pound defensive end on the East Stroudsburg football team, had gone to watch a friend fight in a Pennsylvania Golden Gloves tournament and found himself an entrant in the heavyweight division. "My friends have a way of talking me into doing things," he told sports writer Joe DeVivo of *The Pocono Record*. "Like eating glass and stuff like that. They started saying I could be like Rocky. They even cracked raw eggs and put them in a glass and made me drink them like Rocky did."

Duran had never been in a formal boxing bout. The only equipment he had was a pair of sneakers. He had to borrow everything else, including the $4 entry fee. None of the boxing people at the Golden Gloves wanted to work his corner ("I asked, and everyhody said they were busy"). He had to ask another fighter's father to bandage his hands.

In his first fight, a semifinal (he had drawn a bye in the quarterfinals), he started poorly. "I lost the first round," he says, "and the second was pretty even, so I knew I had to do something in the last round. I went out and looked for a little opening. When I found it, I came up and got him. He went down, and I was so psyched I wanted to hit him again." The opponent got up, but the decision went to Duran, now, astonishingly, in the finals.

"I had a little shiner," he says, "but I didn't feel it. I was so happy. People were fighting to see who would take over my corner. Everybody started giving me brochures to attend their boxing camps. I wanted to see the movie again—I was using *Rocky* to inspire myself—but I didn't get the chance, so I tried to pick up some pointers in the dressing room. One guy tried to show me how to throw a right cross, but when he did he poked me hard in the nose. I guess that was an omen of things to come."

In the finals, Duran again was outfought in the first round but started strongly in the second. "We stood toe to toe flailing away for about 30 seconds," he says. "I went to hit him again and my arms felt like 100-pound barbells." When he returned to his corner he was told by his seconds that he had won the round, but his lips were bleeding, his nose was broken and his eyes were swelling shut. When he went out for the third round, he could hardly see. The referee let Duran fight for about a minute, then stopped the bout and gave it to his opponent on a technical knockout. "I could have cried when he stopped it," Duran says, "except my eyes were so swollen nothing would come out."

Despite the beating and the defeat, East Stroudsburg's Rocky says he relished the entire experience. "It was worth it just to be able to say I did it," he says. "I went to a nightclub afterward and people bought me champagne."

LAROESSE

The University of Houston has a small band called The Cougar Brass that usually plays only at home basketball games. When Houston was invited to the NIT tournament in Madison Square Garden this year, it was decided to send The Cougar Brass along, too. Band director Bill Moffit decided to go in style—Texas style—so he bought himself a big hat and a pair of fancy cowboy boots.

When the band boarded its plane to New York, the rear seats were occupied by a group of foreigners. After the plane was airborne, Moffit, in boots and big hat, walked up and down the aisle distributing meal money to the band members, who were scattered around the plane. It was just routine, but the foreigners stared wide-eyed and began talking excitedly among themselves.

It must be true, they seemed to be saying, all those stories we've heard about rich Texans.

OOPS

When Dr. James Naismith invented basketball, it seemed so simple: you shoot at your peach basket, I'll shoot at mine. Well, maybe after 1,000 games in the NBA, nothing is simple. Consider Paul Silas, the Denver Nuggets' forward, who last week played in his 1,000th regular-season game. In game 1,001, against the Indiana Pacers, Silas took a jump-ball tap at the Indiana end, and while nine other players raced off one way he wheeled and glided toward the wrong basket for an uncontested layup. As Denver Coach Larry Brown, who played a mere 376 games in the ABA, observed, "Someone once said that after the first thousand, all baskets look alike."

Luckily the law of averages was on the Nuggets' side: Silas, a 36% shooter, missed.

THEY SAID IT

• Dan Galbreath, owner of the Pittsburgh Pirates, on the paucity of meetings among baseball owners: "I don't know of any other business where you meet your partners only twice a year."

• Billy Turner, trainer of Kentucky Derby favorite Seattle Slew: "With a horse like this, something bad can happen at any time. But what's the fun in having a horse that doesn't run fast enough to worry you?"

• Jim Palmer, Baltimore Oriole pitcher, alleged to have called Reggie Jackson "a mediocre outfielder," explaining to Jackson that he had been misquoted: "I said you were an average outfielder."

• Turquoise Erving, wife of basketball star Julius Erving, on her husband: "He's a warm person but he's not especially romantic, except during the summer." **END**

QUESTION

When is your picture worth $20,000?

When you picture yourself with Windsor, the smooth Canadian, you may be a winner in the $20,000 Windsor Canadian Picture Sweepstakes.

Grand Prize
$20,000.

5 Second Prizes
Kodak Ektasound Movie System including projector and camera.

5,000 Early Bird Prizes
A free roll of Border-Free color film.

$20,000 can buy a home, start a business, pay for a college education—you name it.

And with over 5,000 other prizes, too, a lot of people are going to be winners in the Windsor Canadian Picture Sweepstakes. Why shouldn't you be one of them?

It's easy to enter, and you can enter as many times as you like.

Windsor Canadian Picture Sweepstakes.

1. To enter, submit a photograph of yourself which also shows a bottle of Windsor, Canada's smoothest whisky. Send your photograph along with your name and address on the back to: Windsor Canadian Picture Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 226, New York, N.Y. 10046.

2. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately. All entries must be received by June 30, 1977 to be eligible for the drawing. For a list of major prize winners, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Windsor Canadian Picture Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 269, New York, N.Y. 10046.

3. If you do not have a bottle of Windsor Canadian, you may obtain a facsimile of this bottle, for photographic use, by sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Windsor Canadian Facsimile, P.O. Box 345, New York, New York 10046.

4. Winners will be selected in random drawings under the supervision of Marden-Kane, Inc., an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final. All prizes will be awarded and winners will be notified by mail. Only one prize per family. All applicable taxes are the sole responsibility of the prize winners. Odds of winning are dependent upon the number of entries received. All entries become the property of National Distillers and will not be returned.

5. Early Bird Special—a free roll of film, choice of either #110 or #126, will be sent to the first 5,000 entrants. Indicate your choice with your entry.

6. Sweepstakes open to residents of the United States, who are of legal drinking age in their home states, except employees and the families of National Distillers and Chemical Corporation, its advertising agencies and Marden-Kane, Inc. Offer void where prohibited or restricted by law. All Federal, state and local laws and regulations apply.

7. No purchase necessary.

Windsor Canadian

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND • 86 PROOF
IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY THE WINDSOR DISTILLERY COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.



ANSWER

When you picture yourself with Windsor Canadian.

When you picture yourself with Windsor, the smooth Canadian, you may be a winner in the $20,000 Windsor Canadian Picture Sweepstakes.



Sports Illustrated
APRIL 11, 1977



IT WASN'T ALL IN THE CARDS

Last January in Houston, Richard Katz (left) and his bridge partner Lawrence Cohen mystifyingly withdrew from the U S team championship while well ahead. Now that a $44 million suit has been filed, the facts are coming to light

by Walter Bingham

The announcement in *The Contract Bridge Bulletin* was certainly mysterious. Leading by a substantial margin with only 32 boards of a 128-deal match remaining, Dr. Richard Katz and Lawrence Cohen, the outstanding pair on a five-man team hoping to represent the U S in October's World Championship, had withdrawn from the Trials in Houston because of "personal reasons," thus forfeiting the match to their opponents. In addition, said the *Bulletin*, Katz and Cohen also had resigned from the American Contract Bridge League. Period. It was as if Johnny Bench and Joe Morgan had quit the Cincinnati Reds after winning three games of the World Series, handing the championship to the New York Yankees.

News of the forfeit appeared in the newspapers of Jan 10, a Monday. For exactly one week nothing more was reported. "We could have sat on it," says an ACBL official "The whole thing might have died. Then that goddam Mathe had to open his mouth. . . ."

Lew Mathe, a fiery Los Angeles bridge expert and former president of the ACBL, had been one of the tournament committee's five members in Houston. On Jan. 17 *The New York Times* carried a front-page story announcing that allegations of improprieties had been leveled against Katz and Cohen. Mathe was quoted as saying that they involved the conveying of "unauthorized information." In ef-

continued

fect, the ACBL had accused Katz and Cohen of cheating. Those who follow the game had sensed scandal even in the earliest announcement. At a tournament in Toronto 10 years ago, the late Johnny Crawford, one of the top players of the '50s, had cautioned his teammates that they were up against a young pair who were "wired"—communicating with each other illegally. It was generally understood that the pair was Katz and Cohen. Three years ago Crawford made a speech before the ACBL's Board of Governors deploring cheating. He made several ill-disguised references to Katz and Cohen, and because he did it in an open forum, he was handed a 90-day suspension. "Sure, there have been rumors," says one prominent bridge expert. "But that's what the game is all about. One day at a tournament consists of three sessions and four rumors."

After the *Times* article there were two months of silence. Then at the spring national championships in Pasadena two weeks ago, Mathe, ACBL president Louis Gurvich and Don Oakie (another past president who had been a committee member in Houston) were handed a summons and complaint which stated that Katz and Cohen were suing the three officials, together with the ACBL itself, for defamation, interference with prospective business interests and intentional infliction of emotional distress. Reinstatement of the pair in the League was demanded. The amount of the lawsuit was in the neighborhood of $44 million.

"What we are fighting," says Ralph Jonas, attorney for both Katz and Cohen, "are the forces of a politically oriented, rich, powerful organization which seeks to control the business of bridge. They are out to hang these two kids. We have evidence that in 1974 Lew Mathe made a statement before members of a local ACBL committee in which he said that they would never play for the United States as long as he was a member of the board."



Cohen is a pharmacist, but bridge is his living

So what did happen in Houston?

Richard Katz, 35, and Lawrence Cohen, 34, have been playing bridge together since they were students at the University of Wisconsin. In 1966 they teamed to win the intercollegiate championships. They were a successful pair in Chicago before moving to Los Angeles, which provides the toughest competition in the country.

Katz, a general practitioner, has an office in Beverly Hills. Cohen has a degree in pharmacy, but he is in fact a bridge professional. For the last couple of years the two have often been members of the George Rosenkranz team; that is, players paid by Rosenkranz, a wealthy businessman from Mexico City, to help form winning teams. The Rosenkranz team, with Katz and Cohen an integral part, won the Vanderbilt and Spingold cups in 1976, thus twice qualifying for this year's Houston Trials. Opposing them, ironically, was the same squad of six players that in 1975 had narrowly lost to Italy in Bermuda, the championship that was disrupted by the revelation that two Italian players had been observed tapping each other's feet under the table.

The Trials were held at Houston's Shamrock Hilton and right from the beginning there was tension. The non-playing captain of the Rosenkranz team, John Gerber, felt that there were too many people unfriendly to him on the tournament committee and that rulings would likely go against his team.

No one has admitted that the committee went into the Trials mounting a specific guard against cheating, but it seems probable. Oakie says he didn't, but as an official timer—bridge has its own form of the 24-second clock—he was in excellent position to observe irregularities. Mathe told the *Times* that the committee was indeed on the lookout for cheating. Because the U.S. has accused Italy of cheating in the past, "The Italians would like nothing better than to catch us with our pants down," Mathe said.

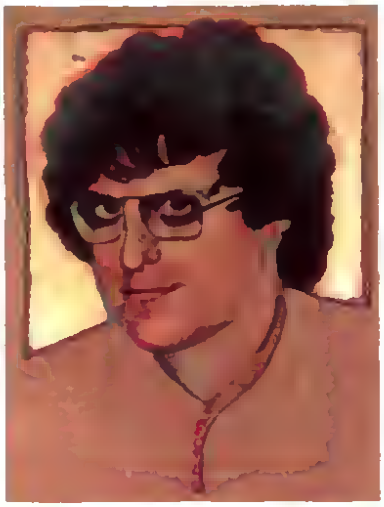
At championship level there are often twice as many observers in a room as players. Bidding screens are now used in major league competition—curtains that run diagonally across the tables, preventing partners from seeing each other during the bidding. Furthermore, players no longer speak their bids themselves. Monitors call them off to the players on the other sides of the screens. Other officials in each room include the timer, a referee to make rulings and someone transmitting the bidding and play by microphone to an audience in a Viewgraph room in another part of the hotel. In short, the presence in a room of several experts other than the players is perfectly normal.

Even today none of the players who opposed Katz and Cohen in Houston will say he detected anything he would call irregular, though one does recall that Katz seemed to be hunched forward in his chair more than usual, a posture that would place his head close to the screen. "I just figured Richard was tense, really into the match," he says.

But downstairs in the Viewgraph room, where spectators could follow the play on a screen that reproduced the hands, Mathe was sitting in the front row jotting down notes on a pad. This was not normal. And Peter Pender, one of the commentators who explain the bidding and play to the audience, was becoming increasingly incensed at the number of curious plays made by Katz and Cohen. Finally a hand came up on which Katz and Cohen bid spades three times but the opponents wound up in three no trump. Cohen, who held four spades to the king and four clubs to the queen, was on lead. "I'll bet he leads a club," said Pender, who could see all four hands on the Viewgraph. Sure enough, Cohen did lead a club, though clubs had never been bid, and found Katz with the ace-king-jack-10 and another club. The defense rattled off the first five tricks.

"We're down even if they lead a spade," said Eddie Kantar, who with his partner Billy Eisenberg suffered the set. "But it *was* an unusual lead. They never seem to make a bad opening lead, at least not against us. Maybe they're just extraordinarily good opening leaders."

On Saturday night Lee Hazen, chief attorney for the ACBL, was at his Palm



Katz is a physician with a Beverly Hills office

Beach, Fla. home when the phone rang. Richard Goldberg, general manager of the ACBL, was on the line. "He said he had something," Hazen recalls, preferring not to be any more specific. Goldberg asked Hazen if he thought the final 16-board session Saturday, due to start shortly, should be postponed. Hazen, though alarmed by the news, advised against it. He did suggest that the first Sunday session, scheduled for 11 a.m., be postponed. He then asked if Gerber had been advised of the development. Goldberg said no, that Gerber was asleep. "Well, wake him up," said Hazen.

Gerber was hardly asleep. He was in the Viewgraph room watching play when Goldberg and Gurvich informed him that the committee was ready to call a halt to the Trials, that it had evidence against two members of his team, Katz and Cohen. They asked Gerber what he thought they should do. "That's your decision," Gerber said.

Gerber was shown boards 56, 57 and 58 as examples of the evidence. "Ridiculous," says Gerber now. "There was nothing in the results, no magnificent bids or leads, no big swings, nothing that indicated anything suspicious."

Meanwhile, Hazen was holding nonstop phone conversations and making reservations to Houston. At dawn he took a cab from Palm Beach, caught a 7:30 flight to Houston and at 10 sharp walked into the lobby of the Shamrock Hilton. Gerber was there to meet him.

"Tell me one thing," said Gerber. "Can the police be the judge and jury?"

"No," said Hazen.

Gerber had already informed the boys, as he calls them. At eight o'clock he had phoned their ninth-floor suite—Katz' wife Pat and their young son were with them—and asked the two players to come up to his room, 1015. There he told them that the Trials had been postponed. Whether or not he told them then that they had been accused of cheating, none of the participants recalls.

A word about cheating in bridge. Any edge is a huge advantage. When two British players, Terence Reese and Boris Shapiro, were accused of cheating in the 1965 World Championships in Buenos Aires, the dispute involved finger signals to denote the number of cards in the heart suit. Just the number of cards in one suit. But give even an average player that information and it is a clear advantage. For an expert it means almost certain victory.

What Katz and Cohen were supposed to have been using is something called a sniff system, a method of transmitting messages through the curtain by non-verbal means—subtle sniffs, inhalations through the nostrils. Perhaps a cough.

"Have you ever heard anything more ludicrous," says Jonas, his voice rising. "Here they were, in a room with six of the best bridge players in the world, and you think they wouldn't notice?"

At one o'clock Gerber conducted a haggard Katz and Cohen into a conference room on the third floor of the hotel. "They looked like they were ready for the slaughterhouse," says one official. "Almost comatose."

There were seven others present in the room: Mathe, Gurvich, Oakie, Hazen, Goldberg, Roger Stern (the non-playing captain of the opposing team) and a man to keep a record. Someone pushed a piece of paper across the table. On it were written five words: The tournament has been canceled.

Gerber protested. "You can't just say that," he argued. "If you do you will stigmatize 13 people—11 players and two captains."

Katz, who was to do all the speaking for the accused pair at the confrontation, said, "Why beat around the bush? We're the only players here."

"The whole thing was like a Kafka sequence," says Jonas. " 'Wake up. You're guilty.' 'What are the charges?' 'Never mind.' "

The threesome, plus Stern, was told to leave the room while the committee discussed what course of action to take. When they were recalled an hour and a half later, the two players were told the committee had decided to charge them with violation of Part 2, Section B of the Proprieties of Bridge Law, which deals with improper communication. Katz would have none of that. "What would this do to my family?" he asked. "It would destroy my medical practice, my in-laws." Then he asked for a hearing, even though it was pointed out to him that his accusers would be on the jury. The motion was denied. Throughout all of these discussions, which lasted most of the afternoon, there was at no time any disclosure by the committee as to what the actual method of cheating was supposed to have been. "Even now they haven't told the boys what they were supposed to be guilty of," says Jonas.

It was Stern, the opposing captain, who finally settled the matter. Earlier, Katz and Cohen had asked to speak with him, because he is a lawyer. After conferring at length with the two accused players, Stern returned to say that Katz and Cohen had agreed to withdraw from the tournament and from the ACBL for personal reasons. In return the League would remain silent and perhaps the whole matter would go unnoticed.

"Let me tell you about that session with Mr. Stern," says Jonas. "Remember, he's a lawyer. He had them in a room for a long time. Their heads were spinning."

Now, two months after Houston, the world of bridge is in a tizzy. "We were not out for blood," Mathe has been quoted as saying. "All we wanted to do was get the thing settled in as clean a way as possible." There is no chance of that now. The ACBL must answer the defamation suit and is considering a countersuit. Katz is practicing medicine in Beverly Hills, and his wife is expecting their second child. But Larry Cohen is finding it difficult to find work at the bridge table. "It's still hard for me to understand all the things that happened so quickly," he recently wrote a friend.

"The whole thing is a shame," says one longtime expert, a man who goes all the way back to the days of Ely Culbertson. "Bridge is such a wonderful game. What a pity that the only time it makes headlines is when something like this happens." END

THEY SAVED THE BEST FOR THE VERY LAST

It was a nine-team photo finish, but Boston's battling Bruins were the biggest winners on the wildest final Sunday in the NHL's history **by Peter Gammons**

For 25 weeks and six days the NHL season had been about as exciting as a form 1040. If the stories weren't about money, or the lack of it, then people were complaining about having to wait six months for the Stanley Cup playoffs to begin. But all of a sudden last Sunday it was the final day of the regular schedule—and the NHL was embroiled in the wildest, most jumbled finish in its 60-year history. The first playoff games were less than 48 hours away, but not one of the four opening-round matchups had been determined, and the Boston-Buffalo brouhaha for first place in the Adams Division—and a bye in the best-of-three preliminary series—still had not been decided.

"All we know is that we've got a game next Tuesday night," said Atlanta General Manager Cliff Fletcher. "We just don't know where, or against what team."

The NHL's 12-team playoff sweepstakes normally is understood only by MIT Ph.D.s, but Sunday's events had even the deep thinkers struggling. The four divisional winners all receive byes in the preliminary round, which explains why Smythe Division champion St. Louis, whose 73 points would not have been enough even to qualify for the cup chase in any other division, has this week off. Then, the eight teams—two from each division—involved in Round 1 are seeded by order of their regular-season point totals, with No. 1 playing No. 8, No. 2 meeting No. 7, etc. So there were basically three sets of scrambles.

For example, not only were Boston and Buffalo battling for first place, the loser also wanted to finish ahead of the New York Islanders in the duel for the No. 1 seed in Round 1. Also at stake, projecting further, were the No. 3 and No. 4 seeding positions behind Montreal and Philadelphia in the next two playoff rounds. The advantage to placing third overall was particularly clear, there could be no confrontation with the powerful Canadiens until the cup finals. Meanwhile, Pittsburgh, Los Angeles, Toronto and Atlanta were involved in a one-day season to settle the two remaining home-ice positions in Round 1. And Minnesota and Chicago were in competition for the seventh seed.

And so it was that at noontime Sunday Pittsburgh, L.A., Atlanta and Toronto were trying to explain to harried airline and hotel clerks that "No, we don't know whether we'll be leaving on Monday or Wednesday—or, for that matter, where we'll be going." Arena managers were understandably in turmoil. "This is always the Russian roulette season," said Claire Rothman, who books events for the Los Angeles Forum, "but this year it's ridiculous." Chicago didn't even have ice available. "Back in October there was no reason to think we wouldn't finish first again and have a bye," said Don Murphy, the Black Hawk publicist. In October, Chicago had Bobby Orr, and now in April Chicago has Led Zeppelin. Boston publicity chief Nate Greenberg had three different preliminary programs—for Minnesota, Chicago and Vancouver—in type at the printers.

The hors d'oeuvres before Sunday's final course weren't bad, either. Early in the week the Flyers settled the race for first place in the Patrick Division by beating the Islanders 3–1 in Philadelphia. Then Minnesota, playing eight rookies regularly, gained the cup playoffs for the first time in four years by winning three games in four nights. But the Silky Sullivan Award belonged to Boston. In eight days the Bruins won four straight games, including three come-from-behind triumphs on the road, and galloped from five points behind Buffalo to two points ahead of the Sabres as both teams prepared to conclude the season with home games Sunday night.

Boston's amazing stretch skate began

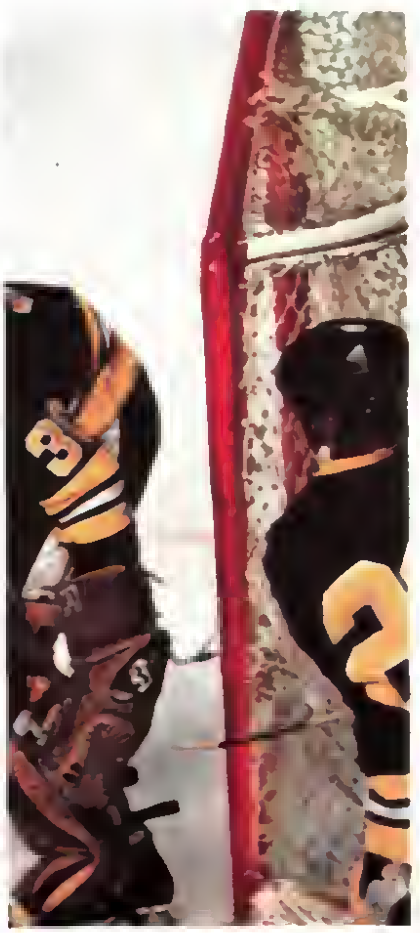
With defensive help from Brad Park (left), Gerry Cheevers backstopped Boston to three straight wins



when the Bruins were trailing Toronto 4–2 at the start of the third period in Maple Leaf Gardens. "For the first time all season I figured it was all over," says Boston Coach Don Cherry. The Bruins cut Toronto's lead to 5–4 with only 75 seconds to play, but Buffalo General Manager Punch Imlach, an interested onlooker, thought the Toronto margin was so secure that he began to make his way through the corridors to the exit. Imlach heard one roar, then another, then a third, so he stuck his head through an entryway for a peek at the scoreboard. He gasped. Boston 7, Toronto 5.

Imlach was so mad he charged into the executive parking lot, jumped into a car and drove away. Three blocks later Imlach realized he was driving the wrong car. Then, to complete his evening, Imlach turned on the radio and listened to his Sabres lose 6–4 in Los Angeles.

Still, the Sabres led the Bruins by one point as they squared off in Buffalo on Wednesday night. The teams are exact opposites on the ice: Boston now uses the hard-hat, beat-'em-in-the-corners approach, while Buffalo dazzles with the speed and finesse of Gilbert Perreault and Richard Martin. Boston jumped to a 2–0 edge, but Buffalo rallied for a 3–2 lead early in the third period. The Buffalo fans were chanting *Auld Lang Syne* when Brad Park tied the score for Boston, but they were speechless when Mike Milbury put the Bruins ahead 4–3 midway through the period. Then, unbelievably, the tough-checking Bostonians held the Sabres without a shot at Goaltender Gerry Cheevers over the final 10 minutes, twice neutralizing the Buffalo power play, and escaped with a 4–3 victory—and a one-point lead over the Sabres.



Still, the Bruins' situation was precarious, as they met the Islanders Saturday afternoon on Long Island. Only by defeating the Islanders and then Toronto in their final game would the Bruins win the Adams, get a week's vacation and also overtake the Islanders in the race for the NHL's third-best record.

For a time the Bruins-Islanders skirmish was a replay of the Boston-Buffalo match. The Bruins took a quick 2–0 lead on a pair of goals by Don Marcotte, but the Islanders capitalized on a string of five straight penalties against the Bruins to go ahead 3–2 early in the second period. Just 13 seconds after Clark Gillies' goal had put the Islanders in front, Marcotte scored his third goal for a 3–3 tie. Jean Ratelle scored the 400th goal of his NHL career later in the period to give the Bruins a 4–3 lead, and Milbury beat a shaky Chico Resch to give Boston a 5–3 victory. Boston's checkers dominated the third period again, holding New York to only five shots on Cheevers, and just one during the last 10 minutes.

That night in Toronto, Buffalo tied the Maple Leafs 1–1 on Jerry Korab's goal late in the third period and pulled to within two points of the Bruins. "So we haven't won anything yet," said Boston Wing Wayne Cashman as the Bruins prepared to play Toronto Sunday night. Indeed, if Buffalo beat St. Louis, and Boston failed to get at least a tie against the Maple Leafs, the Bruins and Sabres would tie for first place with 104 points. Under the complicated procedure for breaking ties, the Sabres then would be awarded first place—and the Round 1 bye—on the basis of their better record in Adams Division games.

On madcap Sunday the precincts began to phone in their final tabulations shortly after 4:30 p.m. E.S.T. Atlanta was first on the line, the Flames blew a 3–1 lead and got only a 3–3 tie with Philadelphia, thus losing any chance for home-ice advantage in Round 1. "We're leaving for Los Angeles Monday at 10 a.m. or for Pittsburgh at 3 p.m.," said a distressed Fletcher. The next result came from the West Coast at 7:45 p.m. as Minnesota lost to Vancouver 6–3, leaving the North Stars just one point ahead of Chicago for the seventh seed.

Shortly after 9:30 p.m., Buffalo phoned in with a 7–3 victory over St. Louis and, pending the outcome of the Toronto-Boston game, the Sabres were in first place in the Adams race. At 10:02 p.m. Pittsburgh checked in with a 4–2 win over Detroit, clinching home ice against someone—anyone—on Tuesday night.

The first returns from Boston came at 10:12 p.m.: Bruins 5, Maple Leafs 1, with 14 minutes to play. Then came an update: Bruins 5, Maple Leafs 4, with five minutes to play. All Buffalo groaned at the next score: Bruins 6, Maple Leafs 4, on an empty-net goal. Then the final: Bruins 7, Maple Leafs 4, on another empty-net goal. So Boston had defeated the Sabres for the Adams title, and had edged the Islanders for the third-best record in the league.

At 10:51 p.m. there was more bad news for Buffalo: the Islanders beat the Rangers 5–2 and thus finished the schedule with two more points than the Sabres.

Now only two more precincts were still out. At 11:13 p.m. a South Side alderman reported that Chicago had lost to Cleveland 4–2. The Black Hawks did not demand a recount by Led Zeppelin, so Minnesota held on to the seventh seed for the preliminaries while Chicago retained the eighth, and last, spot. Two playoff series were set: Chicago against the Islanders, Minnesota against Buffalo.

As Sunday passed into history in the East, Atlanta, Pittsburgh and Toronto awaited the results of Los Angeles' game at Colorado. At 12:33 a.m. E.S.T. Monday, the call came: in the 720th—and final—game of the season, Los Angeles scored twice in the last two minutes to beat Colorado 6–4. So the remaining matchups were set: Atlanta opening at L.A., and Toronto at Pittsburgh.

And at 9 a.m. the Bruins' Nate Greenberg called the printer in Boston and told him to shred the programs. **END**



BULL'S-EYE FOR THE BLACK DART

In recent years Mario Andretti has been labeled a hard-luck driver. But his sleek new Lotus has proved to be on the mark, and he showed that the tag was a bum rap at the U S Grand Prix West **by Sam Moses**

There are few rags-to-riches stories in Formula 1 racing, a sport where money counts for everything, but Mario Andretti's victory in Sunday's U S. Grand Prix West through the streets of Long Beach, Calif. could qualify as one. Andretti, America's favorite Pennsylvanian-Italian racing driver, doggedly hung in the wake of Jody Scheckter for 76 of 80 laps, then squeezed into the lead as the handling of Scheckter's Wolf-Cosworth deteriorated as a result of a slow-leaking front tire. On the next lap the Ferrari of Niki Lauda powered past Scheckter into second, but Mario beat Lauda to the flag by less than a second Scheckter finished third, after leading the three nose-to-tail-to-nose-to-tail racers for virtually the entire 162 miles.

It was the third Grand Prix win of Andretti's career, and he said it was even more satisfying than his 1969 Indy 500 victory. It was also a triumph of spirit over bucks. "This is one of the happiest moments of my career," said Andretti on the victory podium And he really meant it.

Lauda and Andretti had qualified on the front row, with Scheckter, driving a car owned by Walter Wolf, a Canadian oilman with a million-dollar racing budget, right behind But on the standing start Scheckter popped through a gap into the lead going into the first turn. Then as the rest of the field swarmed into the turn there was a tangle similar to last year's The big loser was world champion James Hunt, who had qualified only eighth fastest. Hunt ran over the wheel of John Watson's Brabham-Alfa, which sent his McLaren flying When it landed, the car stalled. Hunt lost a lap getting restarted and eventually finished seventh for no points Watson's wheel was knocked out of balance by the impact, and after running fourth for a while, he retired "James came down inside of me and ran over my right front tire and flew up in the air," said Watson. "Watson just ran right into me," said Hunt "There was nowhere I could go."

Another car involved in the tangle, the Surtees of Vittorio Brambilla, ended up facing downhill with its wheels crimped against the wall. Brambilla walked away from the car, but someone, presumably a course worker, attempted to move it, and it promptly coasted away from him down the hill The man tried to stop the rolling car by hanging onto its wing, but it dragged him across the course and crashed into the opposite wall, whereupon the panicked pursuer ran back across the track. He made it, but at the last Grand Prix, in South Africa, a course worker had done a similar thing and was hit and killed by Welsh driver Tom Pryce Pryce was also killed

Unscathed, the three leaders ran like a train all afternoon. Then, with 18 laps remaining, Scheckter saw a hole appearing in his tire, an ominous dark streak on the spinning rubber. "I was going to come in," he said, "but it didn't seem to be getting any worse At the very end, however, my car was unbalanced during braking, and I couldn't stay with it. That's when Mario and Niki got me " Immediately after the race all Scheckter could muster was a dejected mumble "Had a puncture, had a puncture," he said as he softly pounded his fist on the wing of his Wolf. "Jody drove a superb race throughout," said Andretti. "He never made any mistakes. I didn't really think I was going to get him "

Andretti had been both the crowd's and the gamblers' favorite. Because of his popularity and his rotten luck in recent years, he might even have been the sentimental favorite among the drivers and crews. When Mario signed with Lotus for last season some people sug-



gested that he had found a fitting home an over-the-hill driver on an over-the-hill team. Those seers are eating crow this year. Andretti's stylish driving and spirit have inspired a comeback for the Lotus team and its manager, Colin Chapman. "With Colin alongside me, I feel like I'm on top of the world," says Andretti. Now after a year of hard work, Lotus has caught up. The team is still a long way from dominating Formula 1 as it once did, but the car is once again competitive.

The 1977 Lotus-Cosworth is a black pearl among its more utilitarian-looking peers. It is shaped like an airfoil and lacquered black—British racing black, you might say—with gold pinstripes. It is so sleek it looks as if one could pick it up between thumb and forefinger and sail it across a pub into a dart board.

The members of the John Player Team Lotus look almost as sharp as their car; they dress in black trousers, black shirts and black belts with gold JPTL buckles. And Chapman wears a black Greek fisherman's hat, which he threw on the track as Andretti took the checkered flag. During one practice session the silver-haired Chapman stood alone on the plywood victory podium, stopwatch in hand, one black boot perched on the lattice railing, as if he owned the winner's stand—or, at least, was staking an early claim to it.

Andretti had been the fastest in each of the Friday and Saturday practice sessions, and he had seemed certain to get the pole. But Lauda stole it on the very last practice lap. (In Formula 1, grid positions are determined by practice times.) Lauda had been in the 1:22-1:23 range for the 12-turn 2.02-mile course all day, but toward the very end of the afternoon he mysteriously slowed to 1:25-1:26. Then, with less than two minutes of practice remaining, he ticked off a 1:21.6 to beat Andretti's best by .2 second. Lauda had been deliberately slowing to give the cars ahead of him a long lead so he would encounter no traffic on his final lap. He wanted a clear shot at the pole. It was a strategy that typifies Lauda's intellectual approach to driving. "A Jackie Stewart move," said one observer.

Lauda's last-lap heist of the pole was not the day's only surprise. The headline in the Saturday morning Long Beach *Independent Press-Telegram*—GRAND PRIX ALMOST SPLITTERS TO HALT—had dropped a few jaws as well, especially those of the promoters. The newspaper story zeroed in on organizational difficulties that the Long Beach Grand Prix Association had fallen some $150,000 short of the contracted payment to the Formula 1 Constructors Association; that some spectators had sneaked to dangerous vantage spots during Friday's practice, which caused the K&K Insurance Co. to balk, that practice had been delayed because of a walkout by union laborers. The story went on to point out that the problems were solved that same day, which only made the headlines appear silly and sensational.

In fact, the LBGPA, with the help of scores of volunteers, had worked long and hard to keep the 2-year-old race alive. Last year it received an annual award from the FICA for the best race operation of 1976. "Long Beach has given many European circuit operators a lot to think about," said FICA President Bernie Ecclestone. "It was the first time any new circuit has won our award."

Ecclestone is the man the LBGPA had to answer to for falling short on the $150,000 purse and transportation payment. As FICA president, he is the most powerful man in Formula 1. On Friday he had announced, "We will race on Sunday. We feel all conditions have been met. There's no more drama. I'm satisfied." Whew.

It is doubly unfortunate that Long Beach is having trouble breaking even, for the circuit is one of the most interesting in motor racing. "Tracks like this are more challenging," says Andretti, "they require more concentration. It's easier to make mistakes." They are also safer because they are slower, which is not at all bad.

Standing on a sidewalk to watch a Formula 1 car drift through an intersection at 60 mph is a lot more thrilling than standing 50 yards away watching that same car whir through a sweeping turn at two or three times the speed. And there are few motor-racing circuits in the world where a spectator can see and hear and feel and smell what he does at Long Beach. When a 12-cylinder Ferrari wails by at peak rpm, you can feel it in your spine. The cars shudder and dance over ripples that aren't felt in the family sedan. And from the grandstands, spectators can actually see the drivers' hands on the steering wheels as they snap them left, right, left.

If this race were in Europe, there would be hundreds of thousands of people fighting for places near the track. The problem is that Americans—let alone Southern Californians, who can see virtually any type of event they want—haven't experienced enough Grand Prix racing to appreciate what they are seeing and hearing and feeling and smelling—yet. The question now is, can Long Beach afford to wait for them? END

Andretti figures those bad days are behind him





After eight years as the best Whitworth's game weakened but in the desert she shot a strong 289

78 VICTORIES AND SHE'S STILL COUNTING

Some thought her past her prime, but Kathy Whitworth earned the richest prize of her career, holding off youth in the Colgate-Dinah Shore **by Sarah Pileggi**

Not very long ago the LPGA tour was 30 people in a straggly caravan crossing the continent in search of fortune. Most of the fortune went to Mickey Wright in those days, then later to Kathy Whitworth and Sandra Haynie. The rest scraped out a living, but not much more, their efforts sustained by a belief that the life, however difficult, held greater psychic rewards than washing dishes or teaching high school phys ed.

Last week at the Mission Hills Country Club, 6,300 yards of implausible greensward on the desert floor near Palm Springs, Calif., Whitworth, who is now 37, took the Colgate-Dinah Shore Winners Circle tournament by a stroke, shooting a one-over-par 289. It was the 78th victory of her 19-year career and by far the richest. The $36,000 first prize rocketed her from 20th place on the money list after the year's first four tournaments into first, the spot she had all to herself for eight seasons out of nine between 1965 and 1973. This was more money than she had won in each of her first nine years on the tour.

From the beginning the lanky, gentle Texan was a good bet to win in Palm Springs. Because of the fierce desert winds and the pressure of all that money, experience has always counted more than any other factor at the Dinah Shore. Sunday was the only day last week that could be called benign. The first two were out-and-out horrors that caused shots to reverse direction in midair and balls to wobble off their tees. Tumbleweeds rolled in from the sandy wastes that surround the course and bounded impudently across manicured fairways.

Saturday was merely changeable. Betty Burfeindt, who had held the lead at the halfway point, now shared it with Judy Rankin and newcomer Pat Bradley at one over par. Rankin, the 108-pound defending champion, had turned in a miraculous 68 but the effort clearly had sapped her strength. She said after the third round that she was "physically beat up. For two days here I've felt like the wind was tossing me against a wall."

On the final day, Whitworth, JoAnne Carner and Carol Mann—the trio of big guns who stood just one stroke out of the lead—were expected to challenge. Rankin and Bradley fell back almost immediately, Rankin shooting a 39 and Bradley a 41 on the front side. But Carner and Mann were also in trouble, each racking up a double bogey. Whitworth took the lead. She was scrambling, but more successfully (Carner would finish with a 72 that included an eagle, three birdies, three bogeys and a double bogey). The only golfer playing consistently well was Sally Little, who was on her way to a 70, her third subpar round. An opening 76 would have won her the tournament, but on that blustering Thursday she had shot a 78. She tied for second with Carner.

One thing that was clear when the desert scramble was over is that women's golf, unlike women's tennis, is deep in talent. While Chris Evert wins her 106th straight match on clay and everybody wonders what is going to happen to tennis if somebody doesn't show up to challenge her pretty soon, the LPGA fields almost every week no fewer than five stars of the first rank—Rankin, Carner, Donna Caponi Young, Sandra Palmer and Jane Blalock—all extraordinary players now at the height of their powers, capable of winning anytime the course is sufficiently challenging or the purse is significantly large.

Furthermore, the LPGA has a second echelon of experienced players who have been around long enough to know how

to win and who have been doing it for years—Whitworth, Mann, Burfeindt, Susie Berning (winner of three National Opens), Sandra Post, Sue Roberts, Jo Ann Prentice and Japan's 31-year-old superstar Chako Higuchi. These pros have won 147 tournaments among them.

Finally there is the group of good young ones that has joined the tour in the past few years. They were drawn to professional golf from colleges and high schools by the tour's new promise of money, fame and travel, sometimes to exotic places. Pat Bradley, one of the brightest prospects, said as she moved into contention last week, "I just turned 26 and I have been to Japan seven times, England three times, Australia three times, and the Philippines and Hong Kong, too. When would I have those opportunities if I weren't on the tour?" They look good, they dress well, they wear thin gold hoops in their pierced ears, they incorporate themselves, they buy town houses with their winnings and they fully intend to take over at the first available opportunity.

"A lot of them are college graduates who are athletes," says David Foster, chairman of the board of Colgate-Palmolive and the director of his company's sizable investment in women's golf. "Seven or eight years ago they would have looked around and said to themselves, 'What is the point of a career in golf?' "

Now there are fortunes to be made, but to make them one must win. That is the rule. Laura Zonetta Baugh, 21, is the exception. She earned more money last year than anybody on the tour—Judy Rankin included—but only $29,000 of it from tournament play. She is a straight driver with a good short game and she wants to win something awful, but in 3½ years her best efforts have produced only five seconds. "I've come close, but I'm not disappointed," she says. "It has taken nearly every good golfer three or four years to adapt to the pressure of the tour. I think I'm right on schedule."

Meanwhile, it has been her pretty dimpled face and tidy 5' 5", 110-pound body that have made her a success. She is well known on a couple of continents and on all the islands of Japan—in fact, so well known she has to register in hotels under false names. The Japanese print huge calendars with her picture atop every month of the year. Her galleries are always bigger than anybody else's except Gerald Ford's. When she wins, it will be because she is still the same competitor who in 1971, at 16, lost a match on the 19th hole of the USGA's Girls' Junior Championship, cried for 20 minutes and then went out to the practice tee and hit golf balls until her hands were cracked and bleeding. The next week she won the Women's Amateur.

Amy Alcott was Rose Red to Baugh's Snow White in Southern California amateur golf. Between them they won everything—city, state, national, junior and women's. Amy joined the tour in 1975, expecting to win, and she did, almost immediately. She is the alltime champion positive thinker. "I feel good," she said after her second-round 73 at Palm Springs, her cheeks still rosy from the wind and her bright green eyes shining

continued



Little looms big, was Palm Springs runner up



Baugh is winner off course, wants to be one on

Stephenson married for money, found it in golf



Bradley once sought gold as an Olympic skier





Alcott is certain the only way she can go is up



Ai Yu with a game made in Taiwan is a rookie



Stacy prizes her patience and cool in quicksand

with pleasure. "I know I'm getting stronger—longer and more consistent. I've only got up to go from here." A week earlier she had told a San Diego columnist, "I'm out here alone with my mind and my muscles facing a test. I'm the offense and the defense and the coach. I'm also the student and the teacher. I give myself a grade. I'm tough on myself."

In the same 1971 Girls' Junior in which Laura Baugh lost her quarterfinal match, Alcott, 16, and Hollis Stacy, 17, met in the final. Hollis, the blithe spirit of the Savannah Stacys, all 11 of them, won in 19 holes, for her third straight national junior title. Hollis tried Rollins College in Florida for a year but dropped out. "I had no direction there," she says. "I was just raising hell. I did everything except work on my golf game." Now she is 23 and in her third year on the tour. Her improvement is just now becoming dramatic. At the Kathryn Crosby tournament two weeks ago she shot a 69 on one of the worst golfing days ever seen south of Pebble Beach. The temperature was in the 40s, the wind gusted to 25 mph, it rained steadily and for one horrible half hour it even hailed. Stacy had a bad cold and was bundled up in four sweaters. She said she felt like a Baggie, but she persevered, referring to the experience as one of her "patience days," and she finished second to Sandra Palmer, earning $14,650.

"Relief is beginning now," Stacy said while drinking a Coors in the locker room at Mission Hills after a windblown 79. "That's been my biggest obstacle, regaining self-confidence. I was a bigwig in the juniors." What does losing do to the head of one so long accustomed to winning? "It keeps it very level. One day you're hot stuff and then you have a day like today that's like quicksand. The more you struggle the deeper in you get."

"Hollis has great potential and she's just beginning to realize that," says Bonnie Lauer, who is 26 and in her second full year on the tour. Lauer, too, is ready for a run at the top. She won the national collegiate championship while a senior majoring in health education at Michigan State, and she made it to the semifinals of the Amateur that summer, but she was accustomed to golf Michigan style, which means hanging up one's clubs in September and taking them out again in April. She was not at all sure she wanted to play the game the year round. However, when she was unable to find a teaching job after graduation, she began to think about it. It took her two years to make up her mind.

Once out on the tour, Lauer played too much. In her first 18 months she won $22,000 and was chosen 1976 Rookie of the Year, but in Denver last August, exhausted from trying to play every tournament, she came down with flu and a high fever, passed out in her motel room and was hospitalized for several days. "The hospital made me realize that there were other things in life," she says. "I thought, 'Just let me be out there walking around healthy, even if I shoot 78 or 79.'"

Unlike Baugh, Alcott, Stacy and Lauer, Pat Bradley had a forgettable amateur career. "Locally I was a star," she says, "but I was a zero nationally. I never made the cut in the Amateur or the Open." Bradley is about 5'8", with strong legs, a long hitter in the mold of Jo-Anne Carner. She grew up with a houseful of brothers in Nashua, N.H. and was a skier because her brothers were, but she was a golfer because her father "believed that it was a ladies' and gentlemen's game and he wanted his daughter to play." She has beautiful blue eyes, a nice, unassuming manner and the only Down East accent on the tour.

Until her senior year in high school, Bradley was a B racer in the Eastern Amateur Ski Association with "farfetched" Olympic dreams. But when it came time to choose a college, she chose golf and Florida International University in Miami. College competition turned her into a very good player. She won the Colgate Far East Open her second season on the tour and the Girl Talk Classic last year. She also tripled her previous year's tournament earnings.

Jan Stephenson was Jan Thomas, a graduate of Sydney's Hales Secretarial College, when she came to the U.S. in 1974, having won everything at home, including the Australian Championship. "I married a man for money," she told *Golf Digest* magazine last summer. "It's a terrible thing to have to admit, but it's true. Please understand that I was not only young, I was naive and dreaming about a golf career. He promised to help me, so I accepted. But instead of helping me he ended up getting almost all of my money. It was, of course, exactly what I deserved."

The electrifying candor of Jan Stephenson, her utter ease with the press, her wonderful looks and her two victories last year have made her, at 25, a star wherever she goes. She has a house at La Quinta, the pleasantest golf club in the Palm Springs area, a companion who is a stockbroker and enough money to play the crap tables in Las Vegas when the fancy strikes her, but what she cares about is winning. "There is nothing better than that feeling of winning. I want to feel it *again*." You know she will.

Sally Little, from Capetown, South Africa, and Silvia Bertolaccini from Santa Fe, Argentina, have bought a town house in north Dallas. They do not use it often, but, says Silvia, "It is a place we can call home. Having a house makes you

continued

THE 7 PACK.

Seagram presents everything you need to make America's best-tasting drink.

We call it The Seven & Seven
You'll call it delicious.

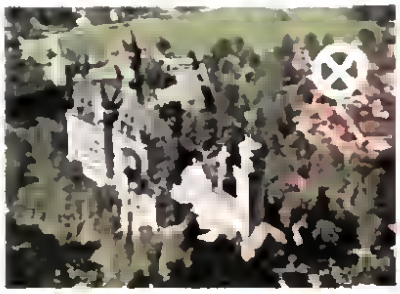


How did an American Ford Granada compare in tests of smoothness and quietness of ride with a $20,000 German Mercedes?

Read how German engineers rated both cars after 7 days of testing.

For 1977, a new Ford Granada was brought to Germany for a scientific ride comparison with a Mercedes-Benz 450SE (U.S. sticker price: $20,689*). The Granada was a standard production car equipped with optional 250CID engine ($122.) and automatic transmission ($186.). Testing was conducted by an independent German engineering firm.

*Excluding taxes, title, destination charges.



Aerial view of test site in Bavaria, Germany.

Test 1: Smoothness test.

To test for "riding smoothness" the German engineers drove the Granada and the Mercedes at various speeds over a variety of roads in northern Germany, ranging from cobblestone to smooth highway. Using a sensitive electronic recorder, they measured vibration levels.

Test results: *Analysis of the engineers' data showed that in three out of the four test conditions there were "no major differences" in smoothness between the Granada and the Mercedes.*



Test 2: Quietness test.



In the next series of tests the cars were evaluated for "quietness" of ride. Again, they were compared over a variety of German road surfaces at speeds from 30-55 mph. A sound meter recorded their interior decibel levels on the dBA scale.

Test results: *Analysis of the data showed that in all tests the Ford Granada consistently rode as quietly as the Mercedes-Benz.*

The Granada idea...

...was to offer American drivers classic styling and great riding comforts—at a sensible price.

You've read what this Granada did



against a $20,000 Mercedes-Benz in Germany. Take a Granada test drive of your own and see for yourself.

FORD

When America needs a better idea Ford puts it on wheels



1977 Ford Granada. Sticker price $4,038, excluding taxes, title, destination charges. WSW tires, $39. (Photographed in Garmisch, Germany)

feel a little as though you belong in the United States." Both golfers came to the LPGA tour, Little at 19 and Bertolaccini at 25, because they had run out of competition at home. "I never practiced in Argentina," says Silvia. "It was enough just to show up to play. When I came here, it was different."

Sally is a tall blonde who dresses with great taste and who has provided welcome relief from pink and blue by reintroducing browns and tans to women's golf. More important, she knocked in a 75-foot bunker shot on the 72nd hole of the first Women's International at Moss Creek last year to win by a shot. "The first few years I didn't play well," she says. "I didn't know whether I wanted to be here. I wasn't at ease with myself. And I was very young mentally, too young to handle being alone for long periods of time." Now she thinks coming here was the best choice she could have made, and she plans to become a citizen in four years.

Silvia is starting her third year. The first was the most difficult as she struggled to learn the English language and American golf courses. "I knew I was going to another world," she says, "but my parents love golf and they want me to play. They said go ahead. You cannot lose the chance. They gave me confidence." Last year was better; she finished second at the Lady Tara in Atlanta, finished in the top 10 seven times and earned $31,344. She is a good driver and wind player, but she thinks her short game needs work. Everybody else says she is a very good player who could win soon.

Then there is Beverly Klass, whose father pushed her onto the tour for three tournaments at the age of 10, then sued the LPGA when it refused to accept her as a member, but who is back now, grown up, sort of, at 20, and shooting occasional 66s. And Debbie Massey, an excellent amateur who is beginning the usual period of adjustment, but who will surely be heard from by season's end. Ai-Yu Tu is the 22-year-old Taiwanese who led last January's qualifying school and who was on the leader boards for the first three days of the Dinah Shore.

All of which is to say Kathy Whitworth is going to be looking back over her shoulder from now on and so is everybody else, and that is about the best thing that can be said about the health of a sport. **END**

We left Nature alone. She gave us Villa Banfi.

Possibly the purest, most natural wine you'll ever taste. Imported from Italy's premier vineyard estates.

Before the end of the year you may be able to enjoy all these fine Villa Banfi wines, each an extraordinary value:

Roman White
Soave Classico Superiore
Frascati Superiore
Orvieto Classico
Verdicchio di Jesi
Roman Red and Rosé
Bardolino Classico Superiore
Valpolicella Classico Superiore
Chianti Classico Riserva

If Villa Banfi is not at your favorite store, call toll free: 800-645-3113.



When it pours, it reigns.

©1976 The House of Banfi, Farmingdale, N.Y., Fine Wine Merchants Since 1919.

Steve Swisher, a light-hitting catcher for the Cubs, had just lined one of Wayne Garland's pitches to the deepest recesses of Scottsdale Stadium, Chicago's spring training headquarters, when the fan in the floppy hat seized his opportunity. "You bum, Garland!" he bellowed at the Indians' wealthy young pitcher. "You're not worth $2 million, you're worth 50¢!" He exaggerated, as fans will. Garland, who won 20 games for the Orioles last season, certainly is worth more than 50¢ in today's bull market. But can a man who never won more than five games until 1976 be worthy of the $2.3-million, 10-year contract the Indians gave Garland following last winter's re-entry draft of free agents? There are those who say that for a contract of such heroic dimensions, Garland could win at least 20 games every season for the next decade and still be overpaid.

Like much else that occurs in spring training, the Arizona fan's insult was heavy with portent. The millionaire graduates of re-entry may expect to hear such gibes all summer long, because they have a lot to live up to. And most of them know it. "The pressure will come from the fans," concedes Sal Bando, a liberated Oakland A whom the Brewers have made $1.7 million richer. "But I have a lot of pride. I'll work even harder. If anything, this experience has humbled me. I'm conscious of not putting on airs."

Ballplayers' wages, unlike our own, are pretty much a public matter. The fan often knows down to the spare change what his favorite leftfielder is earning. It can be argued that this should be so, because by paying his way into the ball park, the fan is largely responsible for the payroll. If that leftfielder is not earning his keep, then he surely merits the fan's epithets, particularly in a year in which ticket prices are being raised by 16 major league teams.

Perhaps more significant than the dollar amounts of the new contracts is their duration. Money has long been considered the prime motivator in professional sports. The athlete was accustomed to giving his all in hopes of getting a wage increase next year. He was well aware that if his team did well, he would get more than if it did poorly. And even if he played on a losing club, he was supposed to put on a strong salary drive. But will the free agents put out now that they have signed all those long-term contracts?

In some ways, the security the rest of us crave is detrimental to a professional athlete. "Regardless of what the athlete says, if he has total security and is put in a tough spot, he may go through the motions and say, 'The hell with it, I've got mine,' " says Dr. Thomas Tutko, a widely respected sports psychologist. "It is the very nature of a ballplayer not to participate when all is lost, not to put out totally. You keep people insecure, and you keep the competitive edge. Now the player is asking not only for security, but for security as a millionaire. That introduces a host of other problems that have never been faced before."

In Tutko's opinion, one of these problems will be strained relations between the newly secure athlete and his employers. "These players with the multiyear contracts will automatically assume they know everything," he says. "You can't tell them anything. Success does not breed maturity. Only a handful of people who have talent also have sensibility and maturity. Athletics is slowly but surely destroying itself, and it won't get any better. Greed knows no end. . . . The tragedy is that you can actually buy a pennant today. The Yanks should win it all this year, and if they do, it will be a prime example of what I'm talking about. To me, it would be unbelievably disgusting."

The gloomy contentions of Tutko and others that a certain amount of financial insecurity is vital to athletic achievement seems a bit overstated. Anyone who is employed is in a competitive situation, and if there is any truth to the argument that to give a man security is to dull his competitive edge, not many among us would want our employers to get wind of it. The players, both those in the chips and out, argue that money has little to do with what they accomplish on the field.

"I enjoy the game too much to let my financial status get in the way," says another former Oakland player, Gene



by Ron Fimrite

Tenace, whom the San Diego Padres signed to a six-year, $1.6 million contract. "I'm an athlete," says Garland, the $2-million pitcher. "I do my best whether I'm making $20,000 [which is about what he earned a year ago] or $2 million. I don't want to embarrass myself out there."

Bill North, one of the few Oakland players who did not get away (yet), harbors no resentment against his better-heeled former teammates. On the contrary, he extols their virtues. "A lot of the guys who used to be on the A's got to where they're at today because of their competitiveness," North says. "They're aggressive by nature. Money has nothing to do with how hard they try. They've got pride. If there ever was a time when they were going to let down, it would have been last year, when a lot of them were playing out their options at a 20% cut in pay. But I never saw Joe Rudi let down, or Don Baylor. I don't see those guys being motivated by money. Heck, we're all insecure about



our abilities. We're not going to let anybody beat us."

The question remains, how can any of them play well enough to be worth, in the eyes of the fan, such inflated figures? Even the finest of the free agents—Rudi, Don Gullett, Dave Cash, Rollie Fingers, Reggie Jackson—are not on a statistical par with the best players—Joe Morgan, Johnny Bench, Tom Seaver, Jim Palmer—of their own generation, much less the great players of other eras. Among the lesser free agents, Garland had a sore arm throughout spring training, so the Indians may have to wait before capitalizing on their considerable investment. Gary Matthews, lured from the Giants to Atlanta by Ted Turner's millions, reported to the Braves some 20 pounds overweight. Paul Dade, signed by the Indians for $100,000, has a grand total of seven big-league hits. Richie Hebner, hired by the Phillies for $500,000, hit .246 and .249 for Pittsburgh the last two seasons. Bobby Grich, formerly of the Orioles and now of the spendthrift California Angels, who are paying him $1.5 million for five years, is a .262 lifetime hitter. The fans, he said this spring, will probably expect him to hit at least .290. But how can they expect even that much from players whose records offer virtually no evidence of greatness, whose real talent is in their phenomenal timing, their good luck in having been in the right place at the right time?

And how long can the money hold out? Will the second batch of free agents reap a similar harvest or become, relatively speaking, second-class citizens? More important, will the rich clubs buy up all the best players and force less affluent owners out of the game? It is the position of the Players' Association that, despite the owners' poor-mouthing, the money has always been there. Now it is merely being redistributed so that the masses will get their fair share. To each according to his deeds. Still, some form of financial retrenching seems indicated.

"I think there will be a two-year fallout, then some stabilization," says Angel General Manager Harry Dalton, who spent more than $5 million of owner Gene Autry's stash acquiring free agents this winter. "Obviously, we can't build a salary base this high. Practical economics dictate that a team can't regularly make the expenditures we made last winter. We might not be quite so aggressive when the talent becomes available after this season. Some clubs will be more aggressive. And for some other teams, cutbacks will be necessary. There may be shortcuts in the area of player development. Some clubs might, for example, spend money for free agents and knock off a farm club or reduce their scouting force. They'll think they've gotten away with it for a while, then they'll realize there are no kids coming up through the system." At least for this season, the have-nots and the fiscal conservatives will have a rare chance to see if the lie will be given to the adage that you cannot buy happiness. The Angels and the Yankees might well have bought it, though at a dear price. If those two big spenders from the East and West end up in the American League playoffs, there will be much head-shaking among such doomsayers as Calvin Griffith, who have mourned from the beginning the introduction of cutthroat competition for ballplayers.

But that is boardroom stuff. The rest of us will fix our gaze between those white lines to see just what it takes to make a millionaire tick. Cleveland Manager Frank Robinson's philosophical approach seems most apt. "What happens will depend on the individual," he says. "These are the types of contracts you used to give to those guys you really knew and were really sure of. Now you have to give them to just about everybody to keep them around. It will be interesting to see how some of the long-term players do. We're only human, but we're not all the same. This is new to all of us. It's like a test case."

On the following pages, the special baseball report continues with a rundown on a number of players who are cases all right, but not the kind Robinson means. And scouting reports on all 26 teams begin on page 52, along with profiles of the top free agent in each division. These are the players most likely to avoid the chant, "You bum, you're not worth $2 million. . . ." But will they?

CONTINUED

There's a surprise in every package

In the age of free agents, don't all baseball players wear three-piece suits and carry briefcases bulging with contracts in quadruplicate? Don't they all travel around with retinues of lawyers and accountants? Aren't all of them about as many laughs as Mrs. Astor? Not by a long shot into the visitors' bullpen. Rollicking among the new plutocrats are a whole bunch of eccentrics who would much rather give a hotfoot than a hot tip on the stock market, who prefer hijinks to high finance. Nowadays these chips off the old Gas House Gang are usually called flakes, and the following is a pictorial scouting report on some of the oddest of the oddballs. And beginning on page 44 is a profile of the weee-udest bird of them all.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT GROSSMAN


Baseball
FLAKES



In the flakes' all-star game, Atlanta Catcher Vic Correll—who is called Road Apple because he has a pet mule, Henry—and Phillie Jay Johnstone—who lights firecrackers in the clubhouse and does a Babe Ruth imitation by tucking a pillow in his uniform—await a Leephus pitch by

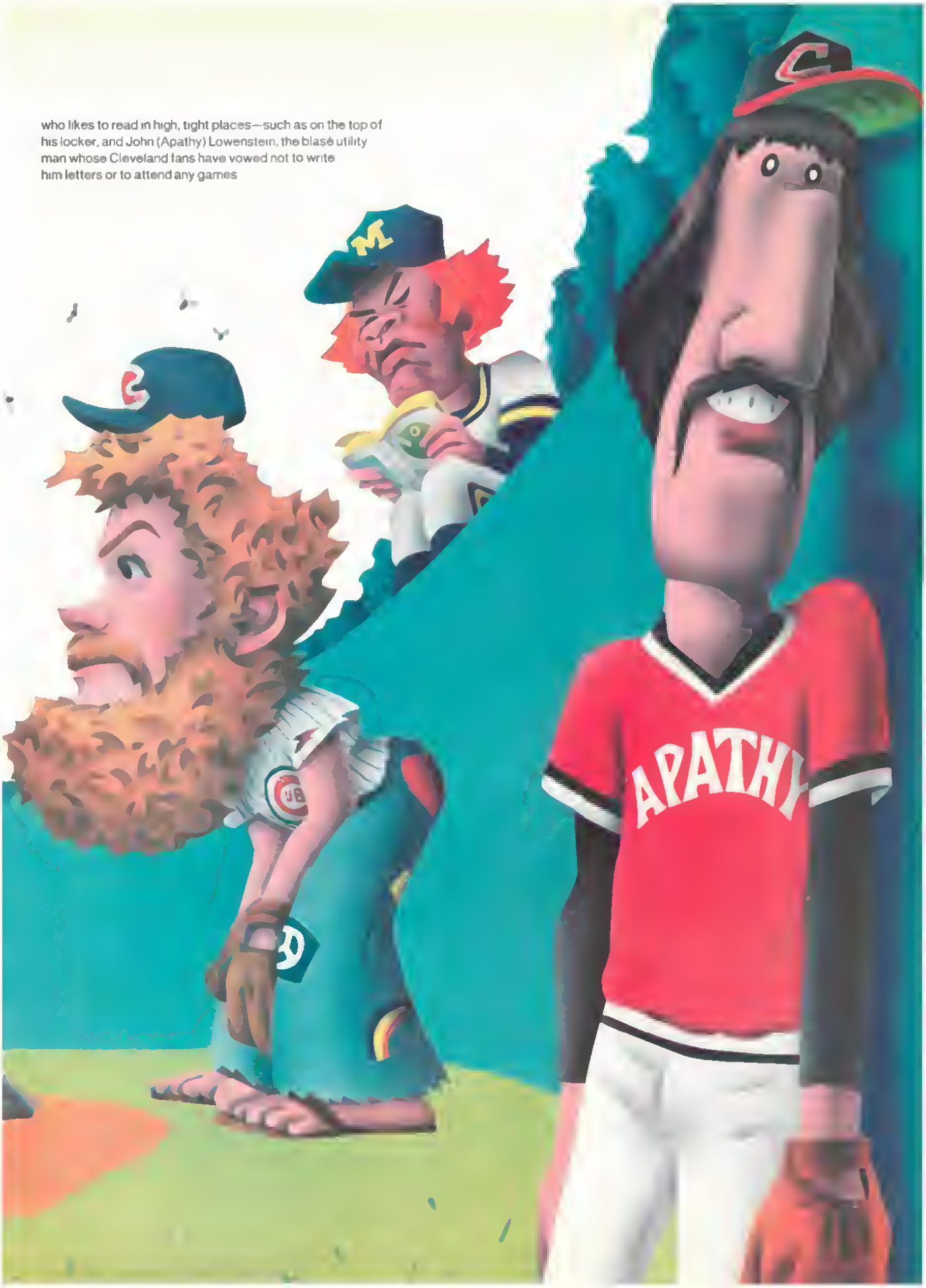
Boston's Bill (Spaceman) Lee. If Lee's blooper gets bopped, he can call on K.C.'s Mark (Airhead) Littell for relief, comic and otherwise. On deck is the Astros' good-hit, no-field Cliff Johnson, who once took his bat to church to be blessed. Asked a team official, "Did he bring his glove, too?"



Asleep at second—where he once spent the night after going 0 for 5—is Expo Tim (Crazy Horse) Foli. The intellectuals' flake is Jim Colborn, a U. of Edinburgh alum who now pitches for K.C. But he made his rep in Milwaukee where he was known for wearing a mask and helping to sweep the infield. In the outfield are Cub hippie Joe Wallis, who hardly ever changes his clothes, Brewer Gorman (Perchman) Thomas,



who likes to read in high, tight places—such as on the top of his locker, and John (Apathy) Lowenstein, the blasé utility man whose Cleveland fans have vowed not to write him letters or to attend any games



'He's not a bird, he's a human'



by Ron Fimrite

While shagging flies at the Tigers' Florida training camp on March 21, Mark Fidrych, baseball's most refreshing performer last year, tore cartilage in his left knee. Ten days later he underwent corrective surgery and is expected to be out of action until June. But Bird watchers need not despair. Fidrych was a late bloomer in 1976, too, and ended up winning 19 games.

•

Only a pale suggestion of sunlight relieves the cheerless stone-gray skies above Northboro, Mass. this winter afternoon. The peaked roofs of the houses and churches are blanketed with snow, and the trees, themselves gray in the fading day, are barren, forlorn. Still, the youths, jacketed and blue-jeaned, loiter in the center of town. Some are half sloshed on beer quaffed in the back seats of cars; most are just hanging out. On a large tree stump next to the old brick town hall, crude wooden signs indicate with some poignancy Northboro's distance from more exotic communities. PARIS 4250 reads an arrow pointing due east. CALCUTTA 8301 advises one aimed in the opposite direction. Boston is not far away, less than an hour's drive, but it, too, is a world apart, because Northboro (pop. 9,218) is as resolutely small-town as was another New England village, Thornton Wilder's fictional Grover's Corners. The arrows on the tree stump are indeed poignant, but they are also symptomatic of a mild xenophobia. All of those uther places—Rio, Madrid, Casablanca—are as foreign to the Northboro state of mind as they are distant in miles. The signs seem to admonish the wool-gathering youths to keep their feet on the ground and not forget where they come from. This is Mark Fidrych's hometown.

Route 20, narrowed to a sliver of ice by the encroaching snowbanks, jabs through the tiny town center and passes a succession of little roadhouse bars where the local boys are inclined to spend an evening. Despite their dilapidated facades, the taverns are cheerful oases from the cold, clubhouses really, where the boys can watch a little television, play the pinball machines and the juke box, argue about sports and college and deplore the absence from their company of women of quality and dimension. These lamentations continue unabated even when the local girls—not a bad lot—are there, hanging out themselves, deploring, no duubt, the absence of men of substance and breeding. They all speak in the tongue of the Kennedys: "Baaaastin," "Cuber," "streetcaaaas." They are having a good time. These are Mark Fidrych's people.

At Ted's Café, near Pierce's Sunoco station, where Fidrych pumped gas, and a mile or so from the Cut Off, which is where Fidrych hangs out most frequently, Bill Gauvin is downing a Budweiser. At Ted's or anywhere else in Northboro, the famous pitcher for the Detroit Tigers is not

the Bird, as he is called in the rest of the country and, for all anyone knows, in Paris and Calcutta, but Fid, the scrawny kid they all grew up with

"We gave Fid a roast here [that's pronounced heah] right after the season up at the White Cliffs restaurant," Gauvin says between sips. He is a good-looking, good-natured kid about Fidrych's age, which is 22. "We had a case of Heineken right behind his chair at the head of the table. Most of us went to school with Fid, and we could hardly believe it when he got so famous in baseball. The Monday night when he pitched on TV, my mother broke down and cried. Then all this Bird stuff started [stahted]. Well, I slipped up one day and asked another guy if he was goin' to the big party [pahty] for the Bird. 'Bird,' he says, shocked. 'For Chrissake, he's Fid. The name's Fid. Don't give me any of this Bird stuff.' And he was the same old Fid at the banquet, dressed just like me in a shirt and jeans. Hell, a kid from this town, he don't know what to do in public. If Fid hadn't made it in baseball, he'd be right back here pumping gas and hanging out at the center like everybody else."

Mark Fidrych is lying carelessly on a couch in his one-bedroom apartment in the Detroit suburb of Belleville. He is a lanky 6′ 3″, 175 pounds and so eternally restless that he looks as uncomfortable in repose as someone bound and gagged. He is wearing his uniform—blue jeans, a T shirt with FLEETWOOD DINER written across the front and no shoes. Above his quizzical young face, curly blond hair rises in a coiffure accurately likened to Harpo Marx's. Fidrych always looks as if he is about to ask, "How come?"

A rerun of *I Love Lucy* is on television, an episode filmed about the time Fidrych was born. He is eating strawberry yogurt in great unhappy gulps, glancing nervously out a window at a view of unrelieved snow-white nothingness. The lake where he keeps his boat is frozen solid, a marble corridor into the void. Fidrych rises to switch off the antic figures on television and replace their considerable noise with the even more clamorous sounds of Led Zeppelin on his stereo. A huge stuffed owl perches menacingly atop one of the speakers, a gift from some misguided fan. Everybody sends the Bird birds. They peer out at him from every cranny of the small apartment, monsters his celebrity has created. Nevermore. Nevermore.

"I don't like being in the city," he says, explaining his flight to suburban Belleville. "Action? Naw, all I'm lookin' for mainly is to play pool and the pinball machines and, maybe, dance. I don't care what kind of people I'm around as long as I'm havin' a good time. The guy that owns me [Detroit Tigers owner John Fetzer] took me to L.A. in December for the baseball meetings. He wanted to educate me. So all I see there is guys, and all they're doin' is talkin' about baseball. Baseball, baseball, baseball. Night and day. That ain't for me. Those guys live and die baseball. My dad would probably enjoy that. He always reads sports and stuff, doesn't go to bars every night like a lot of others. Me, I just wanna goof around. But these guys are askin' me, what d'ya think of this and that? Hey, I say, I don't know. I'm just playin'.

"I've met Elton John and the Beach Boys. That was a thrill to me. Out in L.A. I got to meet Cary Grant, Monty Hall, Don Rickles and Frank Sinatra. That's more for my folks, I mean, what am I supposed to say to Frank Sinatra 'Hi there, Old Blue Eyes'?

"I had to get up and give a speech in L.A. when they gave me this award. I was really sweatin' it. These lights were shinin' on me so I couldn't see one person. It was like one big black mess out there, like talking into nothing. Really weird [weeee-ud]. I just said thanks a lot and goofed around a little. I mean, I'm not gonna prepare a speech or nothing. What do they wanna hear? They wanna hear about me, right? I don't have to write that down."

Fidrych was right. Baseball's bosses did want to hear about him, because few rookies have had the impact on the game he had last year. His 19 wins (he lost nine) were the most by a Tiger rookie in 68 years. His earned run average of 2.34 was the lowest in the major leagues for a starting pitcher. His 24 complete games and his 1.000 fielding average (78 chances) led the American League. He was only the second rookie pitcher to start an All-Star Game. He was the American League's Rookie of the Year, and he was named major league Man of the Year by the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues, the award he accepted under the blinding lights in Los Angeles.

As impressive as Fidrych's statistics are, they account only in small measure for his extraordinary popularity, not merely in Detroit but throughout the country. In games he started at home, the average attendance was an astonishing 33,649. In games without him, the average was only 13,893. On the road he attracted an average of 26,869 fans, so that in 29 starts at home and away he drew 901,239 spectators, an average of 31,077. And with less than two full seasons of minor-league experience, Fidrych had not even been listed on the Tigers' regular-season roster when training began last spring. He did not start a game until May 15, when he beat Cleveland 2–1, and he did not become a star until June 28, when he defeated the Yankees 5–1 on Monday-night television. It was his seventh consecutive win, and his performance that evening enchanted a huge nationwide audience. In his three subsequent starts, he drew crowds of 51,032, 51,041 and 45,905. Not since Sandy Koufax has there been a pitcher with such drawing power.

Fidrych was new and very good but, more important, he had a quality that is in very short supply in these days of the plutocrat athlete—color. His small-town naivete and candor charmed an audience grown disillusioned with the litigious sorts who now people our playing fields. He talked not about how much he could make out of the game but of how much pleasure he got playing it. He spoke of how nice it was of the Tigers to sign him. He spoke of loyalty. Best of all, he did not seem to care much about money. In fact, he was earning what was then the minimum salary, $16,500 a year, though he would be handsomely rewarded with bonuses at the end of the season.

But the real source of his almost unprecedented fan appeal was his behavior on the mound, which, by any evaluation, was distinctly odd. He ran to his position, uncommonly eager to get on with the game. He knelt on the mound

continued

to pat the earth in front of him and smooth out the opposing pitcher's spike holes. He bolted from the mound to shake the hands of fielders whose play behind him seemed to call for some demonstration of his gratitude. And—the *coup d'estime*—he talked to the baseball! You could see him standing out there on the mound, holding that ball before him and actually speaking to it, as if he were Hamlet addressing poor Yorick's skull. Who, in the name of Walter Johnson, had ever done that before?

Fidrych also came with a ready-made and highly marketable nickname, the Bird. This now-deplored appellation was inflicted upon him by one of his minor league coaches, Jeff Hogan, who observed that Fidrych's awkward, arm-flapping gait was reminiscent of Big Bird on the children's television program, *Sesame Street*. And it was as the Bird that he took flight on network television. He became a household word, the most refreshing eccentric to enter baseball since Dizzy Dean. In the past, such zanies were known as characters; the ongoing word is flake, and Fidrych seemed the biggest flake of them all.

The parents of this newly beloved eccentric, Paul and Virginia Fidrych, live just south of the center of Northboro in a house they have occupied for the last 23 years. He is gray-haired, a little heavy, and quiet. She is blonde, slight and as fidgety as her son, whom she calls Markie (Maaackie). They have three daughters, one older, two younger than Markie. Paul Fidrych is an assistant principal, teacher and coach at the Heard Street School in nearby Worcester. He coached his son until the boy entered Algonquin High School (Mark graduated from the Worcester Academy). To the townspeople, the Fidryches are known as Mr. and Mrs. Fid. When Markie is home, he and his mother often watch television together. "He likes *The Brady Bunch*, *The Waltons*, *Happy Days* and *The Partridge Family*," she says, the irony of his enthusiasm for the last show apparently lost on her.

"I don't like this Bird thing at all," says Mrs. Fid. "Markie's not a bird. He's a human being. He's my only son."

"It's just a nickname," says Mr. Fid, mildly remonstrating with her. "When I was growing up, we all had nicknames."

"And," says Mrs. Fid, warming to the battle, "I don't know what this flake business means. To me, my son is not flaky. He's just got a lot of nervous energy. He's on the ball all the time. He knows mechanics. He's human. I don't go for flaky and the Bird."

"The boy'll do whatever comes into his head," says Mr. Fid. "If it isn't what another person likes, he doesn't care. He's just having fun in life. I think he has feelings that nobody knows about. He just doesn't release them to anyone. I don't think he knows how to express his feelings. He just keeps them in."

One thing Mark Fidrych does not keep inside him is laughter. Like Scaramouche, he has a gift for it and a sense that the world, not he, is flaky. Talking to the ball, he protests, "is something I've done all my life. A batter tips his hat and hits his spikes and nobody pays attention. My pitching coach says I can go out there and stand on my head if it'll help me. What I'm really doin' is talkin' out loud to myself, not the ball. I'll tell myself to bring my arm down, things like that. Haven't you ever talked to yourself walkin' down the street? Yeah, but if I went 9–19 instead of 19–9, they'd be sayin', 'Put this kid in the loony bin.' "

The Bird thing has gotten out of hand and into the bush leagues, says the Bird. "I go out to a game with the Twins in Minnesota, and they bring 13 pigeons out to the mound just as I'm ready to pitch. Then this guy on the P.A. system says to me—big voice all over the stadium talkin' to me—that he hopes I'm not superstitious. It was weee-ud. Here's this guy I didn't even see talkin' to me like the voice of God, and I'm sayin' to myself, 'I thought we were here to play ball.' In Cleveland they spread birdseed on the mound. A guy throws seed on the mound in New York—and he goes two innings, I go seven. A K.C. player comes up talkin' to his bat. Next year I hope a kid comes along that does better than me. Then they'll leave me alone.

"When I come home now, my friends say to me, 'Hey, man, what're they doin' to you?' Making the big leagues is great, but all this. . . . Man! I look around and I see Bird bumper stickers and Bird T shirts. I'm supposed to be writin' a book, and I can hardly read. It was neat in the beginning, but you know how things get burned out. I got nervous, man. I had no privacy. My phone would ring all day. I'd go to the ball park, and it'd be like flies around me—and you know what flies like to hang around. I'd be riding down the road, and somebody in the next car would be taking a picture of me. About the beginning of September, I went to see a doc and asked him to give me something to calm me down.

"They look for you to change, too. One guy wrote he hoped Mark Fidrych stays the same. Then the Ford people give me a car to drive around, a '76 Thunderbird, and he writes, 'Look, he's changed. He's spoiled.' They try to tell you you're changin'. They say people'll catch on to your act the second year. What act? Hey, I'm just tryin' to live in this world. I can't name one of my friends who has what I have. If I want to go to Australia tomorrow, I can do it. That's what's changed. That's the only thing. I still like to go home and goof around."

A week before last season ended, Fidrych, accompanied by his father, walked into the office of Tiger Executive Vice-President Jim Campbell and, with a minimum of discussion, signed a three-year contract at a salary unannounced but acknowledged by all parties to be appropriate to his newfound eminence. Fidrych has a deal with the William Morris Agency to oversee his extracurricular affairs, but he has no agent to negotiate baseball matters for him. "The worst thing for me publicity-wise," he says wisely, "is to get an agent. Everybody'd say I was in it only for the money. I don't need no agent. The people of Detroit are my agent."

Campbell was considerably relieved when the question of Fidrych's wages was settled so tidily. Not that Fidrych himself was pestering him about being underpaid. Everyone else was. Last July a resolution was even introduced in the Michigan legislature calling for the Tigers to give the Bird an immediate raise above the minimum salary. "The

continued

Air Force Announces The Golden Opportunity Program



Now You Can Earn A Good Salary and a College Degree

Today, more than ever, look to the Air Force for the wide range of educational opportunities you need to succeed.

The Community College of the Air Force now has the authority to grant 2-year Associate Degrees.

It's a golden opportunity.

It means you can enroll in over 80 study areas ranging from accounting to computers, weather forecasting to police science, restaurant management to photography, mechanics to medical technology.

It's an opportunity to work toward an associate degree.

You can be proud of it. And you can use it. It could be a stepping stone to further education. It impresses prospective employers.

There are many golden opportunities in the Air Force.

If you're already headed for college, Air Force ROTC scholarships can help you through. The Air Force Academy offers one of the finest educations in the country. And if you're looking for a part-time job, don't overlook the Air Force Reserve.

Consider the Air Force.

Consider the Golden Opportunity Program. Learning and earning is a sure way to success and, if you're interested in serving your country and yourself, you should take advantage of it.

See your Air Force Recruiter for more information, mail in the attached card, or call toll free 800-447-4700 (Illinois: 800-332-4400).

AIR FORCE-A GREAT WAY OF LIFE

THE BIG GREEN TEAM IS 10,000 PEOPLE WORKING FOR YOU.



When you rent from National, you get more than just a car. You get the Big Green Team. And that means over 10,000 people at our more than 2,400 locations in 58 countries around the world working to serve you.

It also means you get the world's largest rental fleet of new GM cars to choose from. Plus fast Green Lite® Service, cars rated in the best overall condition by the United States Auto Club for the second straight time and S&H Green Stamp Certificates on all U.S. rentals. What other car rental company can give you all this?*

To reserve a car, see your travel consultant or call us toll-free 800-328-4567. (In Minnesota and Canada, call collect 612-830-2345.)

NATIONAL CAR RENTAL

THE BIG GREEN TEAM

©National Car Rental System In 1977 In Canada it's Tilden Rent-A-Car In Europe Africa and the Middle East it's Europcar.
*For results of the USAC test write to USAC Properties Inc PO Box 24001 Speedway Indiana 46224

legislator who authored it called me a penny pincher," says Campbell ruefully. Some fans, outraged by the Tigers' apparent miserliness, organized a campaign called Bucks for the Bird to send checks to the team so that poor Fidrych might have pocket money. It cost the front office many hours to send the money back. It was a difficult time, to say the least, for the man in control of the company coffers. Never in recent years had the public been known to complain that a player was being paid too little for his services. But Campbell, reluctant Scrooge to Fidrych's Cratchit, held fast to the cause of niggardliness.

"If we compensated every player who is on a hot streak," he says, "we'd be opening Pandora's Box. I kept telling people that Mark would be adequately compensated at the end of the season. As it was, the minimum salary went up to $19,000 in August, and Mark received about $7,500 more for moving up three categories from Double A to Triple A to the majors in one year. And we gave him a very substantial bonus—I say that conservatively—at the end of the season. When it came time to sign a new contract, he and his father were reasonable. So were we."

Contractual matters may be settled, but the business of indulging Fidrych's fans goes on, although they no longer send checks. And so does the concern about whether he will change. "I worry about Fid," says Dave Pierce, a bearded 31-year-old who was Fidrych's boss at Pierce Oil and Gas, "but I think he's all right. When he comes here and explains what's happening to him, I know he's all right. He's just not used to being in public. He's just a boy. Flaky? I can't even define that word. What were you like when you were 21, 22 years old?"

Mark Fidrych is on his feet again, this time to replace Led Zeppelin with Stevie Wonder. ("Markie loves music," Mrs. Fid often says.) He runs his long fingers through the Harpo hairdo. He pops himself a Stroh's beer and, laughing, says, "When I took my physical with the Tigers, the doc asked me how much I drank. I said about a six-pack a night. He looks at me funny. I says, 'Oh, maybe it's only four or five.' I never thought about it much, but, hell, I drank beer because there wasn't much else to do at home." He flops on the couch again, there being nothing much else to do.

"I didn't learn anything last year except how to lose and not blow my composure," he says. "I'm not a smart man. A guy in the minors told me, 'You got a 10¢ mind and a million-dollar arm.' Well, I'll take those two. I don't think there's been a time when I wasn't confused. But that's good—it keeps you wary. What you don't know is good for you."

He searches for some illustration of his onworldliness. "Look," he says, "on national TV I said to a guy interviewing me, 'That's a lot of bullshit.' It just slipped out. Everybody was lookin' at me funny, then I realized, Whoa there. So I said in the microphone, 'Hey, people, I'm sorry. I'm really sorry I said bullshit.' It just slipped out again. I can't use big words to express myself. Educated people can do that. Me, I say bullshit.

"Next winter, though, I wanna go to school. No, I don't want no English or πr^2. I mean automobile school, technical school. I spent this whole winter doin' things for the ball club and the public. It got so I felt like saying, 'Hey, it's my vacation, let me vacate.' So next winter I wanna go to school. Someday my job here is gonna end. And baseball, to me, is a job. How can you call it fun? My fun in baseball left in high school. I thought baseball ended in high school. In the big leagues, it's either do or die, and if you die, where are you?

"I can't even have an involvement with a girl. I'm glad I'm single. If I had a wife, there'd be a lot of things she wouldn't like, things like me sitting with her in a booth in a bar and a girl jumping on my lap and asking me to dance.

"But the three-year contract means I'm sure to stay around long enough to get the pension, so when I'm finished with baseball—say, when I'm 30—I won't have to go to work right away. In '74 and '75 I was skeptical, know what I mean? But I've got a trade now. These hands are vital. You don't pour concrete with these hands. These are pianoist's hands. But this job is going to end. Then I'd like to have my own little garage. I'd take my time fixing things. I'd do a good job. I'd really be established. I used to dream a lot when I was a kid in school. I've still got so many dreams. . . ."

And they are no different—if now infinitely more attainable—than the dreams of the guys at the Cut Off bar. It is early evening, but the boys are there in force. At nine o'clock a duo known as Dave and Ron will play, but someone has jumbled the letters on the sign announcing their performance so that it reads RAVE AND NOD. Bill Cazaropoul, a sophomore at Boston State whose family runs the place, is bartending. He went to Algonquin High with Fid. So did Richard DeFosse, whose curly mop is coiffed Fidishly. There are Fid clippings on the walls and mirrors, along with a sign that reads, THIS IS A CLASS PLACE. ACT RESPECTABLE.

"It's really weee-ud having Fid make it like this," says DeFosse. "But he's still the same. It didn't go to his head. He was just in here a few days ago. The little kids in town flipped over him. My mother never watched baseball before. Now she watches it like a soap opera."

Two girls, a brunette and a redhead, stride in unattended and almost unacknowledged. Local stuff. The redhead, a nurse named Karen, says, "Fid told me he met a girl in Florida who took him to a place where they put hot pepper in the food. He got sick. When he came home, he told me he didn't want any more girls who made him sick. He wanted the other kind. 'Fix me up with a nurse,' he said."

Karen and her friend finally get a greeting, a mingled chorus of cheers and catcalls. They plop down on stools at the end of the bar, not even remotely offended. It is their usual reception. "Hey," a boy Fid's age calls out to the only stranger in the place, "when you get out of this town, send us back some real girls, will you? Blonde ones with tans."

A dark-haired boy in a blue jacket shrugs in dismay at this blatantly unchivalrous reaction to the bar's only distaff clientele. "I guess you can see why everybody in baseball calls Fid weee-ud," he says. "Look what he's been hanging out with." He laughs and includes the room in a generous gesture. "We're all weee-ud, too."

Maybe, or like their famous friend, just young and trying to have a good time despite the mystery of it all.

CONTINUED

American League

The East

There is a new photograph hanging in the home team's clubhouse at Yankee Stadium. It was taken last October and shows Pete Rose in a New York cap with his thumbs pointing downward. The picture, of course, is supposed to serve as a goad to the Yanks, who were swept by Rose's Reds in the '76 World Series. "This year we want to go all the way," says a New York team official, "to show we can play with Cincinnati." Indeed, to hear the Yankees tell it, winning their division and the American League pennant will be a snap, and the only confrontation likely to test their mettle would be a rematch with the despised Reds.

The Yanks may be right. On paper they look like a baseball version of the Philadelphia 76ers. Last season New York won its division by 10½ games and had a surplus of good pitchers, outfielders and designated and left-handed hitters. Over the winter the Yankees plucked the plums of the free-agent draft, Pitcher Don Gullett, 11–3 with the '76 Reds, and left-handed Outfielder Reggie Jackson (.277, 27 homers and 91 RBIs as an Oriole). Where are they going to play all those guys?

Gullett will join the rotation of Catfish Hunter (17–15), Ken Holtzman (14–11), Ed Figueroa (19–10) and Dock Ellis (17–8). Yankee pitching was the best in the league (3.19 team ERA), and Gullett will more than make up for the departure of Doyle Alexander to Texas. As good as all that sounds, questions remain. Is Ellis really a 17–8 pitcher, particularly after a spring spent in a bitter salary dispute? Can Hunter, who has shoulder problems, work regularly? In relief, Sparky Lyle was the leader in saves (23), but still wound up in Manager Billy Martin's doghouse. During spring training the Yankees tried to trade the disgruntled lefthander—and failed. Lyle's bullpen mates, Dick Tidrow and Ron Guidry, have never strung together two good seasons.

Jackson's bat will fit nicely into a modern-day Murderers' Row: Catcher and Most Valuable Player Thurman Munson (.302, 17 homers, 105 RBIs), First Baseman Chris Chambliss (.293, 17 homers, 96 RBIs), Third Baseman Graig Nettles (93 RBIs, a league-leading 32 homers), Leftfielder Roy White (.286 and a league-leading 104 runs) and Second Baseman Willie Randolph (.267, 37 stolen bases). Jimmy Wynn and Ron Blomberg lead a cast of thousands available for DH. But Jackson's personality and $300,000 salary may not suit the other Yankees. Munson and Nettles have barely concealed their animosity toward him.

Surprisingly, New York's biggest problem may be moody Centerfielder Mickey Rivers, the catalyst of last season's attack. Though he batted .312 and had 43 steals, the front office was unimpressed with their leadoff man's 13 walks. Rivers, hardly baseball's smartest player, grumbled at the idea of learning to take pitches this spring. And if opposing third basemen play him as tightly as Rose did in the Series (when Rivers hit .167), he may have to revamp his swing, too. Mick isn't quick enough to steal first. Or of a temperament to accommodate many changes in his style of play.

But more than anything, opponents are counting on a slow Yankee start. Then, they say, the explosive Martin will get caught in a vise of volatile personalities—Owner George Steinbrenner in the front office; Jackson, Munson, Ellis, Rivers and Lyle in the clubhouse. Unless General Manager Gabe Paul proves to be a Kissingerian mediator, the theory goes, the team will suffer. Think again, theorists—the Yankees play 13 of their first 22 games against weak teams from Toronto, Milwaukee and Seattle.

1977



Yanks have 'em by the Gullett

Why in the name of Red Ruffing would the Yankees, who already had the American League's best pitching and one of the world's biggest payrolls, shell out $2 million to sign a guy who won only 11 games last year and ended the season with his leg in a cast? That's easy. The pitcher's name is Don Gullett. To be sure, Gullett has had only 26 victories the last two seasons, during which he missed 20 starts because of injuries, but he also lost just seven games. After seven big-league years, all with the Reds, he has the best won-lost percentage (.684) among active pitchers. And Gullett is very active these days, the various ailments that limited his appearances in '75 and '76, including the tendon he dislocated in his right ankle while pitching the Reds to victory over the Yankees in the World Series opener last fall, seem healed. Other enticements for New York were Gullett's age—he's all of 26—and his left-handedness. Even today's modified Yankee Stadium still has enough vast spaces in left field that it seems as if it were designed by a lefty pitcher. Fastballer Gullett should be a big winner there, and the Yankees may need his victories; their only other left-handed starter, Ken Holtzman, seemed to be fading at the end of last season, and their ace, Catfish Hunter, suffers from a chronically sore shoulder.

Nonetheless, New York is unlikely to run away with the division. Remember, the Red Sox were at least as heavily favored to repeat in 1976 as the Yankees are in 1977, yet the Sox slumped to third, 15½ games behind. Boston's holdovers can be expected to do a little better this season, and the Sox can only be enhanced by the signing of Fireman of the Year Bill Campbell (17–5, 20 saves at Minnesota). Campbell will come in handy spelling Rick Wise (14–11) and Reggie Cleveland (10–9), who are still trying to dispel their images of being superannuated .500 pitchers, and Bill Lee (5–7), who has not regained his breaking stuff following shoulder surgery. Not even Luis Tiant (21–12) can be counted on as a stopper. He was 5–9 against first-division clubs. The best pitching news has been the return to form of Ferguson Jenkins (12–11), whose career was feared to be over because of a torn Achilles tendon.

Boston hit a league-leading 134 homers and will be even more powerful now that George Scott (.274, 18 homers, 77 RBIs) has returned from his five-year hiatus in Milwaukee. An excellent first baseman, Scott will scoop up the all-too-often errant throws of Second Baseman Denny Doyle, Shortstop Rick Burleson and Third Baseman Butch Hobson. The Red Sox wanted Scott so badly they were willing to put up with the consequences, which include moving Centerfielder Fred Lynn (.314), who will miss the first couple of weeks of the season because of an injury, to the second spot in the batting order and creating a nasty battle for left field between Carl Yastrzemski (.267, 21 homers, 102 RBIs) and Jim Rice (.282, 25 homers, 85 RBIs). They may wind up splitting time between left field and DH.

Cleveland finished above .500 (81–78) last season for the first time since 1968 and is much improved. Wayne Garland (20–7 at Baltimore) and Al Fitzmorris (15–11 at Kansas City) have joined Jim Bibby (13–7), Dennis Eckersley (13–12) and Pat Dobson (16–12) in the starting rotation. A good sinker-baller, Garland can expect plenty of help from Third Baseman Buddy Bell, Shortstop Frank Duffy and Second Baseman Duane Kuiper, who are death on ground balls. But Fitzmorris may not get the assistance he needs. He has relied on good hitting to win 59% of his career decisions.

continued

and Cleveland has a Punch-and-Judy attack. Last year the Indians slumped from 153 to 85 homers—then sent George Hendrick and his 25 taters to San Diego. Among the returnees, only 36-year-old Rico Carty had more than 10.

The Indians have one of baseball's top right-left relief combinations in Jim Kern and Dave LaRoche, who combined for 36 saves. Bell (.281), Centerfielder Rick Manning (.292) and Leftfielder John Grubb (.284) all have the potential to be .300 hitters. But a lack of depth and power should hold the Indians back.

For the first time since 1967, Baltimore has no chance to win anything. Pitcher Mike Cuellar has been waived, Centerfielder Paul Blair traded, Third Baseman Brooks Robinson demoted to player-coach, and Jackson, Garland and Second Baseman Bobby Grich lost to free agentry. Even the last grand link to the glory days, three-time Cy Young Award winner Jim Palmer (22–13), is dissatisfied. "The whole situation is distasteful," he says.

His teammates undoubtedly agree. Still around are Shortstop Mark Belanger, who won his fifth Gold Glove, and First Baseman Lee May, who led the league with 109 RBIs. This season clean-up hitter May will not see many fastballs, because there is no strong hitter batting behind him. To finish a respectable fourth, the Orioles need old, possibly irretrievable form from Rudy May (11–7) and Ross Grimsley (8–7), Rookie-of-the-Year batting from Rich Dauer (.336 at Rochester) and improved offense from fellow infielder Doug DeCinces (.234).

There is a changing of the guard in Detroit, too. Recently the old men of the majors, the Tigers now have only four players who were with them in 1973. Nonetheless, the team last year resembled a veterans hospital. At various times six mainstays were disabled. Still, the Tigers improved their record by 17 wins, the biggest jump in the majors.

The team is most blessed in the outfield, where rookie Steve Kemp (.386 in Triple A), Ron LeFlore (.316, 30-game hitting streak, 58 stolen bases), Ben Oglivie (.285), Willie Horton (.262) and Rusty Staub (.299, 15 homers, 96 RBIs) are available. Ideally, the Tigers would like to use the lead-footed Staub as their DH, but Horton is no silver streak either. The situation will resolve itself if Horton has his usual June injury after his usual spate of April homers.

Despite Mark Fidrych (19–9), who worked more than one-sixth of his club's innings and led the league in ERA (2.34) and complete games (24), the Tigers had the worst team-pitching in the division. The main hope for an improvement is rookie Dave Rozema, who struck out 96 and gave up only 15 walks in 126 innings at Montgomery.

Sal Bando, late of Oakland, has reported to Milwaukee as third baseman and head cheerleader. "This team is where the A's were in '69 and '70," he says. Maybe so, but the Brewers will have to depend on Bando (27 homers, 84 RBIs, with a .240 average) for most of the sock now that Scott and Henry Aaron are gone. Other newcomers include Cecil Cooper (.282, 15 homers, 78 RBIs at Boston), who replaces Scott at first, and Royal refugees Jamie Quirk at DH and Jim Wohlford in the outfield. Shortstop Robin Yount is a three-year veteran at 21, and Sixto Lezcano (.285) is hot off a Puerto Rican League batting title. The bullpen (Bill Castro, Ed Rodriguez) and catching (Charlie Moore, Larry Haney) are adequate. Jim Slaton (14–15), Bill Travers (15–16) and Jerry Augustine (9–12) lead a children's crusade to the mound. "If you didn't know the club, you'd say, 'Hey, no chance,' " says Bando. Hey, no chance.

Toronto has sold an expansion-club record of 8,000 season tickets, which indicates its fans are eager for baseball. That they'll get, but not many wins. Shortstop will be shared by Bob Bailor, a former Oriole farmhand who has virtually no experience as a major-leaguer, and Jim Mason, who has never been mistaken for one. But there is depth at catcher (Alan Ashby, Rick Cerone, Phil Roof), good speed in the outfield (Gary and Al Woods, Steve Bowling) and a promising rookie first baseman in Doug Ault. The best pitcher is Bill Singer, who wins 20 games every four years, most recently in 1973. The most popular player is 38-year-old Ron Fairly, who delivered the key hit in Toronto's 3–2 win in its first exhibition game with Montreal.

Thus distinguished, the Blue Jays say they are no longer interested in merely topping Montreal's first-year record of 52 wins. "If you're convinced you'll win 60, you're convinced you'll lose 102," says Manager Roy Hartsfield. He'll be lucky if he does that well. —Jim Kaplan

The West

Poor Whitey Herzog. As manager of the Kansas City Royals he had a job that until recently looked like a sinecure. After all, in 1976, only the Royals' eighth season, they won their division in impressive fashion, and had enough talent down on the farm to foster talk of a dynasty. "We could have dominated for a long time," sighs Herzog, "if they hadn't changed the rules." But the new rules created free agents and, overnight, California and Texas purchased the sort of talent that Kansas City had spent years developing. Now Herzog and his Royals face a dogfight.

Nonetheless, Kansas City should be good enough to come out on top once more, even though it will be without its best pitcher, Right-handed Starter Steve Busby. Busby was operated on on July 19 to repair a torn rotator cuff—perhaps the most severe arm injury a pitcher can get—in his right shoulder, and it now appears unlikely that he will pitch before September, if at all. But the Royals have plenty of depth to compensate for his absence. They will use a five-man rotation of Righthanders Dennis Leonard (17–10, 3.51 ERA, 16 complete games), Doug Bird (12–10, 3.37) and Jim Colborn, who was acquired in a trade from Milwaukee, and Lefthanders Paul Splittorff and Andy Hassler. Fortunately, the bullpen is solid, because Herzog prefers to resort to his relievers rather than wear down his starters. Last season Righthander Mark Littell made 60 appearances and had eight wins, 16 saves and a 2.08 ERA. Lefthander Steve Mingori pitched 55 times and had 10 saves and a 2.32 ERA.

Kansas City is especially tough at home, having tailored its talent to suit its park. Last year K.C. was 49–32 in Royals Stadium, whose distant fences frustrate power hitters. But it is ideal for a team with speed and line-drive hitting, being the only American League park with an artificial infield and outfield. "It's like playing marbles in a bathtub," grumbles one of the Royals' opponents. Not surprisingly,

To the Angels, Rudi's a beauty

Though his team landed the two most celebrated free agents, Jackson and Gullett, Yankee Manager Billy Martin says, "Joe Rudi is fundamentally the best player of his generation." Martin's Angel counterpart, Norm Sherry, whose club plunked down $2,090,000 to sign Rudi to a five-year contract, is less specific but, understandably, more enthusiastic. "God, what an outfielder!" he says of his new man in left. Rudi rarely received such praise in his seven seasons in Oakland, where he was usually overshadowed by Jackson and other illustrious teammates. True, he does not have Jacksonian muscle or, certainly, the Jacksonian mouth, but he lacks nothing else. Unexcelled as a leftfielder, Rudi has a thorough knowledge of the hitters, uncanny anticipation, sure hands and an extraordinarily accurate arm. And though injuries and an abortive trade unsettled his hitting the past two seasons, during which he missed 68 games, Rudi is a solid, slashing batter who is one of the toughest outs in the majors. He has twice hit over .300, twice had more than 20 homers and once led the league in hits. His .300 average was Oakland's best in its World Series wins of '72, '73 and '74. If Rudi remains reasonably healthy this year—he already has pulled a muscle this spring—the Angels could be a very tough out, too.



Kansas City finished next to last in the American League in home runs (65), but ranked first in doubles, triples and sacrifice flies, and second in stolen bases.

Third Baseman George Brett, the only poor gloveman in the infield, edged Designated Hitter Hal McRae for the league batting title .333 to .332. Brett, an all-fields hitter, ranked first in the American League in hits (215), triples (14) and total bases (298). Centerfielder Amos Otis, a defensive standout and K.C.'s best all-round player, led the league in doubles with 40 and Shortstop Fred Patek was fifth in stolen bases (51). The Kansas City offense is likely to be even more productive because First Baseman John Mayberry does not figure to hit as poorly as he did in '76. In 1975 Mayberry batted .291 with 34 home runs and 106 RBIs, last year he slumped to .232 with 13 homers, although knocking in 95 runs.

The Angels' attack should also be stronger. Rather, it had better be stronger, for California spent $5.24 million during the off-season to increase its scoring potential. All those bucks went to free agents Joe Rudi, Bobby Grich and Don Baylor. The presence of that trio—plus a full year from slugging, stealing Rightfielder Bobby Bonds, who missed the final two months of last season after undergoing surgery on his right hand—should make the Angels contenders. "California is a whole lot better," says Herzog. "It won 76 games last year. Now the Angels have moved up to the 95-win category."

Grich was considered a premier second baseman when he was with Baltimore. He will play shortstop for California because the Angels are solid at second with Jerry Remy (.263 with 35 steals). Grich should make the adjustment with relative ease although he missed most of spring training because of an injury; short was his position at Rochester when he was Minor League Player of the Year in 1971. Rudi is merely the top leftfielder in baseball. He is a clutch hitter (94 RBIs) and a superb fielder with an accurate arm. Baylor, who has some power, stole 52 bases last season, after being traded from Baltimore to Oakland. He will be in the lineup every day, either at first, as an outfielder or as the DH.

Fortunately for Kansas City, the Angels could not buy solutions to all their problems. They lack experience at catcher and center field and need help at third base. However, even modest years from the new offensive guns may be enough for the Angels to win. Manager Norm Sherry, who guided California to a 76–86 record and a fourth-place finish after taking over the team in July, has baseball's most overpowering one-two pitching punch in Lefthander Frank Tanana and Righthander Nolan Ryan. Tanana was 19–10 last year with 261 strikeouts. Says Oakland Centerfielder Bill North, "He's not fair." Though coming off arm surgery, Ryan had a league-leading 327 strikeouts and finished strongly—after being only 7–13 in July—to bring his record to 17–18. Behind Tanana and Ryan are two right-handed prospects, Paul Hartzell and Gary Ross.

Texas has made itself a solid contender by learning a lesson from Kansas City and styling its team to its park. "The wind blows in at Arlington most of the time," says Toby Har-

continued

rah, who moves this year from short to third. "Our organization finally realized that our park is best suited for pitching and defense, not power. You have to give our front office credit for seeing what we needed and going out and getting it."

Last year the Rangers' defense, particularly in the infield, was a laughable ninth in the league. So Texas signed free-agent Shortstop Bert Campaneris, a superb gloveman who stole 54 bases last season at Oakland. He will team with Catcher Jim Sundberg and Centerfielder Juan Beniquez (who came to Texas in '76 with a reputation as an abysmal fielder and promptly led major league outfielders with 18 assists) to give the Rangers strength up the middle. Campaneris also could improve the offensive production of Harrah, who now can play 10 pounds heavier because he will have less ground to cover at third. Harrah, who was, at best, an undistinguished shortstop, feels that at 190 pounds he can produce at the plate the way he did in 1975, when he hit .293 with 20 homers and 93 RBIs. Last season he fell off to .260 with 15 homers and 67 runs driven in. "At short, your No. 1 priority is defense," he says. "At third, you have to contribute more offensively." On the right side of the infield, the Rangers should get a strong bat from rookie Bump Wills, the son of Maury and a .324 hitter in Triple A last year, at second, and Mike Hargrove, a consistent .300 hitter, at first.

Texas also solidified its pitching from the free-agent ranks, signing former Yankee Doyle Alexander (13–9 with a 3.36 ERA). He joins Bert Blyleven (13–16, but a 2.87 ERA) and venerable Gaylord Perry (15–14, 3.24 ERA) to give the Rangers a respectable rotation. More important, Texas has shored up a pitiful bullpen, which had a league-low 15 saves, by purchasing Paul Lindblad from Oakland and trading for Darold Knowles of the Cubs. Both are lefthanders. The Rangers also added right-handed relief by dealing power-hitting former MVP Jeff Burroughs to Atlanta for five players, including short man Adrian Devine. Another of the five, Ken Henderson, replaces Burroughs in right—further improving the defense. But even with the late spring trade that brought Outfielder Claudell Washington from Oakland, there probably are not enough guns in the Ranger offense for Texas to shoot down Kansas City or California.

Like the Royals, the Twins did not benefit from the new freedom in baseball. The worst fielding team in the league, Minnesota got nobody new, and lost some pitching. Free agent Bill Campbell, their ace reliever, departed for Boston, while Bill Singer, the Twins' only starter with a winning record (13–10), was taken by Toronto in the expansion draft.

Thus, Minnesota must rely almost solely on its hitting, and the Twins have plenty of that. In 1976 they led the league in average (.274), runs, hits and RBIs. The best batsmen are First Baseman Rod Carew, who hit .331 and just missed winning his fifth straight hitting title; Catcher Butch Wynegar, who batted .260 with 69 RBIs and at 20 became the youngest All-Star ever; and Outfielders Lyman Bostock (.323), Larry Hisle (.272, 14 homers, 96 RBIs) and Dan Ford (.267, 20 homers, 86 RBIs and 18 game-winning hits). However, one vital ingredient is missing—power. Last year Minnesota hit only 81 homers. The Twins were 10th in pitching and 12th in fielding, but still finished third in the standings, just five games out. More of the same ingredients this year will probably be good enough only for fourth place. Still, Minnesota will not fall as far as last year's second-place team, Oakland. The A's closed fast to trail Kansas City by only 2½ games at the end of the season. Then the free agents departed, all six of them, and now Oakland will be battling with Chicago to stay out of sixth.

To be sure, a touch of the quality that enabled the A's to win world championships in '72, '73 and '74 remains. Vida Blue and Mike Torrez are both former 20-game winners, and other starters, Mike Norris and Paul Mitchell, are outstanding prospects. Centerfielder North is an excellent leadoff hitter who has stolen 212 bases in the last four seasons. The A's recently signed a new first baseman, Suitcase Dick Allen, who promptly announced, "I've got the love of Jesus Christ in my heart." After that, it is fill-in-the-blanks, although the team has fine young players at several positions, especially Outfielder Mitchell Page, who hit better than .400 this spring. Understandably, season-ticket sales for 1977 will probably drop below last year's anemic 1,000 and the team had no radio contract until a week before opening day.

Things are no more sanguine in Chicago, where the White Sox are coming off their worst season since 1950. Sox pitchers had a combined ERA of 4.25, worst in the American League. New Manager Bob Lemon can expect improvement if he gets a full season out of Wilbur Wood, who was 4–3 with a 2.24 ERA before being sidelined in May by a line drive off his left knee, and if better luck befalls Ken Brett. Brett was only 10–12 in '76, although he completed 16 of 26 starts. In seven of those complete games, the White Sox scored one or no runs.

The best of Chicago's everyday players is Rightfielder Richie Zisk, who came to the Sox from Pittsburgh in a trade for Relievers Rich Gossage and Terry Forster. As a Pirate, Zisk hit .289 with 21 homers and 89 RBIs. Unfortunately his glove has a tendency to go clank in the night. Ralph Garr, the only .300 hitter among the Sox regulars last season, will be in left field, although he, too, is a defensive liability. Lamar Johnson, who batted .320 in 82 games, and Jim Spencer will alternate between first base and the designated-hitter spot.

Only the presence of a new team, Seattle, will keep Chicago out of the cellar. The Mariners decided not to follow the accepted expansion practice of acquiring experienced players—no matter how mediocre—to go with youngsters picked up in the expansion draft. Instead, they concentrated on building with youth. Seattle has some splendid prospects, particularly in the outfield where three speedsters—Ruppert Jones, Dave Collins and Carlos Lopez—are battling for jobs, but they won't prevent the Mariners from sinking to the bottom of the division. But bear up, Seattleites. An expansion team no longer needs to spend eight years to build a winner, as Kansas City did. Just ask Whitey Herzog.

—JOE MARSHALL

CONTINUED

Turner Lake, British Columbia, Canada

Canada at its best.

Share some tonight.



Try the light, smooth whisky that's becoming America's favorite Canadian.
Imported Canadian Mist.

IMPORTED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS IMPORT COMPANY, N Y., N Y., CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND, 80 OR 86 8 PROOF 1976

Volkswagen celebrates the millionth Rabbit with cars that look like a million.

Imagine! One million Rabbits hopping around all over the world!

No one ever introduced a car so successfully before.

So to mark the occasion, we're offering our stunning "Champagne Edition" Volkswagens—all decked out and dolled up like you've never seen VWs before.



The limited Champagne

Would you believe aur Rabbit? Catch it in a glowing copper ar silver green metallic paint. Either way, yau get a soft velaur interiar and deep cut-pile carpeting.

Dasher. Elegant to begin with, even more sa with its own handsome metallic glow and dramatic interior.

Scirocco—with sport bucket seats and plush carpeting. Dressed in rich platinum metallic with handsome red stripes.

There's even a "Champagne Edition" Beetle Convertible—elegantly upholstered in white leatherette. And a special VW Bus in a luscious chocolate brawn.

In all, they make the most beautiful Volkswagens ever. But if you want one, you'll have ta hurry. Limited editions like these don't last forever.



Editions from Volkswagen

Volkswagen of America, Inc.

Gloves for your body

Jean clothes that fit your body like a glove.
And keep on fitting.
They don't shrink. They don't wrinkle. They don't pucker
*Because they're 100% cotton with Sanfor-Set.**
Maverick Automaticks
They take care of themselves automatically.



Maverick Automaticks™

Mavenck® Sportswear. One of the few things left in this world that isn't falling apart at the seams.

© 1977 by Blue Bell, Inc. *Trademark of The Sanforized Company

1977 National League

The East

To the four new managers in the division, a few words of warning: old habits die hard here. So please be advised, Chuck Tanner, that Pittsburgh always does well, while Montreal, Dick Williams, invariably struggles. St. Louis, Vern Rapp, has been consistently mediocre, while Chicago, Herman Franks, has been near the bottom of the heap the past four seasons. And as Joe Frazier of the Mets and Danny Ozark of the Phillies can tell you, New York always finishes third and Philadelphia always seems to be improving. Now play ball.

There will, of course, be some slight alterations in 1977. The Phillies, who set a club record last year with 101 victories, should not win as many, and the Expos, who came within three of their team mark by losing 107, should not lose as many. Also, fans are duly advised that Pittsburgh's Lumber Company is now a fast-food franchise, that New York's shoddy defense has tightened up, and that St. Louis' Mad Hungarian, Reliever Al Hrabosky, is madder than ever, because Rapp made him shave his mustache and trim his extensive locks. Chicago will be different, too, but not where change is needed most—60′ 6″ from home plate.

Despite the loss of two free agents—Second Baseman Dave Cash to Montreal and First Baseman Dick Allen to Oakland—Philadelphia retains the necessary blend of hitting, pitching, defense and experience to win again. And if preserving a manager's peace of mind is worth anything in a division race, the departure of Allen might be counted as a plus. Make that a double plus if Richie Hebner makes the transition from Pittsburgh third baseman to Phillie first baseman. "I feel like a kid just out of high school," says Hebner. "I only hope I get off to a good start, because I understand the Philadelphia fans can get on your case if you don't do well."

Although Ozark hopes Hebner, who hit .246 and .249 the past two seasons after seven years of .287 batting, responds to his new environment with some of his old prowess at the plate, he has no such expectations for the new second baseman. "We don't have anybody who can get on base the way Cash did, so we're looking mainly for defense," Ozark says. That requirement should be adequately filled by Ted Sizemore.

There is plenty of hitting in the rest of the lineup. Outfielders Garry Maddox, Greg Luzinski and Jay Johnstone were all above .300 last year, and Third Baseman Mike Schmidt smote 38 home runs for his third straight major league title. Schmidt and Maddox have Gold Gloves to complement their golden bats. Schmidt, who recently became baseball's highest-paid player by signing a six-year, $3-million contract, says he is not worried that a healthy Dave Kingman of New York might take his homer title away. "I'm not going to race him, because I'm concerned about my batting average, too," says Schmidt. "If he plays all year, he can hit 40 or 50, so I'll just put my 30 or 40 up there and see what happens."

The Philadelphia pitching staff, third best in the league last season, is led by 20-game winner Steve Carlton and sidewinding Gene Garber, one of three relievers with 11 or more saves. Jim Lonborg, Larry Christenson and Tom Underwood return to the starting rotation, but Wayne Twitchell should put Jim Kaat, the majors' winningest pitcher (247 victories over 18 seasons), in the bullpen. Although the 38-year-old Kaat still throws strikes and fields his position impeccably, National League batters began to catch on to his no-windup delivery last year, sending him to a 2–10 finish after a 10–4 start.

continued

The late Danny Murtaugh would hardly recognize the Pirates that Tanner will be managing. Pittsburgh lost a lot of base hits with the departures of Catcher Manny Sanguillen—who was traded to Oakland for *Tanner*—and Leftfielder Richie Zisk, but those deals opened the way to upgraded defense, speed and relief pitching. "When I think about everything we've done, I smile a lot," Tanner says. "I definitely feel we are capable of winning the division." Actually, Pittsburgh's 92 victories last year would have been enough to win it most seasons, but the Phillies broke away so fast the Pirates could never catch them.

Resuming the chase is the hitting nucleus of Al Oliver (.323), who shifts from center to left; Rightfielder Dave Parker, who hit .313 with 90 RBIs; 36-year-old First Baseman Willie Stargell, who had 20 homers during a season in which he was distraught because of his wife's near-fatal illness; and supersub Bill Robinson (.303, 21 homers, and angry that he didn't play every day).

Among the new starters, Duffy Dyer brings to the catching position qualities it never had when Sanguillen was around—minor league hitting and major league fielding. The shift of Oliver opens center field for Omar Moreno, who batted .315 and stole 55 bases in Charleston last year. The speedy Moreno may bat first, ahead of Shortstop Frank (The Pittsburgh Stealer) Taveras, who ranked third in the league with 58 swipes. The third new regular is Phil Garner, who played second base in Oakland, but now moves to third, his minor league position. Garner is another of the talents that A's owner Charlie Finley allowed to get away. He stole 35 bases last season, drove in 74 runs, had a .261 average and was among the American League's top three second basemen in assists, putouts and double plays.

But wait, there's more. To beef up the bullpen, the Pirates got Grant Jackson, who was 6–0 with the Yankees, Terry Forster and Rich Gossage, former Firemen of the Year with the White Sox. There was no reason to tamper with the fine starting rotation of John Candelaria (16–7, including a no-hitter), Bruce Kison (14–9), Jerry Reuss (14–9) and Jim Rooker (15–8). The pitchers are particularly pleased with the team's new look. "In the past we've emphasized hitting, but now we're going to do other things well, too," says Kison. "It's refreshing."

Pittsburgh's off-season activity gave it the kind of balance that the standpat Mets still lack. New York preferred protecting its pitching and elevating its younger prospects to bargaining for established major league talent. Those Mets whose futures are *now* include Third Baseman Roy Staiger, Centerfielder Lee Mazzilli, Rightfielder Mike Vail and Catcher John Stearns. From this group, New York hopes to find the improved hitting and defense needed to support its superlative pitching. "Both of those have been monsters," says Lefthander Jon Matlack, "but I guess we need defense more than anything. It's easier to win when you're not giving away so many runs."

Staiger, a gloveman in the Brooks Robinson mold, should help the defense, while Mazzilli provides speed in the leadoff position—a big plus for the Mets, who were last in the league in steals with 66. Vail and Stearns could enliven the offense with their bats, Vail having shown his potential two years ago when he hit .302 in a 38-game trial. Although he dropped to .217 in 53 games last season, he places the blame on a slow-healing dislocated foot, which now seems sound. Stearns, who hit .295 after rejoining the Mets in September, becomes the regular catcher because Jerry Grote's bad back will not let him play every day.



Cash deficit in Philadelphia

By leaving the Phillies for a $1.6 million, five-year contract with the Expos, Dave Cash became the only important free agent in the National League East. He is a superb second baseman whose .988 fielding percentage was the best at that position in the majors in '76. And he is a deft leadoff hitter who batted .296 and averaged 203 hits and 97 runs a season during his three years in Philadelphia. Cash is almost impossible to strike out—his 13 whiffs were easily the fewest among big-league regulars last year—and is just as tough to get out of the lineup. He missed only two games while playing for Philly. Beyond that, he is an aggressive performer who has been given a lot of credit for the Phils' switch from chronic losers to confident winners. In short, Cash is the classic second baseman, a player who is invaluable as a field leader and an offensive catalyst when he is performing for a good team. His departure has left a gaping hole in the Phils' infield, batting order and psyche. But how important will Cash be to the hapless Expos? His are mostly "team talents" (scratching his way on base, making the double-play pivot, etc.), and Montreal cannot surround him with players who can consistently make those abilities pay off. For this season, at least, the Expos are unlikely to cash in on their investment.

It does not help the Mets at all that their three best hitters of last season are part-timers. Joe Torre (.306) and Ed Kranepool (.292) are slated for backup duty behind First Baseman John Milner, and young Outfielder Bruce Boisclair (.287 and a league-leading .571 as a pinch hitter) probably will be platooned with Vail.

That leaves too much of New York's offensive burden on Dave Kingman, the league's No. 1 triple threat: errors, strikeouts and long home runs. The leftfielder missed 33 games with a torn thumb ligament, but still hit 37 homers. He also struck out 135 times, batted .238 and ranked last defensively among outfielders who appeared in 100 or more games. And for all this, he spent the spring threatening to play out his option unless he is paid more than Tom Seaver, who earns $225,000 a season.

Seaver, Matlack and Jerry Koosman are the reasons New York had the second-best record (86–76) in its history last season. Koosman (21–10) and Matlack (17–10) enjoyed their best years ever, and Seaver (14–11) led the league in strikeouts and was third in shutouts and ERA. The Mets scored all of 15 runs for him in his defeats. Overall, the Mets' staff was tops in the league in ERA, complete games, strikeouts and fewest hits allowed. With the retirement of Mickey Lolich (8–13), the fourth starter will probably be Craig Swan.

St. Louis singles out injuries and youth for its 72–90 record last season, the Cardinals' second-worst since 1924. More experience and an active winter in the trading market should move the Cards up a notch to fourth place. Ken Reitz is back from San Francisco to plug a hole at third, and Centerfielder Bake McBride (.335) and Second Baseman Mike Tyson (.286) are recovered from the hurts that kept them sidelined for a total of 186 games. First Baseman Keith Hernandez (.289) and Rightfielder Hector Cruz (13 homers, 71 RBIs) who struggled defensively at third, should be even better in their second full seasons. Twenty-one-year-old Garry Templeton has shown he can hit major league pitching, batting .291 in 53 games, but his 24 errors proved he cannot yet field major league hitting.

The two most dependable—and durable—Cardinals are Leftfielder Lou Brock, beginning his 17th season with a .296 career average, and Catcher Ted Simmons, starting his 10th year at .297. This season should be a triumphant one for Brock, who needs only 28 more stolen bases to reach 893 and surpass Ty Cobb's major league career record. "I might go to 892 and stop," says Brock, "just to keep Cobb and me in the record book together."

St. Louis tried to bolster its pitching staff during the offseason by picking up John D'Acquisto from San Francisco, Larry Dierker from Houston and Reliever Clay Carroll from the White Sox. But Dierker, who was 13–14 with the Astros, was injured in spring training—he will be out until May—and D'Acquisto is coming off a dismal season (3–8 with a 5.35 ERA), so the Cardinals will again have to rely mainly on their only two pitchers with winning records last year, John Denny (11–9 and a league-leading 2.52 ERA) and Hrabosky (8–6, 13 saves). Hrabosky at first threatened to sue if Rapp did not let him grow his hair back. "This has upset my mental state," he says. "I can't scare anybody anymore. Guys are laughing at me, telling me how pretty I look."

Chicago, which has been sixth, fifth and fourth the last three years, should drop to fifth this season. The Cubs showed more concern for their pocketbook than their place in the standings when they traded Third Baseman Bill Madlock to San Francisco and Centerfielder Rick Monday to Los Angeles. Madlock was the league's leading hitter the last two years, and Monday was the Cubs' power. The trades did net four possible starters: Rightfielder Bobby Murcer (23 homers, 90 RBIs), First Baseman Bill Buckner (.301), Third Baseman Steve Ontiveros and Shortstop Ivan DeJesus. However, neither Ontiveros nor DeJesus has much major league experience, and Buckner is disabled with an ankle injury. And neither trade yielded help where the Cubs need it most—on the mound. Chicago ranked 11th in pitching last year, and will go nowhere with essentially the same staff.

Montreal was last in almost everything in 1976, hitting, pitching, victories in night games, doubleheaders and extra innings, and, of course, the standings. Shortstop Tim Foli's 36 doubles made him the only Expo among the top five National Leaguers in any major department. Three newcomers, Second Baseman Cash from Philadelphia and First Baseman Tony Perez and Reliever Will McEnaney from Cincinnati, give the Expos unaccustomed luster. If they all have strong years and if young Outfielders Ellis Valentine (.279 in 94 games at Montreal) and Andre Dawson (.350 with Denver) develop, the Expos' first season in Olympic Stadium will not be another disaster. —LARRY KEITH

The West

Invincible in the fall, when they swept through the playoffs and Series without a loss, the World Champion Cincinnati Reds seem almost vulnerable in the spring. They are getting older—are they not? They have lost their best pitcher and their most reliable clutch hitter—have they not? There has been so much bickering this spring in their once closed ranks over such contemptible matters as wages and ego gratification that they have become something other than one big happy family—right? On paper, such nits are ripe for the picking, but on the field the champs have yet to be dethroned and, though they play in baseball's toughest division, chances are they will not be.

It is true that the Reds are getting older. Pete Rose is 35 and Joe Morgan will be 34 in September. But Dave Concepcion, George Foster, Cesar Geronimo, Ken Griffey and even Johnny Bench are all still in their 20s. True, the Reds will certainly miss their fragile but talented lefthander, Don Gullett, gone to the Yankees, and Tony Perez, shunted to Montreal, was an inspiration off the field and a big RBI man on it. But there is more where they came from. And though Rose, Concepcion, Gary Nolan and Rawly Eastwick have all recently concluded, or are still conducting,

continued

heated contract negotiations and though Rose, particularly, is madder than a hornet—this too shall pass. Rose may be miffed, but his displeasure with management is not likely to affect his play. If indeed he wants to go elsewhere next year, he will require a Rosean year for bargaining power, and even in palmier days he was known to chafe a bit at the attention and money paid Bench and Morgan.

As one former Red says, "This isn't the first time people have raised these questions. Bench and Rose have been fierce competitors for years, but they've always sublimated it for the sake of the team. You must remember that Rose was the local boy. He was everything. Then Bench, the handsome young bachelor, rode into town, and things were different. But they still got along."

And the Reds still get along with one another. Their starting lineup, even without Perez, is still the strongest in baseball, save for the pitcher. Dan Driessen, a World Series hero, who takes over for Perez at first, is a strong, young left-handed hitter who, it is said, needs only to play regularly to be yet another Reds .300 batter. The rest of the infield—Morgan at second, Concepcion at short, Rose at third—is peerless, offensively and defensively. The outfield of Foster in left, Geronimo in center and Griffey in right is in the same class. Manager Sparky Anderson has never needed more than adequate pitching, and he will have it again with starters Gary Nolan (15–9, 3.46 ERA), Fred Norman (12–7, 3.10), Pat Zachry (14–7, 2.74), Jack Billingham (12–10, 4.32) and 36-year-old Woodie Fryman, acquired in the Perez transaction from Montreal, where he was 13–13 with a 3.38 ERA for a last-place team. The bullpen is well stocked, with Eastwick, who had 26 saves in 71 appearances, Pedro Borbon (eight in 69 appearances) and Dale Murray, another former Expo who relieved in a league-leading 81 games last season.

The Reds finished 20 games ahead of the Dodgers in 1975 and 10 ahead of them last year. At that rate, the race should end in a dead heat this time. That's not likely, but it might be closer. By trading Bill Buckner to the Cubs for Rick Monday, the Dodgers have finally obtained the all-round centerfielder they have pursued ever since Willie Davis departed in 1973. At roomy Dodger Stadium, Monday will not hit 32 home runs, as he did in cozier Wrigley Field, but he does add left-handed power, good defense and fierce patriotism. It was Monday, Dodger fans will recall, who rescued the American flag from two protesters bent on setting it aflame in the Los Angeles left field last April 25. Monday has in mind capturing a different flag this year. "My goal is to play in the World Series," he says. "I've seen too many on TV."

Monday is not the only Dodger plus. Tommy John should be stronger after his comeback-of-the-year pitching performance (10–10) in '76, when he tested a left arm rebuilt by surgery. And Davey Lopes, who missed six weeks with a stiff neck and a pulled muscle in his rib cage and still stole 63 bases, is fit again. "Lopes is the catalyst," says new Manager Tom Lasorda. "If Davey gets on, that so-and-so will steal everything but the backstops and the stands. He's liable to swipe 100 bases. He'll be the sensation of the country."

Such hyperbole is not uncommon from Lasorda, a man of inordinate enthusiasm. His great strength, Dodger officials say, is as a motivator. "Alston [former Manager Walter] was a different kind," one veteran player says. "He

San Diego may roll with Rollie

The relief pitcher is the least predictable of players. As often as not, the rally-dousing Fireman of the Year one season becomes the arm-weary Flop of the Year the next. So when Ray Kroc, the McDonald's magnate who also owns the Padres, signed a free-agent reliever to a six-season, $1.6 million contract, he figured to be called a meatball by the experts. He wasn't, simply because the man he hired was Rollie Fingers, who in eight full years at Oakland had suffered none of the vicissitudes of his trade. With the A's, he had an ERA of 2.90 and averaged 63 appearances, eight victories and 17 saves a season. He has been even stingier in 16 World Series appearances, with a record six saves and a 1.35 ERA. But perhaps the most important of Fingers' statistics is that he is only 30, although his handlebar mustache seems to have been with us since 1890. That means if he fails to lead the talented young Padres to the Series this season, he should be around for quite a few more tries. In the process, he may correct an injustice. The tireless Fingers has never been named the year's best reliever, having been edged out several times by men who are no longer stars. If he performs well for San Diego, a new title may have to be created just for him: Fireman of the Decade.



wasn't a motivator. He believed in letting guys play and do the job. There were no bed checks or anything like that. His system worked very well until the early '70s, but lately there have been a lot of young players coming up who played under Lasorda in the minors and got motivation."

The new manager will be motivating a solid team. The infield of Steve Garvey at first (.317, 80 RBIs), Lopes at second, Bill Russell (.274) at short and Ron Cey (.274, 23 HRs, 80 RBIs) at third is exceeded in all-round competence only by Cincinnati's, and Monday will solidify an outfield that has Reggie Smith in right and Dusty Baker in left. The pitching, as usual, should be the best in the division. Don Sutton (21–10) heads a list of starters that includes John, Doug Rau (16–12), Rick Rhoden (12–3) and Burt Hooton (11–15). Knuckleballer Charlie Hough (12–8, 2.20, 18 saves) is the mainstay of the bullpen.

Incontestably, the most improved team in the division is San Diego. By signing free agent Gene Tenace from Oakland and by trading with Cleveland for George Hendrick, the Padres have added about 50 home runs to a feeble attack. And by signing another A's free agent, Rollie Fingers, they have assembled perhaps the best bullpen in the league. Fingers will join last year's co-Rookie of the Year, Butch Metzger (11–4, 2.93, 77 games), and Dave Tomlin, a lefthander who allowed just four earned runs in his last 28 appearances.

Randy Jones (22–14) has recovered handsomely from offseason arm surgery and will join Brent Strom (12–16, 3.28), Rick Sawyer (5–3, 2.52), Tom Griffin (9–6, 4.10) and, quite possibly, rookie Bob Shirley in the starting rotation. Tenace will be the catcher; last year's leading hitter, Mike Ivie (.291, 70 RBIs), will be on first; and veteran Doug Rader (.257) is at third. Hendrick (.265, 25 homers, 81 RBIs) is the centerfielder and Dave Winfield (.283, 13 home runs, 69 RBIs), who may now be approaching his apparently limitless potential, is in right. Rookie Gene Richards, who hit .331 in the Pacific Coast League, appears to be the leftfielder, although he has competition from Jerry Turner, who batted .267 in 105 games last year. Both are left-handed. Manager John McNamara will risk starting rookies Bill Almon and Mike Champion, who came up together from the Coast League, at short and second.

The Braves, Astros and Giants, not necessarily in that order, should have a lively, if fruitless, struggle for the three lowest rungs in the standings. Next to the Padres, the Braves, last in 1976, are most improved. The Astros have promising but inexperienced pitching. The Giants do not look like much, but they do have good pitching and young players, notably Outfielder Jack Clark, who has genuine star quality.

The Braves have added sluggers Gary Matthews, a free agent from the Giants, and Jeff Burroughs, a tradee from the Rangers, to a previously punchless lineup. Burroughs, who watched ruefully as the Texas winds blew his home runs back into Arlington Stadium, should find happiness—that being 35 homers—in the friendly Atlanta park. Matthews is a .287 lifetime hitter whose .279 last year was the lowest average in his five-year career. But he did hit 20 homers and drive in 84 runs in another windy facility, Candlestick Park. Matthews and Burroughs will play alongside Centerfielder Rowland Office, who had a 29-game hitting streak last year before an injured knee sat him down. The Braves will have First Baseman Willie Montanez (.317, 84 RBIs), who was picked up from the Giants last June, for the full schedule, and Andy Messersmith is back in good health after an injury-filled 11–11 season. Mike Marshall, the litigious reliever, is also fit after a year in which he endured knee, back and courtroom miseries. Surgery cured the back problem, which dates to an auto accident 22 years ago, and his alma mater, Michigan State, got him out of court for the time being by dropping charges against him of misusing campus athletic facilities. But the Braves still have a shaky infield and, even with Messersmith and Marshall, questionable pitching.

The Astros have solid major-leaguers in First Baseman Bob Watson (.313, 102 RBIs), Shortstop Roger Metzger, Third Baseman Enos Cabell (.273) and Centerfielder Cesar Cedeno (.297, 18 homers, 58 stolen bases), although Cedeno will miss the early weeks of the season because of an injured finger. In the 6′ 8″, 235-pound J. R. Richard, who won 20 games with a 2.75 ERA, they have one of the fine young fastball pitchers in the game. Beyond Richard, Manager Bill Virdon will go with youngsters. The striplings, notably Joaquin Andujar (9–10, 3.61), did well in the Astros' stretch drive to third place in '76, but the hitters will be taking a second look at them this year. That bodes ill.

Pitching is not the Giants' problem; almost everything else is. They have four excellent starters in John (the Count) Montefusco (16–14, 2.85 and a no-hitter), Jim Barr (15–12, 2.89), Ed Halicki (12–14, 3.63) and Lynn McGlothen (13–15, 3.91 with St. Louis). All, regrettably, are righthanders. There are two lefthanders in the bullpen, Gary Lavelle (10–6, 2.70 in 65 appearances) and John Curtis (6–11, 4.50 in 37 games with St. Louis), to go with the estimable Randy Moffitt (6–6, 2.27 in 58 appearances). The Giants have 1976 batting champ Bill Madlock (.339 for the Cubs) at third base and mass confusion elsewhere in the infield. Chris Speier and light-hitting Johnnie LeMaster both want to play shortstop, and Derrel Thomas, Vic Harris and Tom Heintzelman are all itching to step in at second. However, the well-traveled Rob Andrews, obtained in a late trade, will probably get the job. Willie McCovey is home after three seasons in San Diego and is trying, at 39, to win his old position back. Much of his bat speed is gone, but he is still able to thump one now and then and revive memories of better times. If McCovey does not make it, Darrell Evans, who once hit 41 homers for the Braves but slumped to 11 homers and a .205 average last year, will try once more.

New Manager Joe Altobelli has a plethora of outfielders to choose from. Somewhere out of a sextet of rookie flash Clark, Larry Herndon, Evans, Gary Thomasson, Terry Whitfield and spring-training sensation Randy Elliott, a trio will emerge. Hard-throwing Marc Hill and Mike Sadek will do the catching. If San Francisco can muster any sort of offense, its pitching could carry it as high as fourth, a score or more games behind the champs. —Ron Fimrite

MOVIES

by FRANK DEFORD



'BLACK SUNDAY,' A DISASTER FLICK THAT ISN'T A BOMB

These are heady days for sport in Hollywood *Rocky* has become the first film about sports to win the Oscar for Best Picture. Chris Evert has worked her way to the top of Burt (*There's a Broken Heart for Every Light on Broadway*) Reynolds' rankings, and now the Super Bowl has been utilized as the centerpiece for a hot new disaster film that's entitled *Black Sunday*

Black Sunday's plot concerns the plan of Arab guerrillas to bomb the Super Bowl, thus "striking where it hurts Americans most, where they are most at home." As those of us who have followed the Minnesota Vikings are aware, bombs are no strangers to the Super Bowl, but this one, delivered by a mad former U S Air Force pilot flying America's security blanket of the sky, the Goodyear blimp is calculated to send all 80,000 in attendance in the Orange Bowl to kingdom come *Black Sunday* was originally a potboiler novel by Thomas Harris, but it works better as a movie because it's chock-full of sky-high special effects, chases, blood-and-guts and exotic global intrigue

The characters are barely humanoid, the dialogue is substandard when not downright cliche ("I don't know why, but I think I'm going to let you live," he said, withdrawing a gun from the bad guy's mouth) and even the tiniest plot nuances are never resolved by anything less than red-blooded murder But, as they say, that's football *Black Sunday* is not meant to be about characters It is about old-fashioned movie monsters—except that the one here rises out of world politics instead of Tokyo Bay

The cast does rather well, the script notwithstanding Bruce Dern, as the balmy blimp pilot, is a fine crazy, despite a tendency to lapse into Jack Nicholson impressions While Dern's Palestinian mistress, Marthe Keller, is not nearly so convincing, she wields a mean machine gun, and that is the bottom line here Robert Shaw plays an Israeli agent with a peculiar guttural brogue, but this unknown dialect fortunately fails to mar the marvelous primeval intensity that Shaw brings to the chase And it is sure a good thing for us dumb Americans that Shaw is around to save us, because at least since the business at Entebbe, Hollywood has decided that the only clever folks roaming the globe are Israelis (The Arabs are the second most clever, although they are diabolically misguided, to be sure.)

Some of the minor figures are also well played As an NFL team owner, one Joe Robbie fills the part with just the right amount of the petty selfishness so common to owners, and as a television executive, one Robert Wussler shows an almost instinctive ability to express the despotic narrow-mindedness that TV bosses so regularly display.

But enough of kudos for the actors, professional and amateur. The real success of *Black Sunday* belongs to Director John Frankenheimer, an old pro at this sort of violent suspense (*The Manchurian Candidate*) Whatever the movie's shortcomings, it has just the right tone Film Editor Tom Rolf's constant cuts from wily villains to brilliant hero to bumbling football-crazy Americans are always sharp The football sequences, shot by NFL Films at the 1976 Super Bowl, are inserted in effective counterpoint to the grotesque guerrilla scheme And by making the football merely incidental to the plot, *Black Sunday* chillingly illustrates what easy targets our huge stadiums could become for the madmen of this world

•

A final note about football and disaster films O. J. Simpson, bidding to become the poor man's Shelley Winters in this low genre, popped up recently in another catastrophe epic, *The Cassandra Crossing* Simpson may or may not be as good a running back as Jimmy Brown, but one thing's for sure he is Brown's equal as an actor O.J. is an engaging, nice-looking fellow who emotes at the level of rent-an-expression He is deluding himself terribly if he believes he has any serious future as an actor (Has anyone seen Jimmy Brown lately?) It would be sad if Simpson departed football prematurely on that premise, because Hollywood will surely drop him like a hot potato as soon as his football name value expires **END**

Why isn't More white?

Because More is burnished brown. To make its longer, leaner design look as good as it tastes.

And when it comes to the taste of More, you can enjoy its smooth mildness longer.



Because More burns slower.

So More doesn't end with just good looks. There's lots of good taste as well. It's like any really good cigarette.

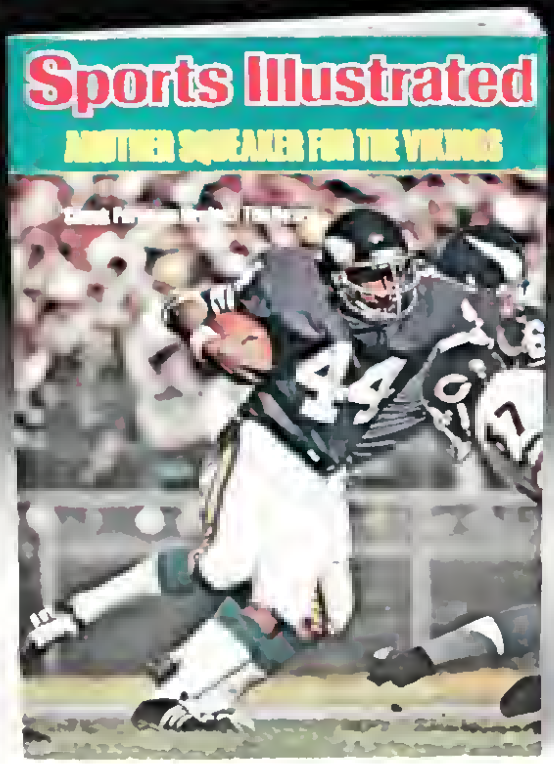
Only it's More.

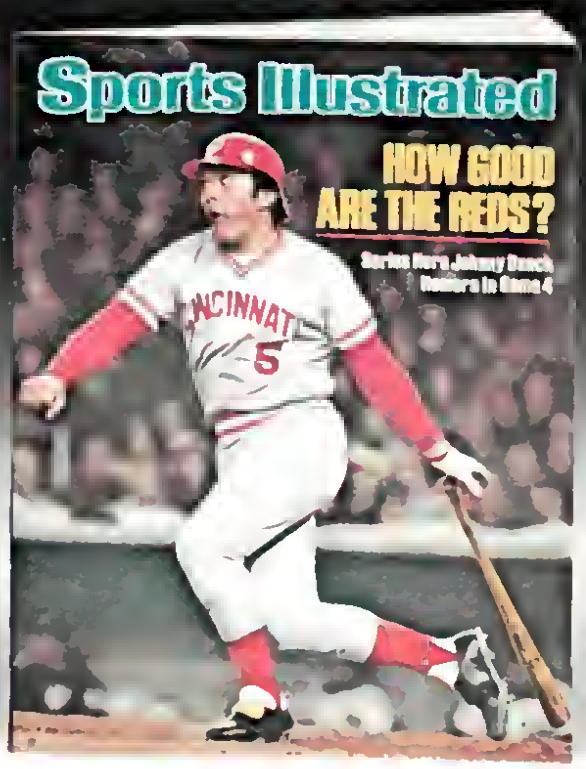


FILTER [illegible] mg "tar" 1.5 mg nicotine
MENTHOL [illegible] mg "tar" [illegible] mg nicotine av per cigarette FTC Report DEC '76

Warning The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

WHY DID THEY WIN?





Was it raw talent? Clever strategy? Overwhelming desire? Or did the losers just self-destruct with fumbles, foul-ups and penalties?

For a point of view that's sometimes surprising, sometimes controversial, but always downright informative.. check out SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

We don't have a crystal ball. But we do have the best sports writers, reporters, editors and photographers in the business. People who know sports—and sports people—cold. Insiders who take you inside.

That's why you get so much more out of sports in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED So much more out of the previews, interviews, predictions, postmortems and fascinating sports profiles SI brings you every week. So much more than the who-did-what approach of local newspapers.

Because SPORTS ILLUSTRATED gives you the how and the why of sports. The stories-behind-the-stories, the strategies-behind-the-plays, the brains-behind-the-muscle of the men who make the games you watch so exciting. That's what SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's all about.

Start enjoying it all The writing that's vivid. The photography that's alive The Sports Experience without equal. Have SPORTS ILLUSTRATED delivered to you weekly.
To subscribe now, just call toll free.

CALL 800-621-8200
(IN ILLINOIS 800-972-8302)

Sports Illustrated

(IT'S A WHOLE LOT MORE THAN SPORTS HEADLINES)

TIME & LIFE BUILDING, 541 NORTH FAIRBANKS COURT CHICAGO ILLINOIS 60611

What's with Who's That?

Plenty. After five seasons of being whatshisnama, Brian Gottfried is making a name for himself: he's won four tournaments this year and 39 of 42 matches

The best tennis player in the world right now may well be Raul Ramirez' doubles partner. As Mark Twain said while advising people to do right: this will astonish many and please a few. In this case the public may be even more dumbfounded, for compared to most top athletes Raul Ramirez' doubles partner is little known.

Part of whatshisname's recognition problem is that he spends so much time on the practice court that by now he seems to blend in: his eyes about the color of Har-Tru, his scraggly hair reminiscent of a net, his expression revealing all the emotion of a baseline. If hey-you ever should become No. 1 officially, he will no doubt be so invisible that they will start counting at No. 2 in tennis, just as they do with television channels. So, let's go right down onto the court and meet the player the fans affectionately call Who's That?

Brian Gottfried is his name in real life. He stands just over six feet in his sneakers and weighs 170 pounds. Twenty-five years old. Right-handed. Born in Baltimore, raised in Florida. Two-time All-America at Trinity University. Married. Turned pro in August 1972.

Brian Gottfried, as decorous and plain as some "names" in tennis tend to be vulgar and flamboyant, has risen to a position of preeminence this spring. He has won four tournaments in 1977, more than any other player. He leads in tournament prize money with $100,000 and is also first in the run for the Grand Prix. On the Association of Tennis Professionals' computer, Gottfried has ascended to seventh in the world for matches played over the last 12 months, but more recently he has been beating everybody. Through the semifinals at the Pacific Southwest Tournament in Los Angeles last week, Gottfried had won 39 of his last 42 matches, and 15 in a row.

To an astute few, this streak is nothing shocking—only chickens coming home to roost—for there has always been so much to recommend Gottfried for glory. He has a full complement of clean strokes, the sturdy arsenal of a baseliner, yet he also possesses the instincts of an attacking player and is most at home at the net. His single best stroke is his volley—either side (experts disagree). Moreover, Gottfried is uncommonly quick, and in regard to temperament he is devoted and diligent. Only Santa Claus' elves are known to be happier hard workers. The single anecdote that follows Gottfried about concerns how he practiced for a few hours on the morning of his marriage and then atoned for taking the afternoon off with double sessions the next day.

Gottfried has grown weary of having to regularly confirm this tale, and for fear of appearing to be some mindless drone, he protests that he does not practice nearly so much as advertised. But then again, maybe he does. A recent conversation: "Brian, a lot of people want to know about you now. What sort of things do you like to do?"

"Well, I enjoy playing matches."

"No, no, I don't mean playing."

"Well, I like to practice a lot."

Finally, it is elicited from Gottfried that he and his wife Windy are "home people" who don't engage in too many shenanigans. While this natural reserve may not lead to cologne endorsements and PEOPLE magazine covers, it serves him well with his colleagues, who are unanimous in their earnest appreciation of such a placid rival and solid citizen. "You'll even find out Brian's got a good little sense of humor too," one pro says, "if you've got a lot of time to give to the project."

But tennis is what Brian Gottfried is all about, and has been ever since he was eight. Gottfried's younger brother, Larry, has followed him to Trinity and to the 18-and-under championship, but the family has no tennis legacy. Young Brian took up the game because the family (his father Arnold is a construction executive) hosted some Japanese juniors who were participating in the Orange Bowl tennis tournament. Within three years Gottfried was national 12-and-under doubles champion (with little Jimbo Connors), and the next year, 1963, Gottfried won the doubles again (with little Dickie Stockton). In 1964 he won the singles, thereby becoming a FACE IN THE CROWD in this magazine.

continued



He won 14 junior titles, but Stockton won 20 and played ahead of Gottfried at Trinity when it won the NCAA. Gottfried left school to turn pro, and in his first full year, 1973, won $90,000 and was named Rookie of the Year by *Tennis* magazine, but thereafter he was generally overshadowed by the other members of the incredible U.S. tennis class of '72. This group of six, all born between February 1951 and September 1952, now rank one, seven, eight, nine, 10 and 13 in the world. Besides Gottfried, Connors and Stockton, they are Roscoe Tanner, with the big glamour serve, and tiny Harold Solomon and diminutive Eddie Dibbs, the celebrated pitty-pat Bagel Twins. In this company Gottfried seldom drew attention to himself, except perhaps in Mexico, after he hooked up with Ramirez in 1974.

Gottfried is so phlegmatic and precise that he will never quite become the people's choice. Nothing appears to move him. His first big tournament victory in 1973 was a shocker—a rookie win in Vegas in the Alan King Classic for 30,000 silver dollars, carted out in a wheelbarrow, for what was then the richest tennis tournament in history. So blandly did Gottfried respond that Windy, exasperated, finally screamed at him, "Get happy, will you!"

The players soon learned, though, that the kid with the close-set eyes and the frizzy hair who looks not unlike Barbra Streisand could be read. The unchanging expression concealed an unchanging game. It was not that Gottfried left his best on the practice courts, it was that he practiced so much he developed a practice mentality. He played a dispassionate, choreographed style.

Sandy Mayer, another contemporary, who has been playing Gottfried since they were nine years old, says, "Brian just always wanted to be a purist. He could put the ball where he wanted to anytime, anywhere, and it really didn't matter so much to him whether he won or lost."

Gottfried won the Wimbledon doubles championship with Ramirez in 1976, but he does not believe he grew up as a singles player until one day at Forest Hills last September. This incident appears to have turned Gottfried around in ways that hitting another 4,000 perfect backhands could not accomplish. He was playing Bjorn Borg in the round of 16, having not dropped a set in the tournament. Gottfried is renowned as a slow starter but on this occasion he took the first two sets from Borg and, in the third, led 2–0. Then, at 30-all, he double-faulted, Borg won the next point and the game, and it was all over. Gottfried won only eight more games the rest of the way.

"It was ridiculous," Gottfried says. "Here I was, up two sets and a break, four games from the match, and I hon-

continued

There are two ways to correct a typing error.

The other way:

1. Take out the cartridge
2. Put it down
3. Pick up the correction cartridge
4. Insert it into the typewriter
5. Backspace
6. Type out the error
7. Take out the correction cartridge
8. Put it down
9. Pick up the regular typing cartridge
10. Insert it into the typewriter
11. Backspace
12. Type in the correction

The brother way:

1. Backspace
2. Press the ribbon button
3. Type out the error
4. Press the regular typing ribbon button
5. Backspace
6. Type in the correction



You never have to remove a Brother Cassette to make a correction.

Any way you look at it, the Brother way is the better way.

Unlike some cartridge typewriters, you never have to remove a Brother Correction Cassette Ribbon to make a correction.

You never have to worry about messy ink-stained fingers, either. Because with a Brother Cassette, your fingers never have to touch the ribbon to change the ribbon.

It also features the last word in typing conveniences. Such as a full 13" carriage, electric power carriage return, electric repeat backspacer and so much more. Even a molded carrying case for greater portability.

Write today for the name of your nearest dealer.

Brother... made better to make your life easier.

LIMITED WARRANTY 10 YEARS

brother®
INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION
8 Corporate Place
Piscataway, N.J. 08854



There may still be places on earth where Grand Marnier isn't offered after dinner.

For free recipe booklet, write Carillon Importers, Ltd., 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022. Product of France. Made with fine cognac brandy. 80 proof.



MAN TO MAN

by John Weitz

Style tips from the internationally famous men's fashion authority and designer of Capitán cigars

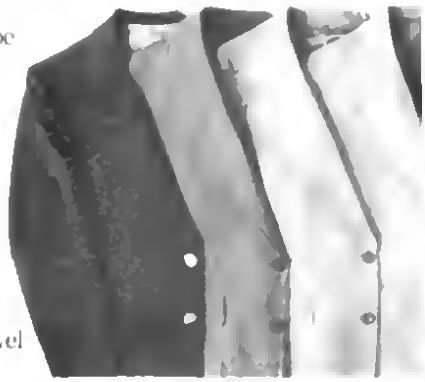
How to build a wardrobe in seven basic steps.

Think basic. Insist on craftsmanship. When something is well made it looks it. True for clothes. True for cigars, too. Which is why so many fashionable men are picking up on Capitan cigars these days. They like style in everything they do.



The basic wardrobe.
1. A blazer. (Yes, even for business.)
2. A navy suit. Lightweight.
3. A tweed suit. Ditto.
4. A poplin suit. Trousers can double as extras.
5. A medium gray suit. The all-around suit.
6. A wrinkle-proof travel suit. Formal or leisure.
7. Slacks. Cavalry twill and worsted.

Just seven items. But you'll look like a million.



Craftsmanship is what distinguishes Capitan cigars, too. The experts who created Capitan reached out to the African Cameroons for one of the world's rarest wrapper tobaccos.

This dark, satin-textured leaf has an incredibly smooth taste that goes beyond the word "mild." Cameroon is the perfect complement to the special Capitán blend of imported filler tobaccos.

Aroma alone will tell you Capitan is something special.

To accent Capitan's dark good looks, I helped select five slim, trim shapes, the better to flatter your face. And I also designed a special maroon pack to blend nicely with anything you're wearing.



I suggest you try a Capitán soon. It's a great cigar that looks it.



No. 7 actual size

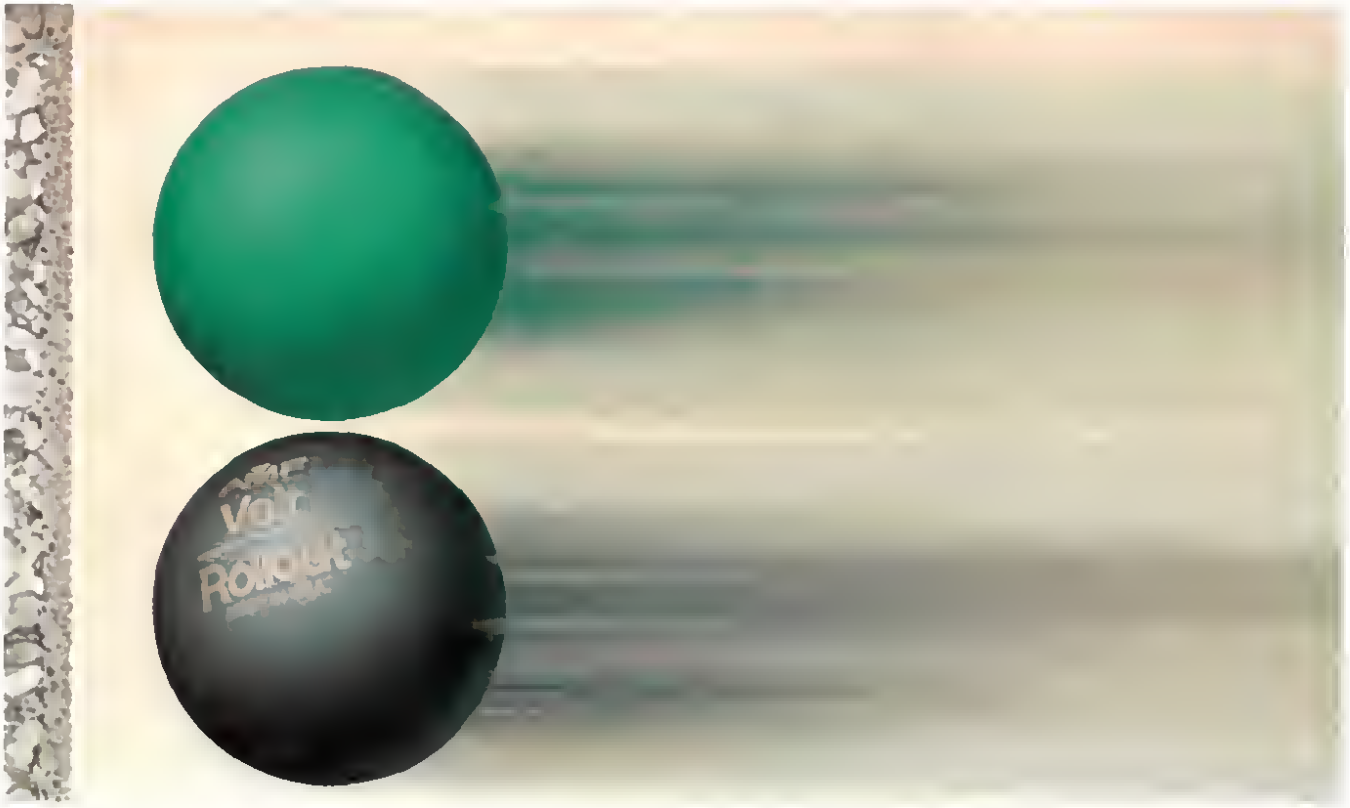
estly didn't think I could win. Whenever I'd get in a big match like this one, I just played to make it close. But losing that time had a big effect on me. Never again have I gone in against anybody thinking I couldn't win."

Gottfried won his next singles tournament after Forest Hills, defeating Dibbs, Connors, Ilie Nastase and Arthur Ashe in succession. The next time he played Borg, he beat him—and in Stockholm. So far in 1977 he has won three regular Grand Prix tour events, as well as the prestigious American Airlines Games at Palm Springs. He has won indoors and out, and back to back in successive weeks. Other players have been discombobulated by the use of slow balls on fast courts. Gottfried is not reluctant to display his whole repertoire whatever the circumstances. Moreover, with the help of Sandy Mayer's father, Alex, Gottfried has shored up his second serve, the weakest technical aspect of his game. Now Tony Trabert, the U.S. Davis Cup captain, who has selected Gottfried (and Stockton) to play singles next week in Newport Beach, Calif. against the South Africans, wants Gottfried occasionally to come in behind his second serve to keep opponents off guard. Everything else is going too well to be tinkered with.

Of course, tennis is a never-ending procession and there is plenty for everybody. Connors and Stockton, for example, are scuffling in WCT most weeks, safely upwind from Gottfried. He surely doesn't duck anybody—he played 34 tournaments one year—but after all, it is the big ones that really count. Connors now has four Grand Slam titles, and Tanner took his first in Australia this year, but Gottfried and the other members of the class of '72 have only gaudy records and hefty purses.

But Gottfried did win a pretty big one this year, the American Airlines Games. This must be in the top 10 of tournaments, but for one reason or another, Connors, Borg, Nastase and Ashe hadn't entered. The writers gathered about Gottfried after his victory and one inquired if the absence of these stars had not diminished his victory.

As you know by now, Gottfried is not very garrulous. He looked the interviewer square in the face, and then Raul Ramirez' doubles partner replied, "Do you ask them that question now when I'm not at a tournament?" **END**



We tested our AMF Voit Rollout Ball & their ball against a concrete wall at 90 mph. We won.

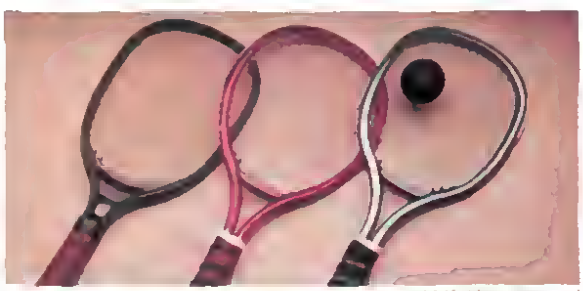
AMF Voit's Rollout was the racquetball that kept its bounce and shape.

An impartial pitching machine hurled our ball and our leading competitor's ball against the wall at 90 miles an hour. Five hundred times.

The results show that Rollout had less breakage and consistently stayed rounder. And in a game like racquetball, consistency counts.

Try Rollout from AMF Voit. It's the ball that beat the wall.

The same quality that goes into AMF Voit Racquetballs, goes into our Racquets. Go with the winner. AMF Voit.



AMF Voit

AMF Voit, Santa Ana, California 92704



The team of Gengler (left) and Hilton continued on its winning way in the World Championships

The Forest Hills Hilton

What's a pretty girl like this doing on a paddle court? Cleaning up, that's what

"What we need to attract the public," the platform tennis people must have said, "is a dynamite chick. A superstar. All we've got now are these country-club gals with their station wagons, needlepoint and pitty-pat serves. We want a bona fide, all-American, knock-your-socks-off *girl*. What we need," they mused, "is a cross between Farrah Fawcett and Chris Evert."

They got what they needed in Hilary Hilton. Age, 26; hair, blonde; eyes, blue; height, 5′ 5½″; weight, 129, occupation, professional platform tennis player.

It would be an exaggeration to say that Hilton has burst into the national consciousness. But last week she and 63 other platform tennis (also called paddle) professionals were trying to do so as they went to work at Forest Hills. The occasion was the second Tribuno World Championship, the final stop in a 14-event, $82,900 tour that runs from November to April.

The tournament was not exactly a promoter's dream. The attendance was sparse on Thursday and Friday and only about 500 showed up on Saturday to brave the rain and watch the women's finals. It was almost as if the revered West Side Tennis Club resented the intrusion.

Despite the paucity of fans, platform tennis has come a long way in the past few years. With more Americans playing (400,000) and more courts available (5,000 to 6,000) than ever, paddle is developing a following outside the Ivy League-country club set. The game remains Eastern-dominated, however, 83% of the players in the Tribuno being from New York, New Jersey or Connecticut.

Hilton is a notable exception. She is pure California. Her dazzling teeth have promoted Gleem on TV. She was even—and this is too good to be true—on *The Dating Game* once and won a trip to Paris with a boxer. Hilton was weaned on the version of the game known as paddle tennis, which is played on a miniature tennis court, with no screens, the same paddles and a punctured (to deaden the bounce) tennis ball. The step up to platform was a logical one, and in the third tournament she ever played Hilton and her partner won the national championship in 1975. (The game is almost invariably played as doubles.)

When she heard that Tribuno was sponsoring a women's tour for the first time this season, Hilton decided to enlist her friend, Margie Gengler, as a partner. But Margie had to travel with her tennis-playing husband, Stan Smith. Well, what about her younger sister Louise? Well, why not? Coming into the Tribuno, Gengler-Hilton had won all six tournaments on the circuit without dropping a single set in any final.

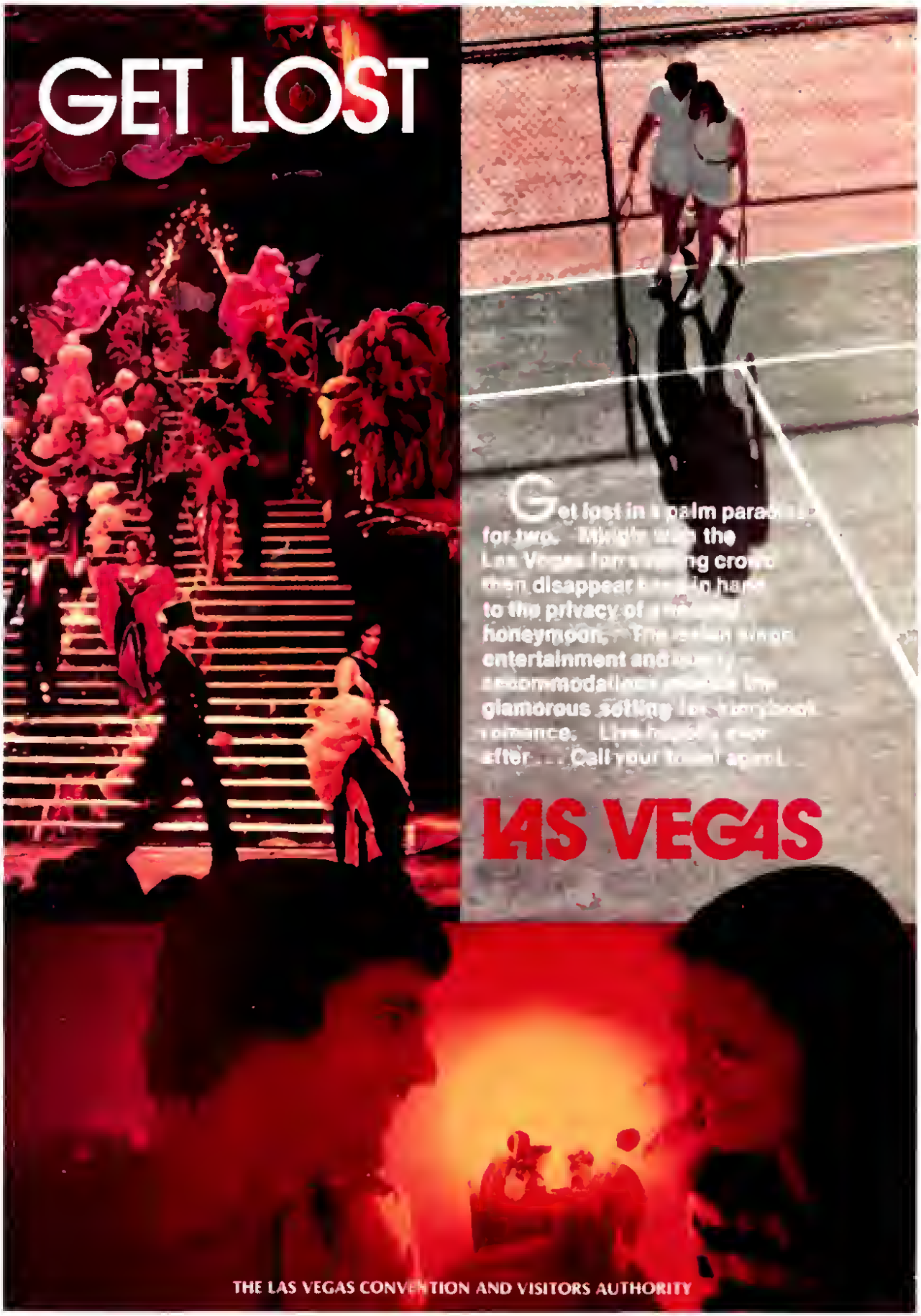
Because of the confined quarters in paddle, many shots can be taken by either player, especially when both are at net. Partners avoid confusion by talking to each other constantly. On most teams, "mine" or "yours" is sufficient. But Gengler and Hilton have carried it one step further, and not long ago they were presented with matching T shirts, one emblazoned "Me, Me, Me" and the other reading "You, You, You."

They are a well-matched pair. Gengler, 24, was captain of the women's tennis, field hockey and ice hockey teams at Princeton. She has been playing racket sports all her life and had no trouble picking up paddle. She has a menacing two-handed backhand and a powerful forehand drive and is a fine sereen player. Hilton complements her with a strong serve and sizzling service returns from the ad court. She is the best volleyer in the women's game.

Before Friday afternoon's semifinal match against last year's national champions, Wendy Chase and Linda Wolf, Hilton was lunching on yogurt, honey and soybeans. She was talking about the book she plans to write about mental fitness in sports, geared toward women. The working title is *La Belle Aurore*, which should mean something to all *Casablanca* trivia experts.

Gengler-Hilton won the first two sets 7–6, 6–3. Normally the match would have been over, but because Tribuno was putting up equal prize money ($15,000) for men and women, the women voted Friday morning to play three out of five in the semis and finals, just as the men do. Take note, Billie Jean. Gengler and Hilton lost the next two sets 4–6, 1–6, before pulling the match out 6–4.

continued


GET LOST
LAS VEGAS
THE LAS VEGAS CONVENTION AND VISITORS AUTHORITY

MEET THE NEW PRO ON THE TOUR.

Over 200 members in the Association of Tennis Professionals will be playing Dunlop Tennis Balls in 1977.

Because no matter how you abuse them, they keep bouncing back for more. And because Dunlop pressure-checks every ball before it leaves the factory.

Which are very good reasons why you should be playing Dunlops, too.

DUNLOP

CHAMPIONSHIP tennis ball

Dunlop Sports Co. a Division of Dunlop Rubber Corp. Buffalo, New York 14240



DUNLOP

SEBAGO

DOCKSIDES



Sebago, Inc. Westbrook, Maine 04092

Examine the elk tanned cowhide upper. Built to resist salt, perspiration, mildew. Test the non-slip sole which refuses to pick up sand or pebbles. Handsewn by Yankee craftsmen.

Sebago Docksides available at **B. Altman's** New York City, **Strawbridge & Clothier** Philadelphia, **Hess Shoes** Baltimore, **Woodward & Lothrop** Washington, D.C., **Jos. Harris Co.** San Francisco, **The Foursome** Wayzata, Minn., **Kerrison's** Charlestown, S.C., **Simpson's** Piccadilly, London, England, **Maison Blanche** New Orleans and other fine stores.

The men's draw ran true to form and the two top seeds made it to the finals. Hard-hitting Herb FitzGibbon and Hank Irvine, former Davis Cup tennis players for the U.S. and Rhodesia respectively, breezed through the top half of the draw, losing just 11 games en route. Although they beat master tactician Doug Russell and Gordon Gray, the other Forest Hills finalists, to win last month's Nationals, FitzGibbon-Irvine were seeded second in the Tribuno and felt a need to set the record straight.

The weather was delightful and the crowd still sparse for Sunday's finals, even though admission was free. Contrary to custom, Gray-Russell started strong and won a hard-fought first set 7–6. But suddenly they found themselves in trouble. FitzGibbon became increasingly confident and accurate with his passing shots, while Irvine was impenetrable at the net. Gray and Russell simply folded and sleep-walked through the rest of the match to lose 6–7, 6–2, 6–0, 6–2.

Thus ended an unusual partnership. The highly competitive Russell will be playing with former tennis star Clark Graebner next year while Gray will team up with John Mangan. "I'm looking forward to it," said a drained Gray in the locker room. "I may not win as much money with Mangan, but I'll have a lot more fun."

The women's finals were better than expected, considering that Sis North, one of Gengler and Hilton's opponents, got on camera beforehand and said, "I'm sure they'll beat us because they're so good." She couldn't have been a better prophet. Gengler and Hilton beat North and B. J. DeBree 6–2, 7–6, 7–6 and lest that sound close, it should be noted that the combined point score of the two tie breakers was 14–2.

Ironically, all the built-in equalizers (small court, one serve, screen play) that make paddle such a good social game may limit the future of championship-caliber play. There are just so many shots that can be made on a platform tennis court. "Where is the ace, the home run, the 300-yard drive?" asks Dick Squires, platform tennis promoter and former national champion.

Meanwhile, as paddle ponders its future, the present is pleasing. It has FitzGibbon the pounder, Russell the tactician, Gengler the shotmaker and, of course, Hilary Hilton the all-important Hollywood Connection. **END**

How can we make our National Economy stronger?

Some views from the Life Insurance Business.

Millions of Americans have entrusted their funds to the nation's Life Insurance Companies. For this reason, we feel we have an obligation to speak out on the serious economic issues that confront the nation and affect the well-being of our policyholders.

We re particularly concerned about the current levels of unemployment and inflation. High unemployment involves an unacceptable wastage of human resources. Our policyholders and pension beneficiaries suffer from erosion of the purchasing power of the dollar, due to inflation. And the penalties of inflation fall most heavily on those least able to bear them. High inflation rates are disruptive of our economic system and adversely affect every segment of society.

On March 4, 1977, we expressed our opinions to the Joint Economic Committee of Congress. For the most part, we agreed with the fiscal stimulus package proposed by the Administration. But we made a few more points in eight specific areas.

1. Inflation
Inflation may be even more troublesome this year than last. We think it would be advantageous to announce a specific inflation target, which, if pursued, would improve public confidence in the prospects for price stability.

2. Structural Unemployment
Government programs for jobs should concentrate on where the problem is greatest — among the unskilled, younger workers, minorities, and people in central cities. We believe that a massive, across-the-board effort would be more costly and less effective.

3. Tax Rebate
We endorse the $50 tax rebate as an immediate stimulus to the economy at a time when faster economic growth is needed.

4. Business Tax Reduction
In our view, tax reduction for businesses is required to increase investment and create more permanent jobs. A good approach would be to give tax relief through an additional 2% on the investment tax credit. An even better idea would be to reduce the corporate income tax.

5. Deficits and Interest Rates
While we endorse the proposal for a $15 billion stimulus, we urge that it not be made bigger. Larger government deficits can step up inflation and bring on higher interest rates.

6. Monetary Policy
The Federal Reserve System's monetary policies have been helpful, thus far, in restoring economic growth. However, a resurgence of inflation would force the Federal Reserve to restrict credit and slow down our economic expansion.

7. Wage and Price Controls
We are opposed to wage and price controls as a way to resist inflation. In our opinion, they do more harm than good. They deal with the symptoms of inflation — not the causes — and damage the economy by distorting business decisions and long-range plans.

8. Energy Policy
We would welcome a comprehensive energy policy that would include gradual deregulation of energy prices. This would encourage conservation of energy, and give incentives to search for new energy sources.

We have room, here, for a brief summary only. If you feel you'd like to know more about our views on the economic issues facing this nation, send us the coupon. We'll send you a complete copy of our statement.



American Council of Life Insurance
Dept. EP
277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

Please send a copy of the Statement on Economic Policy Issues of 1977.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

We want you to know more about life.

THE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES IN AMERICA

REPRESENTED BY THE AMERICAN COUNCIL OF LIFE INSURANCE

America is growing more dependent on foreign fuel, not less.

Your representatives in Washington have been talking about a national energy policy for more than three years.

In the meantime, America is growing more dependent on foreign fuel, not less.

Back in 1973-74, the Mid-east oil embargo meant waiting in line for gasoline, more inflation, more unemployment, and higher prices. At that time, our country imported 38% of the oil we consumed. Today America imports 42%!

Tell Washington what you think.

Your opinion *can* make a difference.

That's why we've left the opposite page blank. We hope you will use it to help spur action on a national energy policy.

We hope thousands of you will write to one of your United States Senators. We hope you will tell him—in your own words and for your own reasons—that you want industry and government to work together to promote policies that will insure adequate supplies of energy at all times.

Will America have enough fuel for the future?

The answer is "yes"...

...if we all conserve energy and avoid waste;

...if we develop new domestic sources of oil and gas;

...if we deregulate fuel prices;

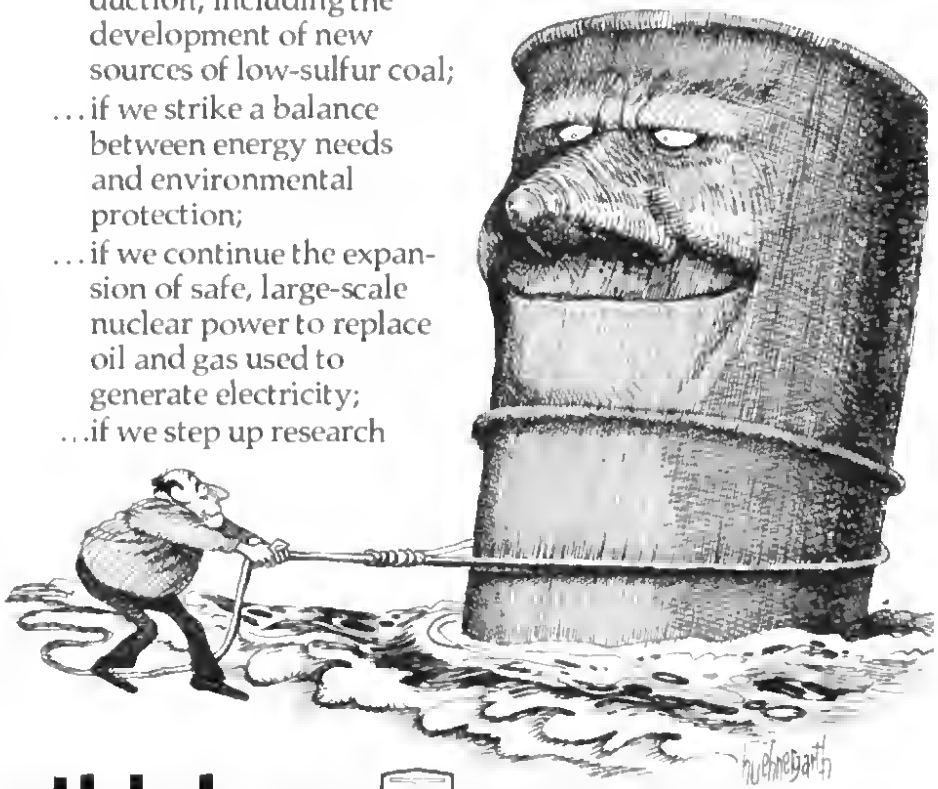
...if we expand coal production, including the development of new sources of low-sulfur coal;

...if we strike a balance between energy needs and environmental protection;

...if we continue the expansion of safe, large-scale nuclear power to replace oil and gas used to generate electricity;

...if we step up research and development of new sources that will become significant suppliers of energy in the future.

Those are the vital elements we believe should be included in an energy policy for our country. But what do *you* believe? Write down your thoughts on the page opposite. Then tear it out and send it to one of the United States Senators from your state.



Bethlehem BETHLEHEM STEEL

Bethlehem Steel Corporation
Bethlehem, PA 18016

Honorable_____
United States Senate
Washington, DC 20510

Dear Senator_____:

Sincerely yours,

Bethlehem Steel

It's that new college try

Knocked out as an NCAA sport back in 1960, boxing is getting up off the canvas with the help of some dedicated men like Al McChesney of West Chester State

"This is the Green Bay of college boxing," exulted Al McChesney, the coach at West Chester (Pa.) State. McChesney had just heard that the second annual National Collegiate Boxing Association championships, to be held in Hollinger Field House Saturday night, had drawn the biggest advance sale in the history of the college, topping even rock groups.

On Saturday a sell-out crowd of 3,500 jammed the field house for the 13 title bouts between teams representing the East and the West, and the home folks cheered until the end. Six of the seven West Chester boxers on the winning East team won championships. The West, which took only two bouts, might have done slightly better were it not that a couple of close decisions went the other way, notably the loss by Jim Krtinich of the University of Nevada at Reno to Gary Woodring of West Chester in the 172-pound class.

But then, many a boxing bout is likely to prompt some disagreement. The fact is that last Saturday night was a triumph for collegiate boxing and for West Chester and McChesney, fittingly so because both coach and college have done so much not only to reestablish the sport but also to put it on a rare high level of pure student involvement.

None of the tournament boxers—who were from the University of Toronto, Lehigh, Villanova, California, Nevada at Reno, Temple, Penn State, Western State in Colorado and West Chester—had been recruited or was attending college on a boxing scholarship. Most of them had never even laced on a pair of gloves until they went out for the sport at school, and one of the most impressive winners, Timmy Murphy, a West Chester sophomore, did not start boxing for the college club until the swimming season ended six weeks ago.

College boxing once was extremely popular. The sport began in 1919 with matches between the University of Pennsylvania and Penn State, and it flourished through the years, the first NCAA tournament being held in 1937. In 1940, on the same night that Joe Louis drew 11,000 to Madison Square Garden for his title fight with Johnny Paycheck, the University of Wisconsin attracted 15,000 fans in Madison for a match against Washington State. During the '50s, more than 200 schools were involved with the sport. But even though college boxing then, as now, called for strict adherence to safety measures, with padded headgear, 12-ounce gloves and thickly padded canvas rings, it fell into decline. One reason was that a couple of schools, Wisconsin and Idaho State, dominated competition by giving scholarships to experienced amateur boxers. In addition, many critics denounced college boxing because of the sordidness prevalent in the professional sport. The knockout blow came in 1960 when Charlie Mohr of Wisconsin died in the hospital after being floored in the NCAA championships. It is possible that Mohr died from an aneurysm, an inherent defect that could have caused him to die of a cerebral hemorrhage while just walking down the street; nonetheless the NCAA dropped boxing. Only four West Coast schools, led by Cal, continued the sport. Banded together as the California Collegiate Boxing Conference, they staged their bouts in near obscurity.

Enter Martin Watkins, a professor of English at West Chester, and Alexander Zdrok, a football dropout and pre-law student who has since become an attorney. Watkins and Zdrok founded a boxing club at the school in 1969. "I just liked contact sports," says Zdrok. One night in 1971, after reading a newspaper item about a workout in the basement in the old library, McChesney, an architect who had boxed at Penn State in the '50s, and Dean Plemmons, president of a chemical company who had boxed for Wisconsin at the same time and had won the 112-pound championship, decided to stop by. Neither man knew the other, but from the way they punched the bags and worked out, it was obvious they knew what they were doing. The awed West Chester students asked them to coach, and both agreed to do so without pay. Both have since spent several thousand dollars of their own money to get the sport rolling. Plemmons, who stopped coaching three years ago after moving his company to Winston-Salem, N.C., has kept up his interest as much as possible and was on hand Saturday to referee some of the bouts.

In 1972 McChesney and Plemmons arranged for the West Chester club to box Lehigh. The match, which West Chester won 5–2, was the first of its kind in the East since 1960. In 1973 the two coaches founded the Eastern Collegiate Boxing Association, and six nearby schools competed in the championships. In 1974 West Chester won all seven of its scheduled matches, including an exhibition at the University of Michigan. West Chester also took the second ECBA championships, the first of four it has won.

In 1976, McChesney and Plemmons, with the help of Jimmy Olivas, the veteran coach of Nevada at Reno, founded

continued

Murphy became a champ in just six weeks



HOW DO YOU GET THAT JUMP, LOU?



Lou Brock says we gave it to him. His Converse shoes are made of calf leather that is light enough for the extra jump a winner needs, soft and supple enough to stay comfortable for nine innings, and tough enough to take professional punishment.

CONVERSE

THE SHOES OF THE STARS

an Eltra company

If you had your eyes tested outdoors as well as indoors, you'd know why we developed photochromic lenses.



You're probably reading this indoors. Easily. Comfortably.

But if you walked outside into the sun's glare, things would be different. You'd find yourself squinting. Straining. Seeing, even through prescription lenses, would be uncomfortable.

Of course, you could always switch from clear lenses to tinted lenses every time you go outside. Or, you could wear lenses made of Corning® Photochromic glass.

Indoors, they're virtually clear. But in sunlight, they darken. Automatically. So you can see comfortably. Indoors and out.

No wonder over 50 million eyeglass prescriptions of all kinds have already been filled with Photochromic lenses. Including bifocals and trifocals. There's even an extra dark Photochromic lens for sunglasses.

And they're all made of glass, the most accurate and most scratch-resistant optical material.

Remember. Regular eye examinations are important for good vision. And if you believe good vision should also be comfortable, ask your eye care specialist about lenses made of Corning's Photochromic glass.

They're the most comfortable way to see under the sun. And out of the sun.

Photochromic lenses. For more comfortable vision indoors and outdoors.



CORNING

the National Collegiate Boxing Association. The first championships were held at Reno, and the highlights were televised, as they were last week, by NBC. The West, led by Nevada, won.

More than 20 colleges are now members of the NCBA and, to assure continued success and even distribution of talent, the NCBA prohibits recruiting and scholarships. In fact, no one who has ever boxed in a public contest after reaching the age of 16, except for interschool bouts, is eligible to compete.

Going into the championships Saturday night, McChesney figured that Nevada probably would be rated the top college team and West Chester second. "But then, don't forget that we try harder," he said.

The first West Chester boxer on the card, Keith Refsnider, who had won the 139-pound Eastern title at South Carolina the week before, entered the ring to cheers. His opponent was Billy Sandoval of Cal. In the corner, McChesney told Refsnider to move, be straight with his punches and get off the first good left and the first good right. "Sandoval's a classic boxer when he's in the middle of the ring," McChesney said later, "and we wanted Keith to get good position by getting him in the corner." The crowd roared with delight when Refsnider won the decision.

Steve Zembsch of Cal dampened the enthusiasm by defeating Terry Coyne of West Chester, a replacement for the injured Eastern champion, Billy McNulty of South Carolina, for the 147-pound title, but almost immediately Timmy Murphy had the field house fans chanting his name as he went against Doug Paul of Nevada in the 156-pound class. "When I heard the crowd, it really got me up," said Murphy. After the first round, McChesney told Murphy to cut off the ring. The strategy worked as Murphy staggered Paul in the second round for a stand-up knockdown and then stopped him in 1:56 of the third on a TKO.

Given the success of the two NCBA championships and the enthusiasm of the boxers and coaches involved, more schools are expected to take up the sport next year. "There's no question college boxing is coming back," said Phil Nimir, the bearded Cal coach, "but we have to keep our eye on it and avoid overemphasis on winning. If you talk to the young men we work with, they're what it's all about. They're *students*." **END**



You may get to take it to the Superbowl

Or the World Series, NBA Playoffs, Indy 500, U.S. Tennis Open or the Kentucky Derby Trials.

We think the world's first portable FM/AM radio-cassette recorder with a built-in TV deserves a sporting introduction. So we're giving you the chance to win a trip for two to your favorite sports classic. Or you might win lots of other prizes—including the new 3060.

To enter the JVC Super Sports Sweepstakes, just drop by your nearest JVC dealer for an entry form. You can get his name by dialing 800-221-7502 toll-free outside New York. There's no purchase necessary.

While you're there, check out our latest innovation—the sportiest portable FM/AM radio-TV-cassette recorder ever.

JVC

JVC America [illegible] 58-75 Queens Midtown Expressway, Maspeth, New York [illegible]

These shoes are so great why don't they make them in suede, too?



We do.

Verde

Rockford, Michigan 49351

Smooth leather uppers, suede uppers, leather soles, fine detailing—and remarkably priced at about $28



A laughing matter no longer

Foreign stars used to snicker at the NASL, but as the league opens its 11th season, and the renowned Pelé (above) starts his 21st and last, it now has respect

Edson Arantes do Nascimento—Pelé—leaped for joy in the rain that pelted the New Jersey Meadowlands. It was a mere exhibition game, but Pelé has never taken a goal he scored casually, and this was the 1,259th of his career. With some luck, he will score perhaps another 15 for the New York Cosmos in the season ahead, and that will be the end. At 36, the best-known soccer player in the world will retire, having almost single-handedly conferred credibility on the professional game in this country since he arrived here two years ago.

Pelé's last season begins with the NASL down from 20 teams to 18, financially wasted Philadelphia and Boston having been dropped and no fewer than four other franchises transferred to presumably greener pastures. Phil Woosnam, the league's eternally optimistic commissioner, claims he is buoyed by such activity. "Soccer is the only pro sport that's growing," he says. "All the big ones are leveling out, and the smart new money is going into soccer. We'll add four more teams for '78." Already signed up are the Colorado Caribous, owned by smart money men Booth Gardner of Seattle and James Guercio of Boulder. Cost of the franchise was $1 million.

Attendance, that pulse by which bankers, commissioners and team owners gauge fiscal health, was up last year to an average of 11,000 a game from less than 8,000 in 1975. The schedule has been increased from 24 games to 26. A new television contract with TVS will bring seven regular-season games, sponsored by such as Coke and Toyota, to some 140 subscriber stations across the country. Whatever local stations do is extra. The Cosmos, for instance, will televise their entire away-game schedule back to New York.

On the field, a new tie-breaking rule will probably offend soccer purists, but will provide pyrotechnics. A 15-minute sudden-death overtime period will follow a regulation tie, after that, a "shoot-out" will determine the winner—individual members of a side taking turns going one-on-one against the opposing goalkeeper from 35 yards out.

The rule underlines the league's determination to put an American imprint on the international sport. It also reflects a growing confidence that U.S. soccer has come of age, or near to it. "Foreign players no longer laugh at the idea of NASL soccer," says Woosnam. "Now they'll talk a deal."

One thing the NASL has not been able to laugh off is the fact that possibly its two best teams—the Cosmos and the Tampa Bay Rowdies—are again not only in the same conference (the Atlantic), but also in the same division, and thus one of them will be eliminated after the first round of the playoffs. Until then, the two clubs will likely fight to the wire for first place in the East. The Cosmos, who will perform this year at the multimillion-dollar Meadowlands sports complex, play perhaps the most sophisticated game in the league. With the savvy of Pelé and the strong shot of Giorgio Chinaglia, who led the league with 19 goals and 11 assists after he was imported last year from Italy, the Cosmos will be extraordinarily tough, even more so than before with the off-season addition of Yugoslavian Midfielder Vitomir Dimitrijevic.

In sharp contrast is Coach Eddie Firmani's galloping, rough-and-tumble, long-passing English-style Tampa club, led by Rodney Marsh, heir-apparent to Pelé as the best player in the league. Englishman Derek Smethurst, who topped the league with 20 goals last year, is again on hand, as is the burly veteran Haitian National, Arsene Auguste. The Rowdies have added Goalie Paul Hammond from England. All told, Tampa Bay may hold a delicate edge over New York in the East.

Behind these two are the Washington Diplomats, who move into 55,000-seat RFK Stadium, reflecting high hopes at the gate if not on the field. The Dips will not have the services of Forward Paul Cannell, the goalie-crunching anchor of last year's side, who chose to remain with his English first division team. Coach Dennis Viollet must mold six new English players—all signed within the last three weeks—into a team. He still should be able to overcome the Fort Lauderdale Strikers—last year's Miami Toros—who will occupy the divisional basement. Coach Ron Newman, formerly of Dallas, has his strikers taking ballet lessons for grace, but it will be a long waltz over the 26-game season.

The Northern Division of the Atlantic Conference again will be led by the uninspiring but highly competent Chicago Sting, 15–9 last season. The attack will center around Miro Rys, 19, a gifted young playmaking forward from Cicero, Ill., and veteran Polish International star

continued



SMOKEHOUSE®
SATURDAY NIGHT

Company's coming. The fire's going nicely. There's plenty of ice. You take one last look around the room before your friends arrive, snitching a Smokehouse® almond from the bowl on the table. Remember what a hit those almonds were the last time? Everytime you turned around, the dish was empty. Fantastic flavor! No wonder they say, **"One Nibble is Never Enough."** It's true.

Smokehouse® Almonds, one of seven different snack almonds from

the Almond People®.

California Almond Growers Exchange
P.O. Box 1768, Sacramento, CA 95808

John Kowolik, 33, a lightning-quick ball handler.

After their 12–12 season last year, the Connecticut Bicentennials moved south from Hartford into New Haven's Yale Bowl, with a new and strong Portuguese contingent headed by Vitor Moia, a striker from first division Estoril. The Bi's, as they like to be known, could finish second in the North.

The Rochester Lancers may come in third or even second if John Pedro, their small but magnificent midfielder, continues to improve. Mike Stojanovic, also a forward, was the NASL's fourth-leading scorer last season.

And last year's champions, Toronto's Metros-Croatia, who turned down an acquisition offer of $900,000 from Carling-O'Keefe brewery, figure to do no better than third, having failed to sign Midfielder Wolfgang Sunholtz and the "Prince of Soccer," the aging Eusabio.

St. Louis will return this year to the real world after experimenting with a heavily American line-up. The Stars finished with a 5–19 record, worst in the league. This season there are seven new starters, five of them English.

In the Pacific Conference, the Western Division will again be dominated by the youthful, slick Minnesota Kicks, the team that gave the NASL tailgate parties and free parking. Last season they were 15–9 and had the third-highest number of points in the league. They should do well again this year. Heavily staffed with English players, the Kicks will depend on African speedster Ace Ntsoelengoe, the best attacking midfielder in the league, and the recently signed Paul Futcher, 20, a young defender from England.

Minnesota could be menaced by the vastly improved Portland Timbers, who fell like so many Ponderosa pines last year (8–16), after deciding to stay with a pat hand because they made the finals in 1975. New Coach Brian Tiler quickly signed ex-Rowdies Clyde Best and Stewart Scullion, two of the league's finer English forwards, the pair had become embroiled with the Tampa Bay management over bonuses and were let go. One Rowdies owner still refers to Scullion as "that little twerp."

Vancouver should come in third in the West. Twelve Whitecaps, plus Coach Eckhard Krautzen, are members of the moderately successful Canadian National team, which played together year-round against able competition. But even with Defender Bruce Wilson—one of the best "North American" (NASL-ese for "Canadian") players, and Defender Sam Lenarduzzi, who was in his first international game for Canada's national team at 17, the Whitecaps won't wash the Timbers out to sea.

Coach Jimmy Gabriel of the Seattle Sounders is trying an experiment that could assure him of the basement in the division. Because Gabriel doesn't want to use "loaners"—English players on loan to American teams who don't want



to pay for their services on a year-round basis—he is forced to rely on American players and the more modestly talented foreigners whose contracts his team can afford to buy. The signing last week of Mike Flater, a fast and efficient young American forward formerly of Minnesota, will help.

The Southern Division will produce another close scramble. Last year's runner-up Dallas Tornado could win. To shore up a weak defense, Dallas has acquired Sweeper Back Glenn Myernick, the NASL No. 1 draft pick this spring. Steve Pecher, who is returning, should help on defense. But English Goalie Ken Cooper stopped only 75% of the shots against him; 85% is a more acceptable NASL figure.

Dallas' chief opposition is San Jose, last year's divisional champs. The Earthquakes are led by Ilija Mitic, 36, the venerable NASL all-time goal leader (93), and playmaking Midfielder Antonio (Senator) Simoes, 34, an elected deputy of Portugal's national assembly. San Jose has chosen to stay with its winners—again a chancy practice in a shifting division.

The Los Angeles Aztecs should wind up third. Onetime British superstar George Best will start at midfield this year, instead of forward, so his ball-handling skills can be used to greater advantage. Charlie Cooke's Chelsea side has a crack at making the first division in England, postponing his L.A. debut to mid-June.

The Aztecs could be overtaken by the Las Vegas Quicksilvers, formerly the San Diego Jaws, who nibbled out a 9–15 record last year. The Quicksilvers will field the best middle line in the league, with Eusabio and Sunholtz, late of Toronto, and Tony Olivera, captain of both the Portuguese National team and Benefica of Lisbon, a venerable European Cup team. Las Vegas should be much improved, and could be an upset winner in the South.

Team Hawaii (ex-San Antonio Thunder), the exotic plaything of potato chip heir Ward Lay, will probably come in last in the division. The Hawaiians are minus their only two stars of last season—Captain Bobby Moore, who has compelling business interests in England, and Goalie Bobby Clarke, now involved in World Cup play with the Scottish National team. What the Hawaiians have going for them is the coaching of Hubert Vogelsinger, who two years ago put together one of the league's most promising acts—now defunct—at Boston, only to have it sold for ready cash.

Tampa and Minnesota should meet next August in Soccer Bowl '77 in Portland. But, as Pelé will tell you, the oldest soccer adage is that a soccer ball is round and rarely stops rolling. The NASL is an exuberant league, where rosters change as quickly as the weather, and anything is possible, even a Las Vegas-Connecticut final. Remember Toronto Metros-Croatia. **END**



WHY AIN'T I IN THE HALL?



LEWIS ROBERT (HACK) WILSON

Born April 26, 1900, at Ellwood City, Pa.
Died November 23, 1948, at Baltimore, Md.
Height 5.06. Weight 210.
Threw and batted right-handed.

Year	Club	League	Pos.	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	BA
1923	NEW YORK	NAT.	OF	3	10	0	2	0	0	0	0	.200
1924	NEW YORK	NAT.	OF	107	383	62	113	18	12	10	57	.295
1925	NEW YORK	NAT.	OF	62	180	28	43	7	4	8	30	.239
1926	CHICAGO	NAT.	OF	142	529	87	170	36	8	*21	109	.321
1927	CHICAGO	NAT.	OF	146	551	113	175	30	12	*30	129	.318
1928	CHICAGO	NAT.	OF	145	520	99	163	32	8	*31	120	.313
1929	CHICAGO	NAT.	OF	150	574	135	198	30	5	39	*159	.345
1930	CHICAGO	NAT.	OF	155	585	146	208	35	6	*56	*190	.356
1931	CHICAGO	NAT.	OF	112	395	66	103	22	4	13	61	.261
1932	BROOKLYN	NAT.	OF	135	481	77	143	37	5	23	123	.297
1933	BROOKLYN	NAT.	OF	117	360	41	96	13	2	8	54	.267
1934	BKLYN., PHIL.	NAT.	OF	74	192	24	47	5	0	5	30	.245
MAJOR LEAGUE TOTALS				1,348	4,750	884	1,461	266	67	244	1,062	.307

* Led League * Tied for League Lead

CONTINUED



BY MARK KRAM

I've been dead just about 30 years now, since Nov. 23, 1948, to be exact. I didn't much like the idea at the time, but what can a man expect who abused himself so badly? Now, having long ago gotten used to my present state, I look back and see a lot of mercy behind the moment. F. Scott Fitzgerald, that writer fella, whose own end came several years before mine, told me I was a fool for being so grateful, he's still mad as a hornet. "I had so much left in me," he shouts. And I say, "Yeah, but you should've thought of that when you were working double time in all those Paris joints." I could have kicked myself for saying that, because he's such a soft, gentle guy, and besides look who's talking.

Maybe Fitz has got a point, about his death, that is, not mine. Mine came at the right time. I was miserable, having been cut off from the only world I ever knew—sunlit ball yards with that smell they all had, the feel of a good piece of wood in your hands and the sweat pouring out of you. Maybe you miss a couple of pitches, and the crowds in those stands that seemed to be pushed up so close to you would begin to roar until, waiting for one more swing, the sound was like one of them Chicago elevateds bearing down on you hard. And suddenly, there the ball was, with its tail snaking up and down, its newness and speed making this hissing noise. In the time it takes for one heartbeat, I would have all of that white. Sometimes, I never knew a better feeling in all my life. It was like finally getting to an itch in the middle of your back. So what could come after that, after I'd finally ruined it all, after all those protectors of the game's sacredness who would never forgive or let me forget? Where was I going in the year of '48 on that damp day in Baltimore? Oh, I had been dead inside for so long, and publicly forgotten for more than 10 years. My name was gone like a click, and nobody remembered me much, except some barroom historian when they were sweeping out a joint before the sun broke.



The Babe and Gehrig sure had a lot of size on me, especially in the feet

My name was Hack Wilson. Baseball was my game. I really don't know what I'm doing here talking like this. It's never been my style. You could put my ego under a swayback ant. Well, maybe that was my trouble, among other things. I never spoke up much for myself. And I don't want it to sound like I'm pleading now, but right is right. I've waited for some reporter to come along—oh, how I've waited—to give me my due, to bring to life the man who drove in 190 runs one year (Babe says that's one record they ain't *never* going to get) and hit more home runs in one season—56—than anyone else ever has in the National League. But they all act like I died owing money to their grandfathers. The only time my name ever comes up is when somebody looks like he might get near the RBI record—if the season was 80 games longer. That's all I come down to: some lines in the record book. Yet, I guess I can understand these new reporters. Putting together someone's life who's been dead for 30 years is like a man chasing his hat in a high wind. Pretty soon he sees himself chasing the hat, which is blowing farther and farther away, and he begins to feel stupid and lets the hat go. He says to himself, "Who gives a damn, anyway?"

My trouble is that nobody even thinks about chasing the hat. I'm not news. I'm not even a good feature story. None of the guys still alive, like Waite Hoyt or Freddie Lindstrom or Charlie Grimm (see how long a man can live when he keeps his life in order?), knew me well enough to put me together. Sure, I was one of the boys, but nobody knew who I was or how I felt. They used to laugh me off: I was a very funny man to them. Hell, half the time I didn't know what I was about. Ballplayers didn't sit around and think about themselves much in those days. And all the stories done on me at the time, they were like beer without a head. The writers could've done better. It wasn't that they didn't know something about me. I used to drink with some of them, lend them money and laugh with them long into

continued

WHY ARE THESE STARS ON THE OUTS?

Hack Wilson is not the only player who has been ignored by the Hall of Fame. There are plenty of others who should be in and aren't. These lineups—for an imaginary game between a team composed of players now in Cooperstown and another of some of the players who have been passed over—dramatize that injustice.

Obviously, any man who plays well enough to get into the Hall is a superior athlete. Just as obviously, the Outs are a better team. Here is a position-by-position comparison:

	THE OUTS		THE INS
1B	JOHNNY MIZE	1B	FRANK CHANCE
2B	RED SCHOENDIENST	2B	JOHNNY EVERS
SS	HERMAN LONG	SS	BOABY WALLACE
3B	ED MATHEWS	3B	FRED LINDSTROM
LF	HACK WILSON	LF	RALPH KINER
CF	DUKE SNIDER	CF	MAX CAREY
RF	CHUCK KLEIN	RF	TOMMY MCCARTHY
C	ERNIE LOMBARDI	C	ROGER BRESNAHAN
P	ADDIE JOSS	P	JESSE HAINES
MGR	FRANK SELEE	MGR	BUCKY HARRIS

FIRST BASE. Johnny Mize lost three seasons because of military service in World War II. But when he retired in 1953, only five men had hit more home runs. Mize batted better than .300 in each of his first nine seasons and led his league in homers four times, in RBIs three times, in batting once. *Frank Chance* is a hallowed name, mostly because of the famous "Tinker to Evers to Chance" verse that helped carry that trio into Cooperstown as a unit. He was one of the best managers ever, but as a player he was above average—and that's about all. He played more than 100 games in only six seasons, and he ended up with 1,272 hits. Mize had 2,011. Other totals: Mize, 1,118 runs, Chance, 797; Mize, 1,337 RBIs, Chance, 596; Mize, .312 lifetime average, Chance, .296.

SECOND BASE. *Red Schoendienst* was as good a fielding second baseman as anyone who has ever played, and he could hit (.289 lifetime, 2,449 hits), score runs and win ballgames. *Johnny Evers*, another of those famous old Cubs, was a winning ballplayer, too, a driving man who lasted a long time in the majors despite his fragile build (5'9", 125 pounds). But it is impossible to believe he could field better than Schoendienst, and he couldn't hit with Red. Evers batted .270 lifetime with 1,658 hits.

SHORTSTOP. *Herman Long*, whose major league career ended in 1903, played on five pennant winners, was the finest fielding shortstop for a dozen years, and in some old baseball accounts is called the best shortstop ever except for Honus Wagner. He handled more chances per game than any other shortstop in history, was a useful hitter and an outstanding baserunner who stole more than 500 bases. *Bobby Wallace*, a contemporary of Long's, was a fine shortstop who hung around the majors for 25 years, 16 of them as a regular. But experts of his day did not rate him in Long's class. Long was a better fielder and in nine fewer seasons had almost as many hits as Wallace and scored 402 more runs.

THIRD BASE: How could they have ignored Ed Mathews in this year's Hall voting? Only Brooks Robinson has played more games at third, and while Mathews was no Robinson in the field, he was solid there. And he was a damaging hitter who drove in runs and scored them in abundance. His 512 homers put him among the top 10 of all time. *Fred Lindstrom* broke into the majors at 18 and played seven games in the World Series that season, but he was finished as a player when he was 30. He was never truly a star. He batted .311 lifetime, with 895 runs scored, 779 batted in. Mathews hit only .271, but scored 1,509 runs and drove in 1,453.

LEFT FIELD: *Hack Wilson*'s short, turbulent career is similar statistically to *Ralph Kiner*'s. Unlike Wilson, Kiner was a dependable citizen, but even so, his career lasted only 10 years. Although he hit 369 homers to Wilson's 244, he had 10 fewer hits, 47 fewer RBIs and a lifetime average of .279 to Wilson's .307.

CENTER FIELD: *Duke Snider* was a breathtaking outfielder and one of the top hitters in the game. At various times he led the National League in hits, runs, home runs, RBIs, total bases and slugging average. *Max Carey*, an excellent fielder, too, with a strong throwing arm, is in the Hall because he was a renowned base stealer (738 in all). He was only an above-average hitter (.285 lifetime).

RIGHT FIELD. *Chuck Klein* led the National League in home runs four times, in RBIs twice, in runs scored three times, in slugging average three times and in total bases four straight seasons. From 1929 through 1933 he had 219, 250, 200, 226 and 223 hits. He won the Triple Crown in 1933 with a .368 average, 28 homers and 120 RBIs. His lifetime average was .320. Why isn't Klein in Cooperstown? An even bigger mystery: Why is *Tommy McCarthy* there? A pre-1900 player, McCarthy was a first-rate fielder and a fine base runner, but only a .292 hitter.

CATCHER. *Roger Bresnahan*, another sacred name, must have been a great PR man. He is always spoken of as one of baseball's best receivers, but he caught as many as 100 games in only one season. Fast and strong, he played the outfield, too, but in only seven of his 17 seasons did he appear in more than 100 games. His lifetime average was .279. *Ernie Lombardi*, a lumbering giant (6'3", 230 pounds), may have been the slowest man ever to play in the majors. But he caught 1,542 games, 568 more than Bresnahan, and was an adept fielder. Despite his woeful lack of speed, he won the National League batting title twice and had a 17-year average of .306. And he hit 190 home runs, Bresnahan had 27.

PITCHER. *Addie Joss* is not in Cooperstown because he played only nine seasons and the arbitrary minimum is 10. It should be waived for Joss, who won 160 games in nine years. When he was in the American League, his rival pitchers included Cy Young, Clark Griffith, Rube Waddell, Eddie Plank, Jack Chesbro, Chief Bender, Ed Walsh and Walter Johnson, all Hall of Famers. Joss had a lower lifetime ERA (1.88) than any of them but Walsh, and in his nine seasons he threw 45 shutouts, more than any of the others during that stretch except Waddell. In 1908, Joss beat Walsh in an epic duel, pitching a perfect game as he won 1–0. In 1910 he pitched a second no-hitter. A year later, at 31, he was dead of tubercular meningitis. *Jesse Haines* won 210 games in his 19-year career, but in only four of those seasons did he win more than 13.

MANAGER. *Frank Selee* managed for 16 years, won five pennants and has the sixth-best career winning percentage among major league managers. *Bucky Harris* won pennants as a player-manager at Washington in his first two seasons, but in the 27 years he managed after that, he finished better than fourth only three times and ended up with a lifetime percentage of .493.

CONCLUSION: the Outs would murder the Ins.

—ROBERT W. CREAMER

the night. I was a good talker. Toward the end, though, I stopped talking to most of them. I got sick of the way they made me look in print. Like a jungle boy, some creature who'd dropped into Wrigley Field from a tree. I was their creation, I guess they thought. It wasn't even a good creation. Not like Babe Ruth. They laid it on thick for Babe. I could've used some of his New York writers.

So as baseball opens another season, I think it's about time I said my piece. I've sat back with everything bottled up inside and watched what's been going on for a good while now, and I think I deserve my due. Babe says I got it coming. I belong in the Hall of Fame. There! I've said it. Never thought I could ask anybody for anything, and I'm



This is Bobby and me during the days back in Martinsburg

not really asking now. I just want them committee members to take a look at Hack Wilson again. It's one thing being dead, you see, but it's another being ignored. I must confess I never gave much thought to the Hall of Fame until lately. Awards never meant nothing to me; it's how a man works at his trade that counts, what he does with the tools he has. But over the years I've seen a lot of curious players being put into the Hall. I'm not going to name any names. And I'm not going to compare myself with more modern players. Those arguments are never settled. I hear them all the time. Old men tell me broads aren't beautiful anymore because they haven't any meat on them. Some even claim the weather is lousier than it used to be. They talk as if no rain never fell when they were kids.

You can't move people around in time. I mean you can't say things like Grover Alexander was a better pitcher than that wonderful case out in Detroit now. What's his name—Feederich? Alex's got the figures, that's all I know. And so have I. You can't blow away the figures. My figures, the way I see it, put me in the Hall. Take those 190 RBIs in 1930. Lou Gehrig got 184 in '31, but that's the closest anyone's come. Just think about those 190. How often you have to hit in the clutch, how often that ball has to be hit cleanly somewhere. You need some luck, but it's never a fluke when you bat around those kinds of runs. I was a player of flesh and blood, too. I mean I made people love me or hate me. Or laugh. But I never influenced my age, if that's what being immortal is about. What's immortality, anyway? Look at history. Kings and generals seem to work by themselves, as if their battles were fought without armies. Guys who can tell you all about the Babe's 60 homers can't name most of the other regulars on his teams. Who were the guys who blocked for Red Grange? Who caught Johnny Vander Meer's two straight no-hitters? I feel like one of these questions now. Who's the guy who drove in 190 runs? Hell, I wasn't no supernumerary or whatever you call them. I wasn't no valet to the famous. I was famous. I left my personal stamp on the game.

They called me Caliban, who, if you don't know, is this savage and crooked-shaped slave out of Shakespeare. I didn't know what they meant at first, but then I caught on after a couple of years and I didn't like it much. I'd like to have a buck for every name I was called. When I think back to it, I'm glad I don't have to look at that shape anymore. I had an 18-inch neck, 16-inch biceps and sometimes as much as 230 pounds—and I stood only 5' 6" high. My legs were ridiculous stubs that bowed like an ape's. I must have had the smallest feet—size 4½—next to Tom Thumb and small, very small, and delicate hands. I couldn't hold a regular bat. I had to have one with a reed-like handle that I would whip out at those high outside pitches. Many of my drives went to right and right-center. That takes strength. All my power was up in my shoulders, my upper torso. When I came up, no uniform could be stretched to fit me. I was a mess then, but later on, you would've called me a sawed-off Babe Ruth.

Half the time, I looked like I'd been rolling in a coal bin. I didn't invent the belly slide, but I sure did use it more than others. I could run, even though sometimes my mind might be elsewhere. Old John McGraw saw me thrown out at second one time on a single, and he roared, "Wilson, did you ever hear of speed?" "Sure," I said. "That's what pays off in horse races, isn't it?" So there I'd be with ridges of dirt on me and an overlay of tobacco juice, running with my head down and my cap flying off, showing everybody my bowl haircut; I went to better barbers later. McGraw demanded I at least get a shave. The pride of the Giants, he said, was at stake. "I can't shave," I told Mac. "I got some kind of skin itch. The razor only makes it worse." "Holy God in heaven," McGraw yelled. "Don't tell me you're lousy, too!" McGraw grew impatient with me, particularly after I had a brawl with one of his outfielders, Jimmy O'Connell. Mac was told about it the next day. "O'Connell's down," the guy told him. "Wilson's just knocked him over the piano. O'Connell's up! Oof! Wilson just socked him back over the piano. Jimmy's getting up again!" The guy was telling the story so well that Mac became afraid that

continued



An original brandy of unsurpassed smoothness and richness. The result of masterful blending and meticulous aging. The end of a forty year search for unprecedented quality.

E&J Distillers, Modesto, Calif.

Why rake or bag grass clippings when you can turn them into lawn food?

With the new Jacobsen Twin-Blade mulching mower, the clippings you used to bag are chopped up into tiny particles that disappear into your lawn, decompose quickly, and feed the grass.

It also features the exclusive Power Burst™ control to help prevent clogging in heavy grass.

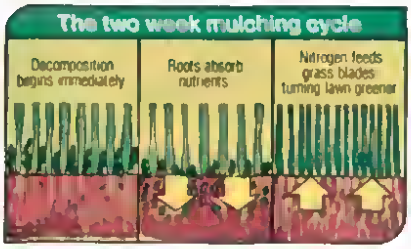


Mulching: The natural way to mow.

An ordinary side discharge mower produces long clippings. It blows them out horizontally so they tend to settle on the surface of the lawn where they turn brown and look shabby.

A mulching mower, on the other hand, makes tiny clippings which are blown vertically into the turf where they filter down to the soil level.

There's no clean-up necessary. No more raking, no more bagging, no more mess.



And if that were all a mulching mower accomplished, it would be enough. But the benefits of mulching don't stop there, because those tiny clippings contain nitrogen, potassium and phosphorous. Vitamins for your lawn.

As the clippings decompose, they release their nutrients into the soil, and within two weeks the grass on your lawn has absorbed them.

You'll see for yourself that your lawn is greener and healthier.



Twin-blade cutting action.

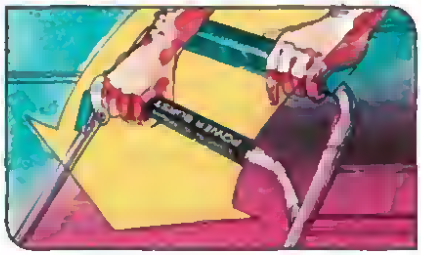
The Jacobsen Twin-Blade Mulcher was designed to manufacture extremely small clippings.

As the grass is cut, the resulting clippings are momentarily suspended in the mowing chamber while the 4 cutting edges whip through them, cutting and recutting each clipping into small, confetti-like pieces.

Then it blows them straight down into the lawn. A hard rubber flap brushes the lawn to give it a final grooming.

Power Burst Control

To help prevent clogging or stalling in stretches of tall, tough, or lush grass, you'll have a Power Burst 'accelerator' at your fingertips. Push down on the



control bar and you get a sudden, sharp increase in blade speed. This keeps the mulching action working even in tough conditions.

Good for you, good for your lawn.

Mulching is a better way to mow. It's better for you because it's quicker and easier, (unless you really enjoy bagging or raking clippings), and it's better for the lawn.

The Twin-Blade Mulcher is available as a push mower with recoil starter, and self-propelled with recoil or electric key start.

Look in the Yellow Pages for the Jacobsen Dealer nearest you.

The Jacobsen Twin-Blade Mulcher—quick & easy.

JACOBSEN®

An Allegheny Ludlum Industries Company

Jacobsen Manufacturing Co. Racine, Wisconsin 53403

O'Connell might get hurt. "Jimmy," Mac howled, "for the love of Mike, shove the piano over on top of him!" Mac finally built a doghouse for me.

Don't get me wrong, I don't think I'm one of those immortals history is always serving up. They can deal around me. I had a good fan who raised 10 kids on a factory worker's pay, giving all of them schooling and character. That's immortal! It's just that I've been getting heated up of late. The Babe, you see, keeps needling me about not being in the Hall of Fame, and I got to admit I'm starting to feel desperate. All I want is to be remembered. Now, it looks like I got one more chance to make it. That's if the Baseball Writers Association has anything to say about it. They made a proposal to the Veterans Committee that it should start picking two players a year who failed to make the Hall in the 15 years they were eligible. These two players would be on the ballot with everyone else. They'd be well publicized as "second-chance" candidates. If they didn't make it this time, they'd never make it. Here's where it gets sticky. The second-chance candidates would be limited to those playing after World War II. The Association wants the book closed on the rest of us. So it goes.

You can see why I'm getting edgy. I don't know why it's come down to this. I think in the past some of the writers thought that I didn't play long enough. How long is long? I played 12 years in the majors, had six great years. How many big years did that Sandy Koufax have? I'll tell you. He had six, and he got in the Hall the first year he could. And his big records—all them strikeouts and all them no-hitters—most have been tied or broke by now. This ain't no slur on Koufax. Just making a point.

Then, there was all the mistakes I made in the 1929 Series. That didn't help any. I think old Bill Terry, who's a committee member and managed the Giants, told them it was a bum rap. But the worst break came after my career. Bob Broeg, the St. Louis writer, will tell you. "My assumption," Broeg says, "is that a lot of writers back then held Wilson's short career and personal behavior against him." Now, there it is out in the open, and that's a nice and fair man giving it straight. My behavior. What behavior? Did I steal from anybody? Who did I ever hurt by being mean? Didn't I always give my club a day's work for a day's pay? I

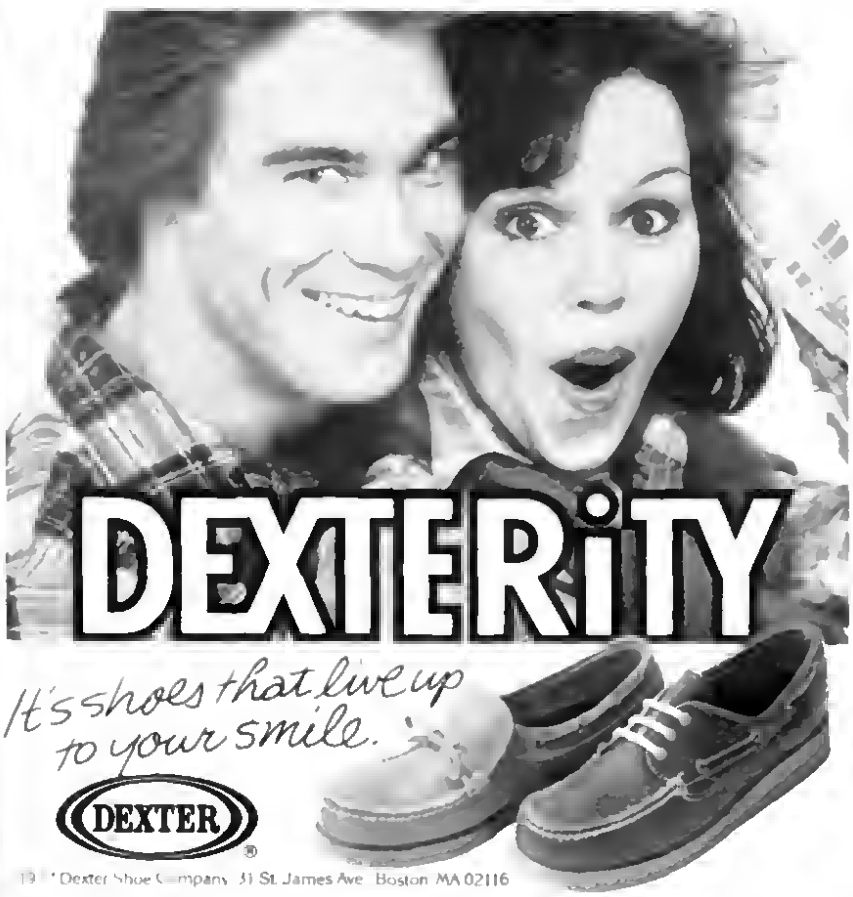
continued



Introducing Rolfs' new Carriers for the fashionable male. They're ideal for those times when pockets aren't enough, yet bulkier bags are too much. There's a Carrier for your every need, all handsomely styled in beautiful Polished Brass cowhide. See the Male Carriers. They're a special delivery of style and convenience from Rolfs.

ROLFS... it shows you care.

West Bend, WI 53095 Available at fine stores throughout the USA and Canada.



sure wish I had the Babe's writers. He didn't need them. I did. Look at him, he's over there laughing his butt off.

Yeah, well, I've been coming close to the Hall lately. I understand I missed by one vote this year. And from the voting, it looks like a lot of these young fellas playing today have made them guys on the committee think twice about bad old Hack, the players out there now make me look downright saintly. Broeg, who's also on the committee, says there's been other things working against me. "We only get to elect two players a year," he says. "We also feel obliged to look into the pioneers of baseball. It's an obligation to the historians. So that leaves us just one more player. This year we put Joe Sewell in. Human nature being what it is, you know, Sewell, who is alive, can appreciate it now. It's a matter, I guess, of human frailty. I don't necessarily adhere to that view, but some others may have." O.K., I'm not human anymore, you can have that. But history! What's more historical than those RBIs and my 56 home runs? I broke my tail that year, even though half the time I was hung over. Few players have ever had a year like I did in 1930.

I don't recall how they came, they just came. Nobody made much over RBIs back then. They just wanted to see the big poke. The Elgin Watch Company gave me a watch for each home run—my friends had a lot of watches—so I can't say I didn't know what time it was in some speakeasy at three in the morning. But just recently a gent by the name of Emil H. Rothe of Chicago came up with a breakdown of those RBIs. He says only 23 of my 56 homers were with the bases empty. But my other homers drove in 41 teammates, so altogether my homers accounted for 97 of my RBIs. None of the homers were hit with the bases loaded. Singles added 48 more RBIs, doubles picked up 26 and triples brought home five. I got eight more on sacrifice flies, four on fielder's choices, and I walked twice with the bases full. That Rothe should've been one of my writers. Kind of boring, yeah, but that's the kind of stuff I could use now. It keeps people's eyes trained on the serious side of a man. It shows them I wasn't all play. But my Chicago writers, they just kept hounding old man Veeck, William Veeck Sr., boss of the club: "Where was Wilson last night? Look at him, must of drank up all of Al Capone's bad booze!"

"I don't know where he's been," the old man used to say. "All I know is that he never comes to the park from the same direction twice."

Veeck was Dutch. I was what they call Pennsylvania Dutch. I was born Lewis Robert Wilson in Ellwood City, Pa., a little town on the western border of the state. I don't know how the name Hack came about when I started playing in the majors. Maybe it was because I looked as if my body had been hacked away. I was a sight, I know that. My father was a hammerman in the steel mills. My mother died young. We moved to the other end of the state, to Chester, near Philadelphia, and I started working when I was 14 as a printer's devil, then on the railroad. At 17, I already weighed 160, and baseball was in my bones. I finally hooked on with Martinsburg, W. Va. in the Blue Ridge League. After a couple of years I was sold to Portsmouth, Va. In 1923 I hit .388 there. The owner, Frank D. Lawrence, said he was going to sell me to the majors where I belonged. He wanted $10,000 for me. The scout for the Giants went back to McGraw and said, "I wouldn't give 10¢ for him. He looks like he's standing in a puddle." There were a few days left in the draft, so Frank D. Lawrence went up to New York to see McGraw. He was up against a tough poker player in McGraw.

"Look, Mr. Mac," Lawrence said, "let's get down to business. I know you want Wilson."

"What do you want for him?" said Mac, laughing.

"I want $25,000," said the owner.

"You want $25,000 for a bush-leaguer?" shouted Mac, hitting the ceiling.

"You'll never regret it," said Lawrence.

"They tell me he's too fat," said McGraw.

"That isn't fat, Mr. Mac," the owner answered. "That's iron. He's the strongest man in baseball."

Well, Lawrence made McGraw a proposition. He would sell me for $5,000 if McGraw would pay him $1,000 for every point I was hitting over .300 by May 15 the next season. If I was under .300, then the deal would close at the original five grand. McGraw was impressed. He always liked the give and take of deals. But he backed off and gave the owner $11,000 for me. He saved a lot of money. By May 15, 1924, I was hitting .371. Mac saved himself $71,000.

I played 107 games that season, but only 62 the following year before—I've never been able to get to the bottom of it—McGraw sent me down to Toledo. He later said he lost me in a clerical error, that somebody fell asleep and the Giants forgot to exercise their option. Can you imagine Mac ever making a mistake like that? "Best thing that ever happened to you, kid," Babe is over there saying. "New York wasn't big enough for both you and me."

I was picked by the Cubs in the fall draft, and that would be my making and my undoing. The Cubs were made for me. I loved Joe McCarthy, the manager, who took a lot of heat because of me. I don't know what to say about old man William Wrigley. His son P.K., who still has the club, knew me back then. The only thing P.K. remembers is that I was strong and used to help load trunks for road trips. How do you like that, the way I played for his old man?

Oh, it was something to be a star in the '20s. The whole country went on a binge after World War I, and I was right in the middle of it. Chicago was an open city, anything went. I wasn't wearing any more of those cheap, loud, checkered suits, a little too tight for me, like the $17.95 job McGraw first saw me in. I was wearing silk shirts, big silk ties with flowers on them and beautifully cut double-breasted suits. But the clothes didn't help me much. I'd always look like a bulldog coming out of a blanket. Worse than that after a long night in the speakeasies. I was crazy about speakeasies. They were romantic places. As soon as you walked in, you were a special person in a special group. The places had an unreal feeling to them. The women looked more beautiful. Everybody shook your hand. The years were wild. There was something in the air. Athletes, well, they had become important. The writers later called it the Golden Age of Sports. I used to like the neighborhood bars on the North Side, too, and sometimes I'd go over to Al Capone's club. That got me in trouble. Capone came out to the park one day, and I went over to greet him. Later, Judge Landis, the Commissioner back then, called me on the carpet. He was real fired up. "What are you doing talking to that gangster?" he asked. I said, "Well, Judge, I go over to his place, so why shouldn't he come to mine?"

Joe McCarthy, he had to be a saint to

continued

Raise the roof tonight in a Dodge Charger.

If you can't wait to see that evening sun go down, the '77 Charger is your special car. Made for people who come out to play after dark. And now you can make a night of it in a Charger that welcomes the night inside.*



Just remove the transparent panels of the optional T-bar roof, and you're cruising in a Charger that's almost a convertible. Come alive in the invigorating breeze as you settle into the high-back bucket seats. For certain, you and your Charger were born for the night.

A standard 318 V8 teams up with TorqueFlite automatic transmission to give Charger a response that's anything but everyday.

When the day starts to fade and you're ready to shift into high gear, you need the car that can light up the night—Charger. Why let another sun go down without driving one? You can buy or lease an exciting new '77 Charger from your nearby Dodge Dealer today.



Dodge

THE NIGHT BELONGS TO CHARGER.

Hart Schaffner & Nicklaus



Jack Nicklaus® Tournament Slacks. Solid colors or mini-checks. 100% Dacron® polyester.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

For information, write 36 South Franklin Street, Chicago, Illinois 60606 ©1977 Hart Services, Inc.

put up with me, what with the press and moralists yapping at his heels. But I seldom let him down. He's 90 now, and he says to this day, "No tougher player ever lived than Hack Wilson. We didn't have any superstar status in his days, but if there had been, he'd've had it." Joe never had any bed checks. If a guy was ready to play, that was it. Still, he didn't want me to think I was fooling him. He'd always ask to see the matchbooks in my pocket so he could see where I'd been the night before. He'd play me on those terrible hot days when I could barely crawl. On one day like that, I hit two homers right off, and Joe came up to me—I'm ready to be put out of my misery—saying, "You go in now, take a shower. I don't want you to miss your rounds tonight." Joe tried hard to reform me. He even tried a little experiment on me in the clubhouse, calling me over and setting up two glasses, one full of water and one full of gin.

"See this here, Wilson," he said. "Watch what I do here. Watch closely." He pulled out a worm and dropped it into the glass of water. The worm just wiggled around.

"Now," he went on, "look at this." He pulled out another worm and dropped it into the glass of gin. The worm dropped to the bottom. Dead.

"Now, what does that go to show you?" he said quietly. "That worm's dead, Wilson. Does that mean anything to you?"

"Sure, Skip," I said. "It just goes to show you that if you drink, you'll never have any worms."

I went right on belting down a glass of gin before warming up. I wasn't hurting Joe. I was hurting myself in the long run, sure. But I was loyal to Joe. I wanted to please him, and when I didn't, he'd be there shaking his head, saying, "Don't you like me, Hack? Don't you want to play for me? You're letting me down."

That would put me on my knees just about, and I'd be nearly crying inside. I only let him down once real bad. It was in the '29 Series against the A's, who had Lefty Grove, Al Simmons and Jimmy Foxx. That was one of the best teams ever—and so were we. We had Pat Malone, Kiki Cuyler, Charlie Grimm, Gabby Hartnett, Rogers Hornsby and Riggs Stephenson. They beat us, and I helped them do it. We were leading 8–0 in one game, and there was a long fly ball hit to me in center field with the

continued

COLLEGE STUDENTS

Earn a sizable income with the TIME Inc. College Bureau

It doesn't matter whether you're a man or a woman...an undergrad or a grad student...at a big university or a small college...a resident on campus or a commuter—you could earn BIG MONEY as one of our Campus Reps. Maybe even enough to pay most of your tuition and expenses!

All you have to do is distribute our order cards, offering TIME, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, FORTUNE, and MONEY at special campus rates.

You earn generous commissions and set your own hours. You invest no money. And we handle the billing and virtually all the paperwork. We even supply a kit that tells you how to make every working hour pay off!

Get full details now. Write: Campus Rep Program, Time Inc College Bureau, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 10020. Please include your name, address, and telephone number.





If our sixteenth hole doesn't get you, our six-course dinner will.



At the sixteenth hole of The Homestead's Cascades course, the scenery is so magnificent you're to be pardoned if you take your eye off the ball. And with tennis, swimming, fishing and horseback riding, you'll be ready to take on our terrific buffets and meals—all served with Virginian hospitality and style.

For reservations see your travel agent. Or call toll-free 800-336-5771. In Virginia call 800-542-5734.

THE HOMESTEAD
HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA

Three 18 hole championship golf courses, swimming pools, mineral spa, horseback and walking trails, surrey and buckboard driving, 15 tennis courts, children's playground, trout fishing, skeet and trap. The Homestead is easy to reach via U.S. Route 220, train service by Amtrak or Piedmont Airlines to the Hot Springs Airport. Jet service available from New York and Atlanta to Lewisburg and Roanoke

bases loaded. I looked up. I couldn't see it. I began to panic. Where was the damn thing? I never did find it. Then another fly. The same thing! My mistakes opened the door for the A's to win the game and the Series. After that, I walked around in a daze. I was the first guy to hit .400 in a Series and be the goat. McCarthy was heartbroken. He still hadn't gotten over it by spring training. I was out in left shagging the balls, and some kid came up to Joe and pestered him for a ball. The kid kept after him, until Joe, getting a little annoyed, turned to him and said, 'Son, do you see that fat fella out there in the outfield?' The boy nodded. 'Well,' said Joe, 'you just stand behind him, and you'll get more baseballs than you know what to do with.'

They called me Sunny Boy Hack after the '29 Series. The fans turned on me. They thought I'd been drunk during the Series. The press fed the fire. I became a cartoon character. Joe was under pressure. I'd go into the stands after the fans, but I couldn't take on the whole city. I'd go into a saloon, and the ones who used to drink to me would turn away. It was hell. I began to drink more, if that was possible, and the trainer, Andy Lotshaw, would try to slap me awake on the rubbing table. Bill Veeck, son of William Sr., used to follow me around when he was a kid. He remembers: "One day Andy had Hack sobering up in one of those big, high old tubs. In the tub with Hack was a 50-pound cake of ice. Well, what would you do if a 50-pound cake of ice jumped into your bathtub with you? You'd try to jump out, right? Hack's body was blue. Every time Hack's head would bob up, Andy would shove it back down under the water, and the cake of ice would come bobbing up. It was a fascinating sight, watching them both in perfect rhythm, first Hack's head, then the ice, the head, then the ice. That day Hack Wilson hit three home runs for the first and only time in his life. I still can't believe it."

To tell you the truth, I can't believe 1930 myself. I may have needed a compass to find home plate, but I hit 56 homers, seven more than Ruth, drove in those 190 runs, produced 280 of the 998 the Cubs scored, and became the Most Valuable Player. But I was feeling it inside. One night I woke up on a road trip, sweating and screaming, "Get out! Get out! They're after me!" My pal Pat Malone grabbed me by my nightshirt just in time. I was on the windowsill. There wasn't much iron in me anymore. With four games to go, they fired Joe McCarthy and made Rogers Hornsby player-manager. That was the beginning of the end for me. The next year was awful. Hornsby was on me all the time, looking for an excuse to get rid of me. He wanted to be the big man. He resented me. He was a selfish guy who'd get his own way or bust. It was all right for him to play horses and chase women, but I was some kind of bum. The guy was like a cop. You couldn't read a paper or smoke in the clubhouse. You were lucky if you got to read your mail. You came in and sat like a monkey on a chair. No laughing or playing around. He ran the place like a Sunday school. Besides that, he took the bat out of my hands on those 2–0 and 3–1 pitches I used to feast on. I had to take a lot of cripple pitches. He eventually suspended and fined me.

That season Hornsby hit me with $6,000 in fines, and I couldn't afford it. I was making upwards of $40,000, but gambling and bad investments had taken care of most of it. I had a bad year in '31. Only 13 homers, a .261 average and 61 RBIs. The Cubs sold me to the Cardinals, who moved me on to Brooklyn. I wasn't happy. One day Joe Judge, one of my teammates, found me sprawled in front of my locker, empty bottles all around me. 'My God,' he said, 'they'll fire you for this. They want you out there to hit. I'll clean up the mess.' After the game, they all came in and saw the bottles in the trash can and just laughed. It didn't matter. This fat man, you see, had clubbed one out of the park. But who was I kidding? There wouldn't be many more. Soon Casey Stengel, who had a sense of humor, became manager, and the incident occurred that summed everything up. Even now, I don't know whether to cry or laugh. We were playing the Phillies in their little bandbox. Boom-Boom Beck was pitching for us. Now, there was a pitcher with a perfect name. The hits off him used to make a boom sound against the fence. It wasn't any different against the Phillies this time.

Hits kept clattering off that tin fence in Baker Bowl. The noise was enough to make you deaf. My ears were ringing. My tongue was hanging down to my knees in the hot right-field sun. Finally, Stengel comes out to relieve Boom-Boom of his pain. But Boom-Boom doesn't think he's in pain. He keeps jumping up

continued



How to make sure your room will wait up for you. Carry the American Express Card.

ASSURED ROOM RESERVATIONS. ANOTHER AMERICAN EXPRESS BENEFIT.



Now you can arrive at your hotel anytime and your room will be waiting up for you.

Just give your American Express® Card number and your confirmed reservation becomes an Assured Reservation. At participating hotels around the country.*

If the hotel is unable to honor your reservation, they will get you a comparable room at another hotel or motel nearby, pay for your first night's lodging, and pay your taxi fare. And pay for a phone call home or to your office to tell them where you are. If you find you cannot make it just call the hotel before 6 pm (4 pm at resorts) on the reservation day and give them your American Express Card number to avoid being billed.

Please keep a record of the cancellation number provided by the operator.

Next time, make sure that your room is there, no matter when you get there. With the American Express Card Assured Room Reservation Plan. And if you do not have a Card, just call 800-528-8000, for an application, or pick up one wherever the Card is welcomed.

The American Express Card. Don't leave home without it.

*At participating Holiday Inns, Hyatt Hotels, La Quinta Motor Inns, Ramada Inns and Sheraton Hotels & Inns.

and down and waving his arms, and I figure I'll take a breather in the shade. Then, suddenly, I hear this terrible noise from that tin fence again. Off I go, chasing the ball. I run it down, wheel and make a beautiful throw to second base. The whole place is in an uproar. I'm asking myself what's going on, and now I see what happened. Boom-Boom, you see, wouldn't leave the game without one more boom. He had turned and heaved that ball right off the fence. I was stunned. Later Stengel said, "Wilson, let me tell you, you never made a better throw in your life. It was right on the money—but it was a bank holiday." It was good for a laugh, but I couldn't laugh anymore. The rest was downhill. I drifted around on some semipro teams after the Dodgers and then the Phillies let me go. In a little while I was forgotten. Veterans Committees forgot me. Nobody wrote my life story. The Hall of Fame was closed. I was baseball's shame.

I lived with my wife and my son Bobby in Martinsburg for a time, but I got restless. I spent a lot of time chasing around and fighting people in my pool hall. Sometimes I wouldn't come home for days. My poor wife divorced me in 1938, two years before she died. And I feel bad that my son scarcely remembers me except as a public figure. He's a 51-year-old elementary school principal, a book reader, a bachelor, as different from me as night and day. Now that the Jaycees have begun a drive to get me into the Hall, Bobby is trying to help. But for years he wouldn't even talk about me, and I can't say I blame him.

I went back to Chicago and ran a couple of saloons, then ended up in Baltimore during the war. I got lost there. None of the baseball men there knew I was in town, and I never went to the minor league games. It hurt too much inside. I stayed to myself, eating my heart out. I used to kid myself that if I had it to do again I wouldn't change a thing. Deep down, I knew better. It's all there one minute—then it's gone. Don't ever let no ballplayer tell you he don't miss the game, the crowds, the light on you all the time. It's painful to break away. I ended up getting a job at a swimming pool, then in the public parks. I used to get the baseball diamonds ready for the kids to play on. You know, running the foul stripes down the lines, raking the infield. Now and then, I'd get one of them kids aside and try to teach him how to handle a bat. I'd spend the nights in those dark little neighborhood bars that reminded me of Chicago. I'd sit for hours over glasses of beer, sometimes till they closed. I used to do a lot of thinking in those bars. About the way it'd been.

I thought back to when I was a kid, and how they never let me forget I was ugly. The other kids would ask me what tree I lived in. They'd tell me not to step on my tail. At first, I couldn't fix the creeps, but later I sure did square it. I guess I was what you might call a natural man. Maybe, as the writers always said, I was a primitive, too. If you got personal with me, you only had one choice: fight. Once, when I was young and had a job cleaning out spittoons in a saloon, a guy hollered, "Hey, freakie, come on over here!" I almost broke his neck with a headlock. I knew I was ugly. I didn't need anybody to tell me.

I didn't bring much respectability to the Cubs, but I brought a million or more fans into the park for them every year. The headlines, though, used to turn the stiff necks even stiffer. RAID ON BEER FLAT NETS HACK. WILSON TERRORIZES FAN IN STANDS. RAILWAY DEPOT BRAWL BRINGS RIOT SQUAD—HACK'S IN THE MIDDLE AGAIN. The last one was the time when me and Pat Malone nearly cleaned out the whole Cincinnati team over something that happened in the game. The fat man could hit with either hand. With the kick of 30 mules.

The thoughts would go on, adding up to nothing, but adding up to everything, it seemed, after a few beers. Before I was 30, I'd been in enough trouble for a gang of sailors. The Anti-Saloon League wanted me declared a menace to society. One of its officials once came up to me, then ran out screaming when I stuck an electric buzzer under her petticoat. Judge Landis was always on me, especially after he showed up for one of our games and saw me play a line drive into an inside-the-park homer. "The old man's raving," they told me. "He's going to throw the book at you. He thinks you're drunk." I went to see him the next day, and there he was, pointing his bony finger at me and telling me what he's going to do. I let him finish. Then I said, "How much of the game did you see?"

"I left," said the Judge, "directly after your disgraceful exhibition. Don't lie

continued



The only thing good about my Baltimore years was helping the kids at the pool and the park

New low-tar with that Tareyton plus:

Flavor improved by charcoal.

The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency reports that charcoal is the best available method for filtering water. It's also used to mellow the taste of the finest bourbons.

Plain white filters remove taste. Tareyton's charcoal filter actually improves flavor. That's why Tareyton goes low-tar one better.



Only 8 mg.

New Tareyton lights

Also Tareyton Filter Kings and 100's



"Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch."

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Lights 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine
King Size 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, 100 mm 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Wilson' I know you were under the influence."

"Well, if I was," I shot back, "how come I doubled in the seventh and homered in the ninth?"

But nothing could stop me then, not even the Judge. The fans rolled into Wrigley Field, and old man Wrigley's eyes gleamed over all the money his team was making. "We'll have a bodyguard on Wilson," he ordered, thinking about protecting his gate receipts. The guard stuck with me for two days. I introduced him to a waitress who, he later claimed, spiked his drink and put him on a bus to Keokuk, Illinois. He was right. In all, I must have been fined something like $20,000 during my career. I wasn't proud of the way I'd been, sitting there in a saloon and thinking back. I was paying for it now. Alone. An old, old man at only 48. Barely able to afford a beer, since I quit the park system. People used to say I would die friendless and penniless. I did. I remember the day well.

It was cold and damp, nothing special about it. I remember having passed a Chinese restaurant, advertising full-course meals for a buck. I didn't like Chinese food, but I made a mental note to get in on that. All I had to my name was a dollar. I thought of all those $10 tips I used to pass out. So here I was just about broke, threading my way back to my room as the lights were going out in the bars all over town. That was always the loneliest time for me. I finally got to the top of the stairs of my rooming house. Then I seemed to lose my balance. They found me later at the bottom of the stairs and took me to the hospital. I died there. A pulmonary condition complicated by internal injuries, they called it. They couldn't find anybody who knew me. The rumors began to spread that I died in the gutter. I guess a lot of people started to collect their bets. Nobody claimed my body for two days. There was no money for a funeral.

Then all the boys from the bars passed the cup, and they came up with enough pennies and dimes to buy me a burial suit. The Elks Club members back in Martinsburg were hurt by the publicity, and they drove up in a long line of cars and took my body back to where it all began so long ago. I *belonged* to somebody. I was one of them. They laid it on good there. None of the baseball big shots showed up. My son Bobby wasn't there, either. That's all right, some people don't like funerals. Joe McCarthy came down later and dedicated a fancy 10-foot-high granite stone for me. It sits in Rosedale Cemetery on a nice slope between some Canadian elms and arborvitae bushes. The stone has a couple of crossed bats and a ball sitting on a bed of leaves, with an Alpha on one side and an Omega on the other. Pretty fancy, I'd say. The inscription reads: ONE OF BASEBALL'S IMMORTALS. LEWIS R. "HACK" WILSON. APRIL 26, 1900—NOV. 23, 1948. RESTS HERE. Hundreds of old Blue Ridge League fans stood in the rain at the burial. And many of them cried.

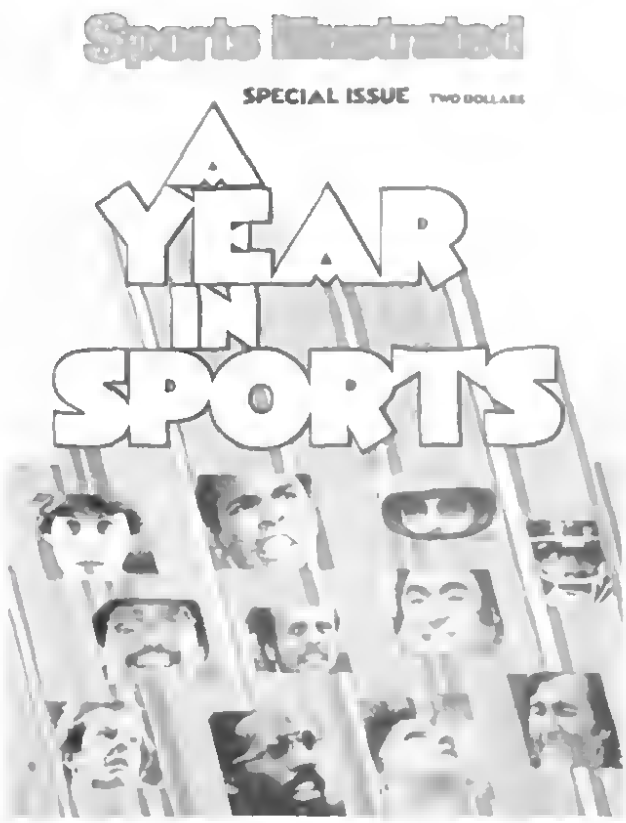
The fans never forgot Hack Wilson. Only baseball did. **END**



ON SALE NOW!

What a year it was—and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED covers it all in *A Year in Sports*: a Special Issue featuring more than 80 pages of full-color photographs of the great '76 sports events

• The Innsbruck Games • NBA and NCAA Playoffs and Finals • The Montreal Olympics • The U.S. Open • Indy 500 • Forest Hills



• Wimbledon
• The World Series
• The Stanley Cup
• Kentucky Derby
• The Triple Crown
• Super Bowl XI

...and more! *A Year in Sports* is destined to become a collector's item, a much-used reference book, and a treasury of the best of sports photography. Make sure you get your copy before they're all gone

PICK UP A COPY WHEREVER YOU BUY MAGAZINES.

The 40-channel Cobra 29XLR. From the sleek brushed chrome face to the matte black housing, it's a beauty. But its beauty is more than skin deep. Because inside, this CB has the guts to pack a powerful punch.

The illuminated 3-in-1 meter tells you exactly how much power you're pushing out. And pulling in. It also measures the system's efficiency with an SWR check. In short, this Cobra's meter lets you keep an eye on your ears.

The Digital Channel Selector shows you the channel you're on in large LED numerals that can be read clearly in any light. There's also switchable noise blanking to reject short-pulse noise other systems can't block. The built-in power of DynaMike Plus. Automatic noise limiting and Delta Tuning for clearer reception.

And the added protection of Cobra's nationwide network of Authorized Service Centers with factory-trained technicians to help you with installation, service and advice.

The Cobra 29XLR. It has 40 channels. And it has what it takes to improve communications by punching through loud and clear on every one of them. That's the beauty of it.

Cobra

Punches through loud and clear.

Cobra Communications Products
DYNASCAN CORPORATION
6460 W. Cortland St., Chicago, Illinois 60635
Write for color brochure
EXPORTERS Europe • Plainview, N.Y. • **CANADA** Ajax, Ontario • Tijuana

PUNCH AND BEAUTY



FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week March 28-April 3

PRO BASKETBALL—Playoff scrambles in each conference continue. In the West, Chicago, which stumbled early in the week with losses to Philadelphia and Boston, resumed its charge toward the last playoff spot by defeating Denver 101–97 and New Orleans 101–82. Kansas City beat the Knicks but lost to Philadelphia and Cleveland, and in the Philadelphia game Forward Bill Robinzine fractured an ankle and joined Guard Brian Taylor on the casualty list. Seattle was barely alive after beating Houston and Golden State, losing to Los Angeles and Portland. Going into the final week they stand like this: Chicago 41–37, Kansas City 40–38, Seattle 39–40. Of course, Detroit (42–36) could drop out if it keeps losing, as it did three times last week. Los Angeles, absent from the playoffs the last two years, clinched the Pacific Division championship by beating Seattle 100–97, while Portland looks fit once more as Center Bill Walton, rounding into shape after his latest ankle injury, pumped in 30 points during a 109–98 win over Golden State. In the East, Cleveland's 113–107 defeat of Kansas City clinched a playoff berth for the Cavs, while Boston qualified for its title defense by beating Philadelphia 96–90. In that game Charlie Scott returned to the Celtics lineup after missing 38 games with a broken arm. The Knicks beat Indiana—Walt Frazier scored 41 points—Milwaukee and Buffalo but were dead for the playoffs for the second straight season. The Braves' Adrian Dantley had 32 points in a 94–93 win over Milwaukee, giving him 1,465 for the season, eclipsing Bob McAdoo's team rookie record of 1,441. New Orleans, Atlanta, Indiana and Washington handed the New York Nets their 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th straight losses.

BOWLING—TEATA SEMIZ of River Edge, N.J. outrolled Marshall Holman 213–190 to win the Burger King Open and $14,000 in Miami.

DIVING—CINDY McINGVALE won the women's one-meter and three-meter events at the AAU national indoor championships in Austin, Texas for a record-tying 26th national title. MELISSA BRILEY won the women's 10-meter. PHIL BOGGS took the men's three-meter and KENT VOSSLER won the men's 10-meter. Mcingvale and Vossler were overall points champions.

GOLF—DANNY EDWARDS shot a final-round 72 for a 12-under-par 276 to win the $235,000 Greater Greensboro Open by four strokes. Edwards, 25, is the fifth pro to win his first tour title this year.

KATHY WHITWORTH shot a final-round 71 for a one over-par 289 and won the $36,000 first prize in the $305,000 Colgate Dinah Shore Winners Circle tournament in Palm Springs, Calif. (page 30)

GYMNASTICS—INDIANA STATE and OKLAHOMA each scored 434.475 points to tie for the NCAA championship in Tempe, Ariz. KURT THOMAS of Indiana State won the individual all-round title with 111.15 points.

HOCKEY—NHL. Races for playoff positions went down to the final day. (page 26) Montreal finished with the league's best record, 60–8–12, and won its division, as did Boston. Philadelphia and St. Louis. Montreal's Guy LaFleur took the scoring championship with 56 goals and 80 assists for 136 points, while teammate Steve Shutt was the leading goal scorer with 60. The Canadiens goaltending tandem, Ken Dryden and Bunny Larocque, won the Vezina Trophy. On the negative side, Detroit compiled the league's worst record, 16–55–9, while missing the Stanley Cup playoffs for the 10th time in 11 years.

WHA. Going into the final week of the season, seven teams have playoff berths, while Edmonton and Calgary fight for the eighth. Calgary beat Edmonton 3–1 and tied them 4–4 to pull even with the Oilers in the standings. New England, racing after Indianapolis for third place in the East, beat San Diego and Phoenix, then edged the Racers 3–2 on an overtime goal by Mike Rogers. In beating Winnipeg 5–2, Houston clinched its fourth consecutive Western Division title. At the other end of the standings, the Phoenix Roadrunners announced that the team will disband at the end of the season, citing $6 million in losses over three years.

HORSE RACING—CLEVER TELL ($3.80), ridden by Roy Broussard, scored a four-length victory in the $134,200 Arkansas Derby at Hot Springs, covering the 1¼ miles in 1:50⅘.

MOTOR SPORTS—TOM SNEVA held off Al Unser in the final three laps to win the 200-mile USAC race at Texas International Speedway. Sneva's McLaren-Cosworth averaged 157.711 mph.

DARRELL WALTRIP drove his Chevrolet past Donnie Allison's Chevrolet at the finish of the $156,185 Rebel 500 Grand National Stock Car race in Darlington, S.C. Waltrip averaged 128.817 mph on the 1.366-mile oval.

MARIO ANDRETTI, in a Lotus, won the U.S. Grand Prix West by .773 second over Niki Lauda, averaging 86.89 mph over the 2.02 mile course through downtown Long Beach, Calif. (page 28)

SKIING—HENRI DUVILLARD of France won the giant slalom from Hank Kashiwa at the Hawaiian Tropic championships to clinch his second straight world pro title.

STEEPLECHASE—Tommy Stack rode RED RUM to a record third victory in the Grand National at Aintree, England, beating Churchtown Boy by 25 lengths over the 30-fence, four-mile 856-yard course.

TENNIS—EDDIE DIBBS beat fellow New Yorker Vitas Gerulaitis 7–6, 6–7, 6–4 for $30,000 in the final of the WCT tournament in London.

BJORN BORG earned $8,750 with a 6–4, 1–6, 6–2, 6–0 victory over Guillermo Vilas in the final of the Nice (France) Grand Prix.

CHRIS EVERT defeated Billie Jean King 6–0, 6–1 for the $25,000 first prize in the Family Circle Magazine Cup tournament in Hilton Head, S.C. It was Evert's 106th consecutive clay-court triumph.

TRACK & FIELD—Texas freshman and Olympic relay gold medalist JOHNNY JONES ran the 100-meter dash in 9.9 at the Texas Relays in Austin, Texas. Jones' time equaled the world record held by nine sprinters. The ARIZONA STATE mile relay team of Clifton McKenzie (46.9), Gerald Burl (45.8), Tony Darden (45.1) and Herman Frazier (45.0) set a collegiate record of 3:02.8.

MILEPOSTS—HIRED: JIM KILLINGSWORTH, 50, as basketball coach at Oklahoma State. Killingsworth spent the last six seasons at Idaho State; his 1976-77 ISL team had a 25–5 record, including an upset over UCLA in the NCAA regionals.

RESIGNED: CATHY RUSH, 29, as women's basketball coach at Immaculata College in Immaculata, Pa. In seven years Rush's teams had a 149–15 record and won three national championships. The Mighty Macs finished fourth in this year's AIAW tournament.

WAIVED: By the New York Jets, Quarterback JOE NAMATH, 33. Now free to negotiate with any NFL club, he is expected to sign with the Rams.

CREDITS

4—Jerry Cooke. 16—drawing by Arnold Roth. 26,27—Nail Lader. 28,29—Bill Eppridge. 53—Tony Triolo. 56—John Iacono. 62—Tony Triolo. 64—John Iacono. 66—James Drake. 69—Eric Schweikardt. 74—Walter Iooss Jr. 80—John Iacono. 84—George Tiedemann. 88,89—AP, John Marmaras (inset). 90—AP. 92—Underwood & Underwood. 107—Jim Nay studio M.A. Christian.

FACES IN THE CROWD







JOHN SIEBER, JAKE SIEBER, ROB SIEBER
CINCINNATI

The Sieber brothers, comprising the Xavier (Cincinnati) University team, beat the University of California at Davis 13–9 for their second straight National Intercollegiate Indoor Polo championship in Somers, Conn. Xavier is the first Midwestern school to win the 55-year-old event, and the Siebers are the first all-brother team to gain the title. Before last year's tournament, in which the Musketeers defeated Cornell in the finals, the Siebers had never ever seen a college indoor match. However, outdoors, Jake, 21, has a four-goal rating, Rob, 22, is a three-goal player and John, 19, is rated at two goals. The "Three Musketeers" are coached by their father Bob.



KAREN CANNON
ENID, OKLA.

A 5′ 8″ forward for the Phillips University basketball team in Enid, Okla., Cannon has a career total of 3,115 points in 136 games and was voted MVP in the AIAW small-college tournament in Pomona, Calif. Phillips (38–3) finished second.



DAVE TAYLOR
LEVACK, ONTARIO

A senior at Clarkson College in Potsdam, N.Y., Taylor became the ECAC hockey all-time single-season scoring leader with a record 108 points (42 goals, 66 assists). An All-America forward, Taylor scored a school career record 251 points.



LORI ERICKSON
PALATINE, ILL.

Lori, 15, took three firsts and two seconds at the first Illinois Girls' Gymnastics Meet, to become the top gymnast in the state. A sophomore at Palatine High, she won the all-round title and the uneven parallel bars and floor exercise events.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

McGUIRE

Sir

When Al comes marching home again, hurrah, hurrah. They'll give him a hearty welcome then, hurrah, hurrah.

TOM TRKULA
Coraopolis, Pa

THE JC TOURNEY ET AL.

Sir

As a loyal follower of junior-college basketball and a resident of Hutchinson, Kans., I was glad to see that SI covered the NJCAA national tournament (*Dance on His Face, Flenoil!*, March 28). Maybe next year the entire article can be devoted to basketball, now that everyone knows what kind of community Hutchinson is.

STEVE BALZER
Hutchinson, Kans.

Sir

I really loved the headline, being from Pensacola myself. Flenoil Crook has to be a top prospect.

DAVID JORDAN
Gulf Breeze, Fla.

Sir

No mention at all in the issue of the NCAA Division II national champs—the Mocs from the University of Tennessee at Chattanooga?

MARK W. SMITH
Signal Mountain, Tenn.

Sir

Not one word about the NAIA tournament in Kansas City, which Texas Southern University won.

RODERIC M. OLZENDAM JR.
Bellevue, Wash.

Sir

Rumor has it that St. Bonaventure University won the National Invitational tournament in New York City. Your March 28 issue neither confirms nor denies.

ED WINSTEL
Tonawanda, N.Y.

BIG GEORGE

Sir

I am not a 76ers fan, but I am a basketball fan, and your March 21 cover of George McGinnis captures the essence of that great sport. Thanks for a super photograph.

ALAN R. EAGLE
Los Altos Hills, Calif.

BASKETBALL ROOKIES

Sir

Adrian Dantley and the other nine good rookies were all good choices (*Finding a Home with the Braves*, March 14), but in light of the fact that the NBA is not recognizing any ABA statistics in this year of the merger, I hereby nominate David Thompson, Dan Issel, Julius Erving, George Gervin, Billy Knight, Larry Kenon, Bobby Jones, Artis Gilmore and Don Buse as Rookies of the Year.

STEVE O'NEIL
Durango, Colo.

BASEBALL ROOKIES

Sir,

In *Bumper Crop of Boys from the Farm*, (March 28) you failed to mention Bob Gorinski. Playing for Tacoma last year, Gorinski led the Pacific Coast League in home runs with 28 and RBIs with 110. He also batted a respectable .285. A Harmon Killebrew-type hitter, Gorinski is expected to supply the Twins with much needed home-run power.

MARTIN FAVRET
Silver Spring, Md.

Sir

Two rookies of note were omitted. Carlos Lopez hit .350 for Salt Lake City in the PCL last year and is batting .419 in spring training. Ruppert Jones was an American Association All-Star at Omaha in '76 and the No. 1 choice in the expansion draft. Both these players will help establish the Seattle Mariners as a young and exciting team.

L. J. TEMPLETON
Kent, Wash.

Sir

Lefthander Randy Lerch of the Phillies. His credentials last season include leading Triple A in games started, innings pitched, strikeouts and tying for most complete games.

BILL CLARK JR.
Newark, Del.

Sir

Garry Templeton of the St. Louis Cardinals. Watch him!

C. DONALD KRATOVIL
Cockeysville, Md.

Sir

You will be sorry in October when Lee Mazzilli is on your cover as the National League Rookie of the Year who led the New York Mets to the pennant. He is one native New Yorker who should not have been overlooked.

MICHAEL L. DUBIN
New York City

Sir

With the coming of the baseball season, I do hope you turn your attention to covering other sports. Baseball is the slowest, dullest, most boring, most uninteresting game ever. In fact, if the Russians lay claim to having invented the game, let them have it. There is only one thing worse than a baseball game and that is a doubleheader.

STEVE VANDE ZANDE
Tucson

HEAVYWEIGHT BEEF

Sir

How much longer must George Foreman take a bum rap? I am certainly no expert on boxing, and I don't even question Jimmy Young's decision over him ("*Jeemy Young! Jeemy Young! Jeemy Young!*", March 28). What I do question is the derision to which Foreman is consistently exposed.

Young was a master. He managed to get the referee in his corner early in the fight and turned in a performance which would have made an NFL punter proud. His feigned falling and grimaces somehow duped the fans. As the fight progressed, it was Young who held Foreman behind the neck, who punched when clinches were being broken and who clubbed with rabbit punches. Even when given a chance to complain after the fight, Foreman offered a gentlemanly "No comment." Yet it was Foreman who was booed.

DR. DOUGLAS W. LARCHE
Indianola, Iowa

Sir

Jimmy Young will be the next heavyweight champion of the world. As for Foreman, he should be charged with assault for his behavior in the ring.

STEVEN AND DAVID GELTMAN
Springfield, N.J.

Sir

I thoroughly enjoyed watching Jimmy Young outsmart and outfight George Foreman. It is true that Young's style is contrary to that of the typical heavyweight. However, he should be applauded for it. Young is a smart boxer rather than a slugging brawler. He proved himself last year in his fight with Ali. If Young cannot "counterpunch with cruelty," then why was Foreman hospitalized after the fight?

JACK LYNCH
Greenville, R.I.

Sir

The putdown of George Foreman must have been distressing to many boxing fans. I am well aware of the conditioning a boxer needs to step into the ring and go the distance. Total dedication is a necessity. George Foreman is not the most artistic or chivalrous of fighters, but he is totally dedicated and possesses great physical ability. He is worthy of more praise than you have given him in your article. Remember he was the champ and brought the Gold home for the U.S.

BILL HANBURY
Philadelphia

BASTION STORMING

Sir

College wrestling fans appreciate the cov-

continued

When it comes to buying a 35mm SLR, foresight is less expensive than hindsight.



The time to find out what you need in a 35mm SLR is before you buy it, not after.

Because a camera that meets your needs is a good buy. And a camera that doesn't is a bad buy at any price.

Know thyself. First of all, look ahead to what you'll want to do with the camera. Most manufacturers, including Minolta, offer a tempting array of features. To name a few: interchangeable finders and viewscreens, motorized film winding, self-timers, multiple-exposure capability and automatic exposure control. If you'll be using them, fine. If not, save yourself some money by cutting out the frills. Don't buy more camera than you need. Or less.

Match-needle or electronic auto-exposure? Minolta makes both kinds, so our only concern is that you get what's best for you.

A match-needle camera costs less. To set exposure, you line up two needles in the viewfinder. It's easy, fast and accurate, but you do the work. Minolta's match-needle models, the SR-T 200, the SR-T 201 and the SR-T 202, differ in price, according to their operating features.

Minolta's electronic automatic models are the professional XK, the deluxe XE-7 and the economical XE-5. In these cameras, shutter speeds are controlled electronically with unprecedented precision. Even if the light changes the instant before you shoot, the camera will set itself for correct exposure. Among Minolta electronic SLR's, you get a wide choice of features, including interchangeable viewfinders and focusing screens, shutter speeds to 1/2000th of a second, and multiple-exposure capability.

How much information should the viewfinder display? The more information in the viewfinder, the more you know about the technical details of how the camera is taking the picture. If this means a lot to you, pay the extra cost. If not, save some more money by getting a simpler model.



The important thing about Minolta SLR's is that in every single one, you can compose, focus, set exposure and shoot without ever looking away from the viewfinder. So you won't miss shots of even the fastest-moving subjects.

How does the camera feel and sound? This can tell you a lot about how well thought out the design is. A camera shouldn't take "getting used to." Your fingers should fall naturally and comfortably into place over the controls.

Advance the film wind lever. If a new camera has a "grainy" feeling, how will it feel after a couple of thousand shots?

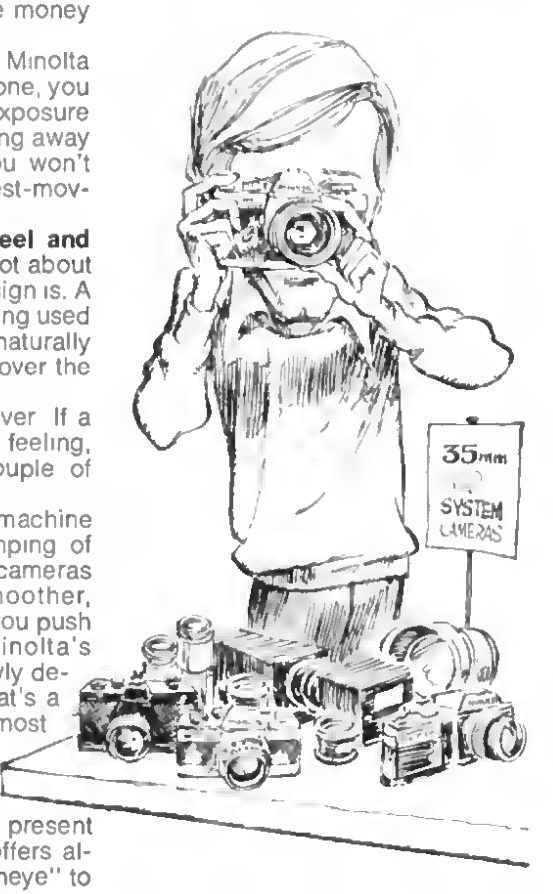
How about noise? Close machine tolerances and careful damping of moving parts in Minolta cameras give you a noticeably smoother, more solid response when you push the shutter button. And Minolta's automatic SLR's have a newly designed electronic shutter that's a joy to hear because you almost can't hear it.

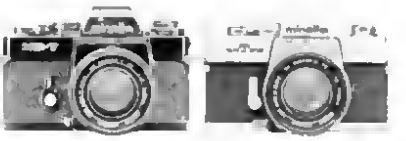
The lens system. You need a choice of lenses broad enough to meet your present and future needs. Minolta offers almost 40. From a 7.5mm "fisheye" to a 1600mm super-telephoto.

How easy is it to change lenses? You shouldn't miss any shots while changing lenses. So Minolta has developed a patented bayonet mount that locks on in less than a quarter turn, instead of the three or more turns required by a screw mount.

And unlike others, the Minolta bayonet mount doesn't require realignment of f/stops every time you change lenses.

How do you judge craftsmanship? Take a close, careful look at the details. Everything should be tucked in neatly. Finishes should be even and unmarred. No machining marks should be visible, even inside.





Minolta

The more you know about cameras, the more you'll want a Minolta.

Cameras have reputations. Check them out. By all means, ask your friends about Minolta. Since it's the largest-selling imported camera brand in the U.S., chances are someone you know owns one.

If you'd like more information about Minolta 35mm SLR's, write to Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, N.J. 07446.

PUT SOMETHING TO NIBBLE INTO YOUR TACKLE BOX THAT ISN'T FOR THE FISH.

There aren't many vending machines in the middle of a lake.

And you've got enough to carry already, without lugging a lot of snacks along.

Well, there is a snack that fills you up without filling up your boat. Slim Jim. It's a chewy meat stick that really satisfies the kind of appetite you get from being outdoors.

Because it's light and easy to carry, Slim Jim is also great for hunting, camping, backpacking, boating, or any time you're hungry, anywhere.

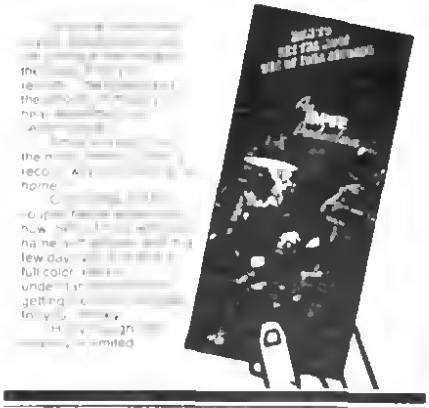
Get it at your grocer's. In mild, spicy, pizza, bacon, or salami.

Then, while you're waiting for a nibble, you can be having one.



A LITTLE LESS THAN A MEAL. A LITTLE MORE THAN A SNACK.

Are you getting all the music from your records?



Send it to me.
Empire Scientific Corp.
Garden City, N.Y. 11530

Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ **Zip**_____

EMPIRE

Nearly everything else sounds better.

THE GRUMMAN 16
The Only Canoe You Should Ever Have To Buy

A cinch to paddle
Big capacity
Low profile
Top value



FREE COLOR CATALOG
GRUMMAN BOATS

Write GRUMMAN BOATS, Dept. E5 Marathon, NY 13803

WE'RE FIGHTING FOR YOUR LIFE

Have Your Blood Pressure Checked

American Heart Association

erage you have given the sport recently, but I can't understand how Douglas Looney came up with the statement "... California Poly, hardly a bastion of wrestling excellence" (*Same State, Different Champion*, March 28). *Cal Poly was Division II champion for eight* of nine years until it went Division I a couple of seasons back. The team was ranked in the Top Ten this season. Coach Vaughan Hitchcock and his wrestlers have definitely established a bastion of excellence.

DURAND LUGAR
Wichita, Kans.

MAJOR MOVE

Sir:

I think that Tennessee football fans are in for a big surprise (*That Orange Shirt Means Something*, March 28). Johnny Majors may be a great football coach but he isn't God.

When you play in the SEC today you play among the greats, and Tennessee just has a lot of names. Johnny Majors may have found a home, but he'd better start looking for a football team, roots or no roots.

MARVIN WELLS
Nashville

Sir:

No matter what subject Pitt students major in this year, they truly lost the greatest *Major of all*.

TIM SOLECKI
Johnstown, Pa.

Sir:

I've lived in the North, South and West. Now I'm being recruited by the Volunteers. I'm not from Tennessee, but I want to go there. The orange shirt sure means something to me. Go, Vols!

R. C. GILLIS
Thousand Oaks, Calif.

Sir:

It would be greatly appreciated if you could settle an argument for me. Are Johnny Majors (the College Coach of the Year) and Lee Majors (the Six Million Dollar Man) related?

GEORGE R. GRESOCK
Lower Burrell, Pa.

• *They are not.—ED*

WHALING

Sir:

Your article on the migration and reproductive patterns of the gray whale (*Where the Whales Put On a Whale of a Show*, March 28) belongs in *National Geographic*. I guess I will have to change my subscription to that magazine to learn what is going on, now that my Baltimore Orioles are on the endangered species list.

KENNY RYNARZEWSKI
Baltimore

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York, 10020.

As I Saw It

By J.D REED

AN EXOTIC 'TOURING PRO' MADE A LOVE OF THE YO-YO AN UP AND DOWN AFFAIR

In 1951 the country was in the midst of the Korean war and anxious to cuddle down into the Miltown-Eisenhower years. As a 10-year-old growing up in Jackson, Mich., what possessed me was not war or politics, but the yo-yo.

I was always obsessive about sports, and like my second-favorite pastime—bouncing a tennis ball against the garage wall until my mother's migraine became critical—the yo-yo would turn me into a subnormal mouth-breather for hours at a time. Merely thinking about Walking the Dog, Eating Spaghetti, Around the World, Rocking the Baby, Sleeping and all the other yo-yo tricks that I could—and couldn't—do would make my palms sweat.

I think the yo-yo was my love because it always returned to me and I never had to share it with anyone. In a softball game after school you had to take turns; you had to hit a ball that was not immediately given back to you. Even playing catch with a football, you had to release the ball and throw it to another kid. If he felt like it, he'd throw it back. I still don't like library books, because someone else has read them first.

The yo-yo, however, was attached to your very own finger, and every 1½ seconds or so you got another chance to make it do something classy. It was also portable. In a boring geography class, when I felt that the whole school building might sink into the ground, I'd raise my hand, go to the boys' room and do a few Walking the Dogs to restore a sense of balance to my pre-adolescent life.

The Duncan company, the biggie in yo-yodom, has what one would call in adult sports touring pros. They are men who travel around to quiet and isolated towns, helping to increase the sale of yo-yos in candy and hardware stores by performing impossible feats and giving instructions and a fast pitch. These guys became larger than life for me. While other kids went home after school to pound neat's-foot oil into their Jim Hegan-model catcher's mitts, I would stand around for hours watching one of the touring pros go through a stunning variety of complex yo-yo tricks, such as going Around the World with two yo-yos at once.

Although an occasional Filipino would ease through town, Duncan's yo-yo pros in those days were usually Hawaiian. Apparently the company's talent scouts combed the beaches of Waikiki for young men who had nothing better to do than stand around all day like us fifth-graders, playing with a yo-yo until the impossible became second nature.

I particularly remember one of these Hawaiians, for he became part of my growing up. He appeared one autumn day at recess, and while we clung to the playground fence, he turned the simple yo-yo into a concert violin, all the while smiling a dazzling coconut-white grin. A teacher called us rudely back to our volleyball game.

After school he leaned against the wall of the corner drugstore, playing with the yo-yo, mysterious as a gunfighter who had ridden into a peaceful town in the Old West. His dark skin made him an exotic presence among the wind-burned red faces of Jackson's retired farmers and the pale complexion of its women. His clothing was odd, too. He wore a shirt of a shade of turquoise so deep and rich that otherwise is found only on certain jawbreakers, and his black pants had a seam on the side that opened when he walked, revealing the same shade of turquoise down to his pointed black shoes. To a youngster in the Midwest he seemed mythical, as if an Aztec had escaped Cortez' slaughter and come to us bearing yo-yos as a gift.

The yo-yo was not the only art this man had mastered. Part of Duncan's come-on was that if you bought the top-of-the-line Pro model, the touring pro would do a free carving job on it. In the drugstore, which my mother had declared off-limits because the soda jerk there once had shortchanged her on a cherry Coke, I bought the beautiful, black wood Pro model with rhinestones glittering on one side. Then I went all the way and bought two special strings individually wrapped in crinkly cellophane packages. The strings were carefully waxed so that they were perfect for yo-yoing.

When presented with my yo-yo, the Hawaiian pulled an immense switchblade from his pocket, flicked it open and carved what seemed to me to be the most perfect palm tree in the history of art. It had a checkered trunk, and as it leaned back from the wind, you could almost hear the sharp-edged limbs rustle. Below the tree he carved my initials.

A few days later the touring pro moved on to the junior high across town, carrying a cheap locker-room bag and wearing that turquoise shirt like a battle flag against the cold Michigan fall. I saw him only once more. He was handcuffed to the door of a sheriff's car, the big officers frisking him and searching his bag. He blandly stared out over the top of the cruiser at the wide fields between the low factories then springing up in Jackson. It was as if he were an Easter Island statue calmly facing the Pacific.

A few nights later at dinner my parents talked about the "Chink" who had been caught using yo-yos as a front for selling dirty pictures at the junior high and how the deputies worked him over and put him out on the road to Detroit to peddle his filth somewhere else.

As I played with the yo-yo that year, it became obvious that the side of it with the rhinestones outweighed the other, which had been further reduced in weight by the palm-tree carving. The whole thing was off balance. I remember being relieved when I put it away in my sock drawer and bought a more serviceable model, one with which I could do Walking the Dog without it wobbling over on its side.

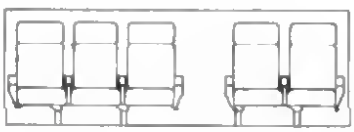
Now I live in New York City, and I sometimes see men who would have been described as "foreign-looking" in Jackson caged in the rear seats of police cars. I think back to that Hawaiian, who could make the yo-yo perform with a precision that few things in my life have ever matched. I have no idea what happened to my carved yo-yo, but that's unimportant, because the memory of that exotic man's ill-fated visit to Jackson is still tethered to my life like a good yo-yo. All the joy and novelty and betrayal that he brought to a 10-year-old's life are still there, as if he came to town only yesterday. **END**

Did you know Allegheny flies one of the world's largest jet fleets?



If this surprises you, we can understand why.

Yet it's true. In number of jets, Allegheny ranks 16th in the world, in all the world, out of well over 200 airlines that fly jets.



Every Allegheny jet gives you roomy 3x2 seating

Come fly Allegheny. Enjoy the comforts of our single-class jet cabins.

We've got the schedules you want. The modern planes you want. And people who care, which everybody wants.

See your travel agent or call Allegheny. Then come see how we're changing...how good we really are. Welcome aboard!

ALLEGHENY®

It takes a big airline.

"Equal pay, equal recognition and the first woman admitted to The Club… What more could you ask for?"

"Old Grand-Dad."





Head of the Bourbon Family.

Old Grand-Dad

When you ask a lot more from life.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskeys 86 proof and 100 proof Bottled in Bond Old Grand Dad Distillery Co Frankfort Ky 40601


Come to where the flavor is.
Marlboro
Marlboro
100's
Marlboro Red
or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.
mg. "tar." mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health